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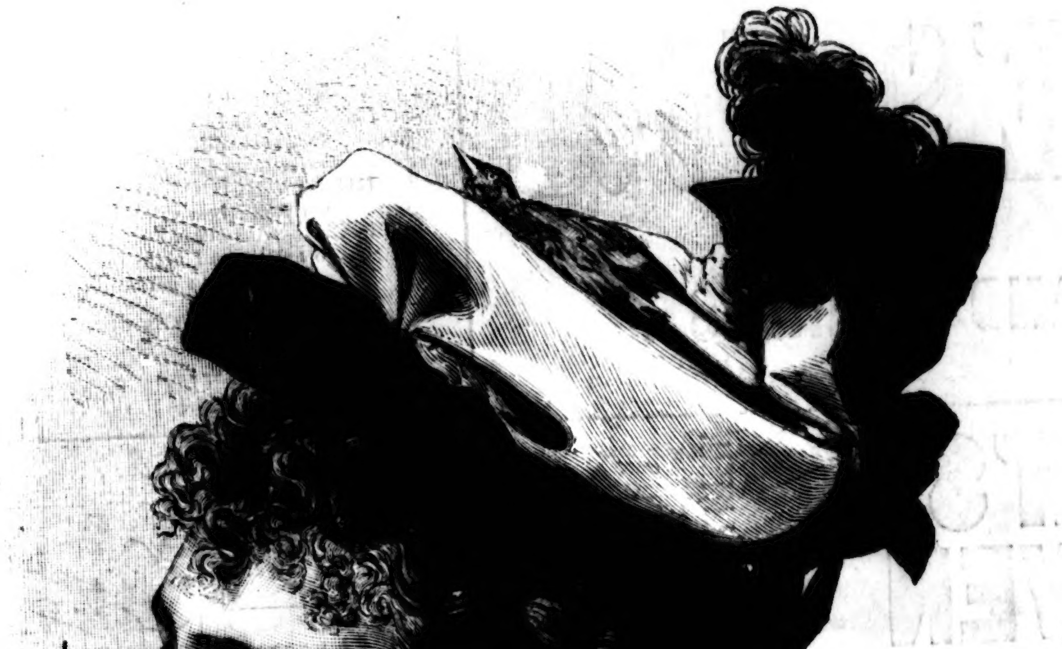

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SEPARATE SUPPLEMENTS,

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COLORED PLATE.

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ONE FULL-SIZED EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

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EIGHT-PAGE FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

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DRESSMAKING LESSONS, by Myra.

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VOL. XVII.—No. 3.

MARCH 1, 1891.

Myra's Journal of Dress Fashion & Needlework

6 SUPPLEMENTS. 52 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS. OVER 45 DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

Miss Hope Temple At Home.

ALTHOUGH Hope Temple is a name to conjure with among music publishers, and in every drawing-room is fascinatingly familiar, many people will be surprised to learn that no living composer was so christened. It was the name, however, under which I inquired for the writer of "An Old Garden," at a villa in the neighbourhood of Maida Vale; it was the name to which she promptly answered in the spacious drawing-room, and it is the name, I was carefully informed, under which she desires to be known to the world beyond the four walls of her home.

"For some time," she explains, "after I published my first song, now about ten years ago, I used my real name and my pseudonym indiscriminately. One night, however, at a ball, a curious quarrel occurred between two gentlemen because of my duplicate names, and then I thought it was time to drop one. So now I am 'Hope Temple' to everybody but my mother, with whom I am living."

Hope Temple is the chosen name of a lady, in whom the first bloom of youth has scarcely faded, in whom the mellow ripeness of the middle ages is still far off. There is girlishness galore in her ringlets of golden sheen, in her fair, fresh face, in the lithe and active form. But the face has the *spirituelle* expression of the artist, although not the pale cast of thought; in the firm mouth and lustrous grey eyes there is the strength of judgment and character, that can carve out for itself the career which Nature ordains.

Miss Hope Temple.

In her dress, with one of the highest of collars and the most exalted epaulettes, she shows her deep respect for the latest fashion.

"And to how many songs have you put this name?" I ask.

"About thirty, I think. I have written about three a year during the past ten years. That is my contract with Booseys, you know, under which I receive royalties for my songs. My experience is not in favour of the royalty system. It may have been all very well some twenty or thirty years ago, when ballads were not much sung and there was only beginning to be a general sale for them. But now-a-days the composer who, like my friend Tosti, sells a song outright for £250 or £300, makes, I think, a better bargain."

"The words of most of these songs were written by Frederick Weatherly and Clifton Bingham, I believe?"

"Yes, these two writers soon became most familiar with my style. I am very fond of reading the standard poets, and have made many attempts to set some of their verses. But only two succeeded, Hood's 'Tis all that I can say,' and Lord Byron's 'She walks in beauty.' It is strange how little of the work of our great poets can be used for songs; the words generally present such difficulties that the tunes would have small chance of becoming popular. But come and let us talk in my own sanctum, where I do all my work."

Appearances are certainly deceptive. There are both piano and organ in the room, and sundry copies of songs lying about, among them "My

Lady's Bower," and "In Sweet September," as well as a MS. score of one of her latest ballads, "'Twas surely Fate." I had imagined that it was here that the young composer indulged in the day-dreams which in the quietude of the night are sometimes translated into melodious notes.

The room to which I was conducted is on the lower floor, its French windows opening upon a pretty bit of garden ground. It is a little room, crammed full of charming little chairs, some Japanese screens and fans, a few pictures, and very many photos. There is a lady's escritoire, with much literary paraphernalia, close to the windows, and a cottage piano, in black and gold, in a corner.

Hope Temple offers me a choice Turkish cigarette, but to my surprise (for she makes no secret of her fondness for the fragrant weed in this form) does not light one herself. In reply to my interrogative look, she smiles, but vouchsafes no explanation of her self-denying ordinance.

"I write my songs here," she says, "except when I am at Taplow, where we have a house. I do very little work there, for I am passionately fond of the river, and spend most of my time boating. Society in London has little attraction for me. I like riding as much as boating, but that comes of my Irish birth, I suppose."

"You are a daughter of Erin!" I exclaim, in some surprise.

"I was born in Dublin."

"Then you probably have an opinion on the Irish question, Miss Temple?"

"I think the Irish people are much more to be pitied than blamed. But, as a matter of fact, both of my parents were English, and we came to England when I was a child. We lived for some years at Dover, and it was there my first composition was written."

"Under what circumstances?"

"Well, of course, I had scribbled scores ever since I could write, but I mean the first thing which I did with any serious purpose. When I was about fifteen, my father made the acquaintance of the officers in the garrison. They heard about my 'music,' and, in a spirit of raillery, suggested that I should write something for the regimental band. I took the suggestion seriously, and wrote a waltz. It was duly performed by the band, and actually under the conductorship of my small self. But nothing came of this incident, for my father was strongly opposed to my doing anything that would bring me into professional or public notice. It was to save his feelings that, when I came to publish ''Tis all that I can say,' I took an assumed name, but, of course, before his death he discovered the truth."

From Dover Miss Hope Temple went to a boarding school, and of her life there she remembers an incident, with some feeling of amusement, at the extreme child-like conscientiousness it displayed. She was about to enter an examination in connection with Cambridge University. She was to enter "the second division" of pupils; but, at the eleventh hour, discovered that she was a day older than the teacher supposed, and on the date of the examination would, in all strictness, be ineligible for the second division. "I was goose enough," Miss Temple laughingly exclaims, "to inform my teacher of this fact, and although coached for the second, I was examined in the first division with its much more difficult set of papers. I failed in arithmetic. Even now I'm baffled by a few figures."

On leaving school, Miss Hope Temple went to Paris to study singing under Madame Déjean. Of her Parisian experiences she speaks with modulated enthusiasm. In the French capital she made many warm friends, a portrait of one of whom—M. Worth, the great costumier—occupies a place of honour on the mantelshelf. On returning to London, Miss Temple occupied herself with teaching singing at the Royal College of Music, and one or two personal friends are still her pupils. Now and again she wrote a song, and one day she ventured to send a specimen to Mr. Santley, soliciting his opinion. The famous baritone's criticism was so frankly unfavourable that the young composer promptly destroyed the song, and did not again put pen to paper for some time to come. With this diffidence still upon her, she sang one evening, at a party, a little French song, no one knowing that it was her own composition. M. de Lara, who happened to be present, was so pleased with it, that, being introduced to the singer, he pointedly inquired about its authorship, and urged that it should be published. Miss Hope Temple did not accept this advice, but she took courage, and in place of the *chansonette* sent ''Tis all that I can say" to the publishers—with what result we all know.

"Judging by the financial results, Miss Temple, which of your songs has been most successful?"

"Have I not just told you that I am no good at sums. But I fancy that there has been the largest sale of 'An Old Garden,' 'In Sweet September,' and 'My Lady's Bower.' But this is not the order in which I myself would place them. Several of the songs I have liked best when singing them myself have fallen comparatively flat. Personally, I have been most pleased with 'The Golden Argosy,' which has been one of the least successful with the public."

Miss Hope Temple is personally at variance with the public in another way. Occasionally she has been induced to accompany artistes singing her songs, and those who have heard her pianoforte playing cherish one of the pleasantest recollections. Yet the next minute I was astonished to hear her confess an almost deadly hatred for the instrument.

I was sympathising with her suffering from a sprained wrist, but she seemed to regard this penalty (not the first she has borne) of her passion for riding high-spirited horses as a blessing in disguise. It protected her from the importunities of people anxious to hear one of her charming performances on the pianoforte.

"At school," Miss Temple says, expressing her antipathy for an art in which, *mirabile dictu*, she so conspicuously excels, "it was arranged that every day I was to have two hours' practice at the piano instead of one, which was the portion of all the other girls. I was also to be permitted to play in my leisure time. I went through the two hours like a martyr, but you may be sure that not a minute more did I spend at the piano."

"But in composition surely you have to use the piano a great deal?"

"Oh, yes; for hours and hours, sometimes, I am sitting on the music-stool, correcting a score."

Miss Temple had honestly said that she had only "a still, small voice," but confessed that in singing, on the other hand, she took a real pleasure.

"Nothing pleases me more," she adds, "than to have a rehearsal here of an afternoon with Lawrence Kellie, or some other friend."

Of some of these musical friendships there are suggestions in the room; a Christmas card from Signor Tosti, the autograph photos of various singers, some in characteristic operatic parts. It is while looking at one of these that Miss Hope Temple confides to me her ambition of writing for the lyric stage. For some time she has made a point of seeing every light opera produced in London, and it is quite probable that in the near future she will be winning fresh renown in this promising sphere.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Dress and Fashion in Paris.

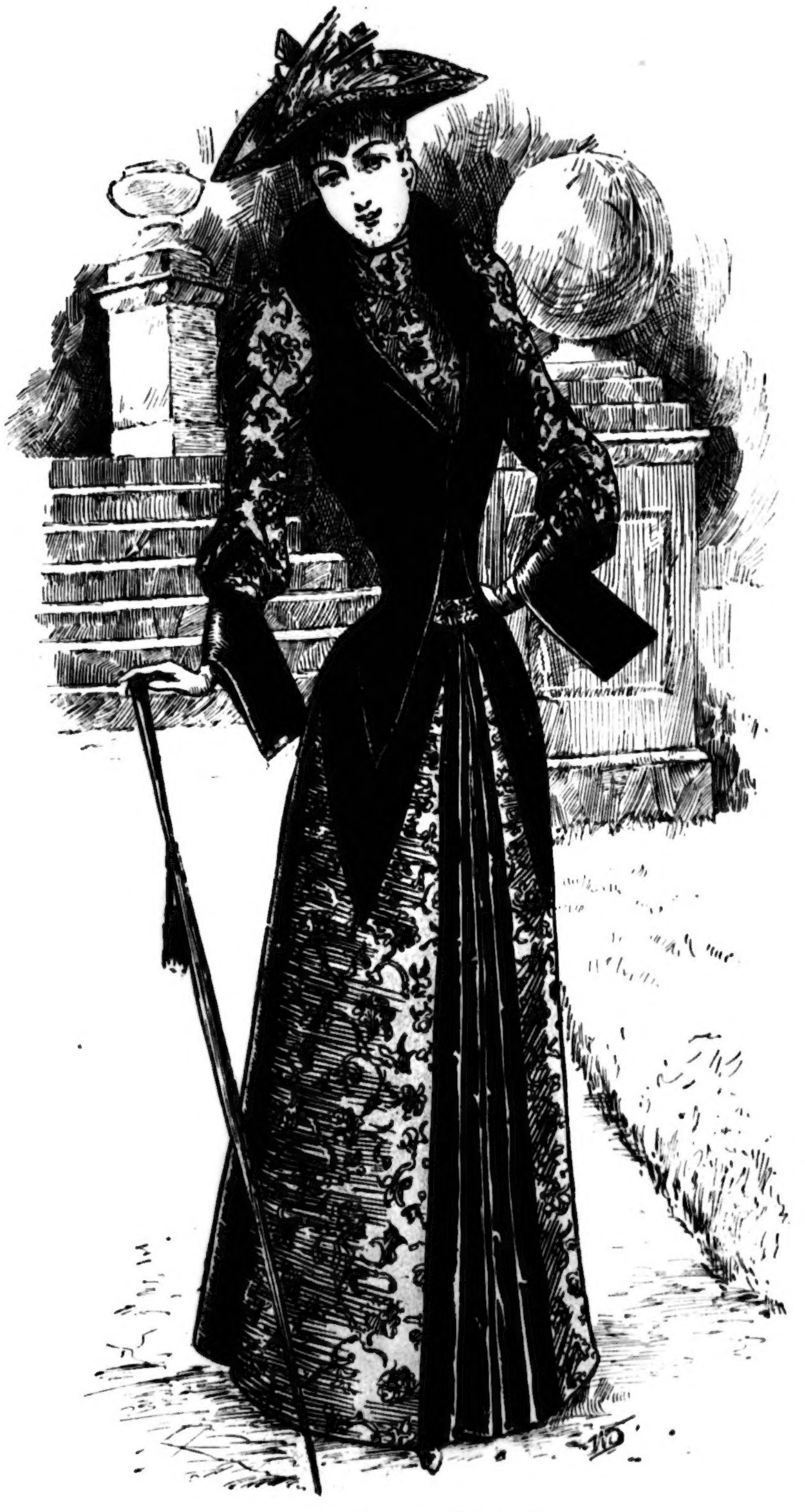
CROWNLESS capotes are still the order of the day; no daintier head covering could be devised than these minute bonnets, through the open bars of which the soft curls of hair find a way, and are only repressed by the narrow brim, or by a transparent covering of tulle.

Many of these small capotes have an open crown of jet, in others the crown is a drapery of velvet, generally veiled with embroidery, and the brim consists of a row of shell shaped ornaments in finely cut jet; the very narrow velvet strings are tied in a butterfly bow under the chin. A kind of open guipure embroidery in steel and gold is much used for covering the crowns of capotes, and is very handsome.

A very stylish capote is in orange yellow velvet studded with jet blocks; in front is a finely cut aigrette of jet, and at the back a plume of black feather tips mingled with a bow of yellow velvet studded with jet. Gold and Mandarin yellow are very fashionable shades for millinery purposes, but a newer and far more delicate tint is a light, hydrangea shade of pink which, like yellow, is very effective when combined with jet.

The favourite head-gear for young ladies is the toque, made of velvet, cloth, and other materials. A very pretty example is a toque with gracefully draped crown of nut brown cloth, and a fluted brim of wood brown velvet; the trimming consists of a diadem of little brown birds in front and another group at the back. Another model is in a reddish pink shade of velvet, and is formed of a double bias band of the velvet gathered up the centre and crossed by bands of fine jet; in front is a group of velvet bows and an aigrette and crescent in jet. A lovely little Venetian cap is in gold and turquoise embroidery with a narrow folded brim of blue velvet, a little plume of daffodil yellow feathers forming the very graceful trimming.

Hats are taking more eccentric shapes than ever; the majority are still wide brimmed, although far less flat in the crown, but many have rounded ball crowns and the brim turned up all round, but varying in depth at different parts. These new shapes are less becoming than the wide brimmed hats and far less picturesque, but as they are newer they are to some extent a success.



THE PIERVAL COSTUME.

Walking costume, the skirt consisting of redingote panels of woollen broché with a fan pleating of velvet in front, and pleated back breadths to correspond; flat pointed paniers of velvet on the redingote. Velvet jacket with pointed fronts fastened on the chest only and showing a flat plastron and collar of broché, and velvet bodice with a jewelled band at the waist. Full sleeves of broché, with deep gauntlet cuffs of velvet. Rolled collar and revers of velvet. Velvet hat trimmed with ribbon and birds and bordered with jewelled galon. Quantity of material required—broché 2½ yards, velvet 12 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

The new woollens for spring costumes are noticeable amongst other things for their extreme softness of texture and for the delicacy and beauty of their colouring. Mauves, lilacs, buffs, and pale yellows, prevail above all other shades, either alone or blended in soft harmonies with other colours; mixture woollens will be very fashionable, and in nearly all of these some trace of yellow or buff will be found.

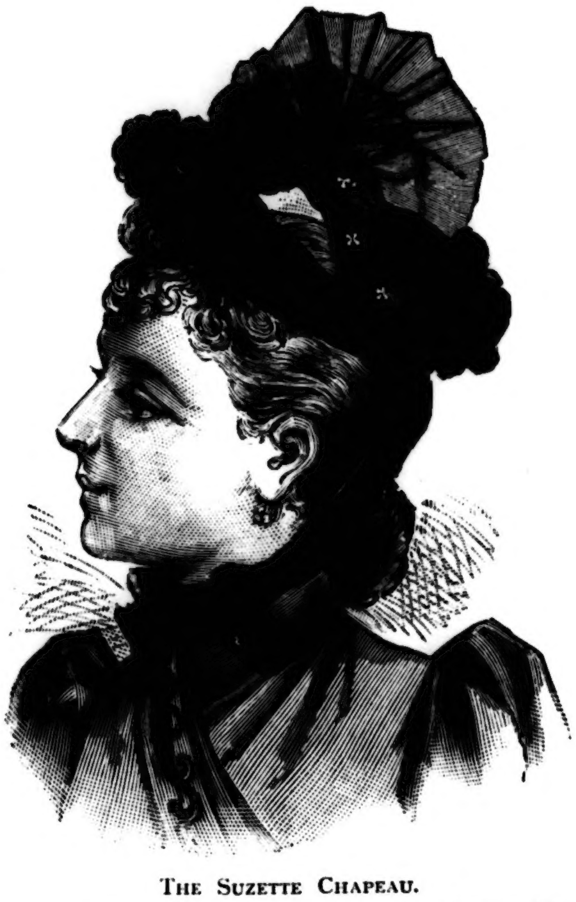
Of hairy woollens there are many new kinds, in plain, striped and figured fabrics; broché woollens, with a decided or chiné pattern, checks with a very large pattern formed by a multitude of crossing lines, bordered woollens, and above all striped woollens in very light colours, are some amongst the many ladylike and stylish materials that will be in vogue during the next few months. White and cream diagonals and other woollens with coloured broché patterns of small flowers, shaded oval spots, etc., are charming for young ladies' dresses.

Cloths and vigognes of the softest description are made in plain light colours and *mélangé*, a number of colours being softly blended together in these last. A very effective material has a striped ground in light colours with large vaguely shaped spots at intervals, having a thick white hairy surface, like cotton wool; some soft woollen diagonals with stripes of spun silk in loops are remarkably pretty, both as regards the fabric and the mixture of the colours; these spun silk looped stripes are also met with as borders, a group of the stripes forming a border about ten inches deep.

Large shaded checks in different tones of two contrasting colours are very fashionable in blue and white, blue and buff, and other mixtures, and although the pattern is so large, the checks being so softly shaded, it is not too *voyant*; hairy woollens are made in stripes, in plain colours, flecked, and with striped borders; the ground of the broché woollens is more often a plain diagonal, the pattern being either in wool or in silk, and taking the form of detached sprays of flowers, never very large, and in some cases very small indeed; somewhat similar patterns are also met with on a striped ground. A very handsome woollen broché is the Chuddah, with an oriental pattern in colour on a white or very light ground; the colour chosen for the pattern is some soft shade of beige, wood brown, or some similar tint.

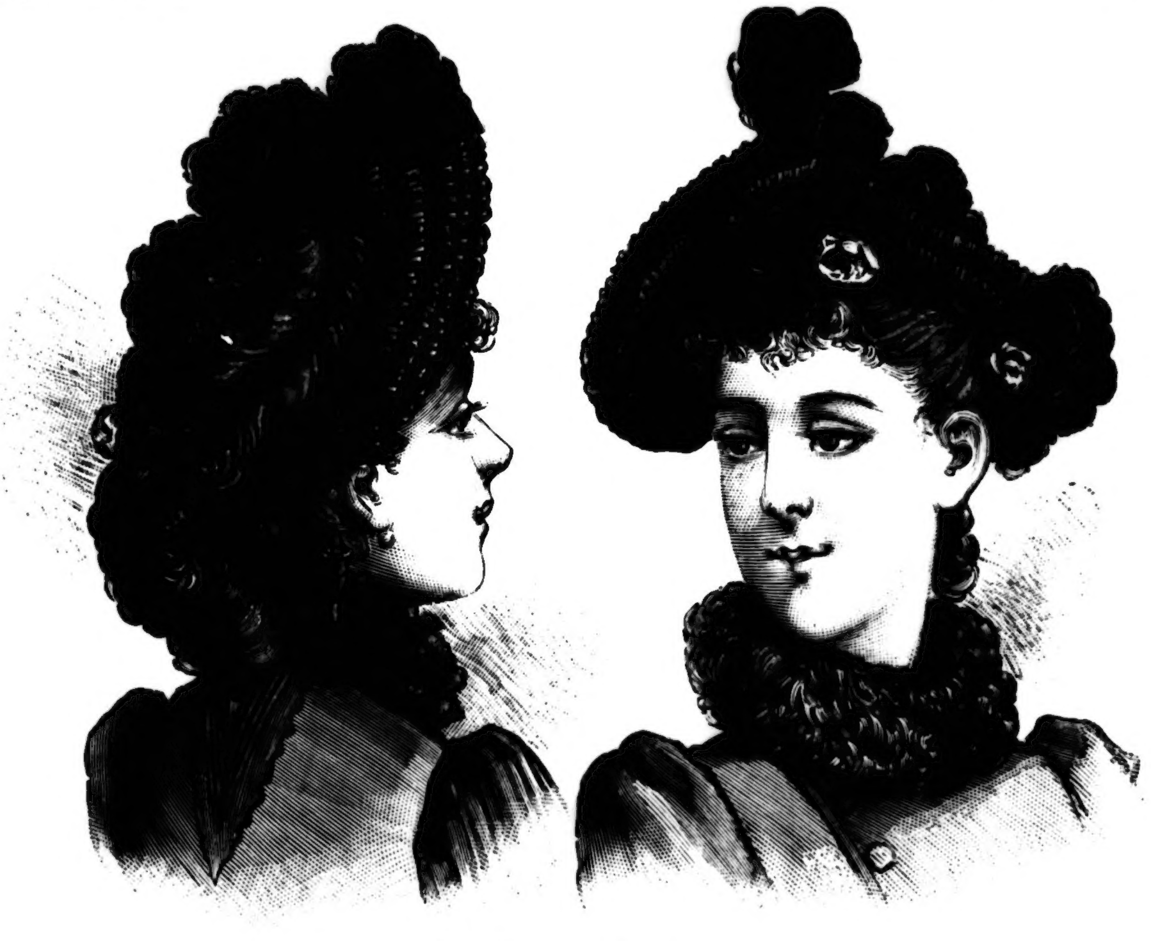
A very lovely novelty is Corduroy Crêpon; the ground is of ribbed crêpon in one of the fashionable shades of mauve, lilac, beige, etc., with a broché palm pattern in silk of the same shade; this is combined with plain material to match and is so light and delicate that it will frequently be used for evening toilettes. Canvas cloth is also coming into vogue again, but with a charming design of detached feathers, and a border to match, apparently darned in coloured silk on the woollen ground; in very pale blue on grey, in cream on mauve, and in other mixtures, this material will be a great favourite. Striped étamines with a broché silk stripe bordered with velvet, and pekins, with alternate wide stripes of black bengaline and silk canvas in blended shades, are also new, and amongst the fine woollens there are some pretty varieties of veilings with coloured silk broché designs, and with interlaced garlands in different shades of one colour.

New woollens for mantles have chiné broché designs in softly blended colours standing out in relief on the ground, and so fashionable are striped borders that even surahs are now made the full depth of a skirt, and are bordered with stripes and checked bands. The ground is striped, either in satin and silk of the same shade, or in two colours, such as blue and white, blue and buff, black and pink, and other mixtures; in this case the lighter colour predominates in the border and a checked effect is the result.



THE SUZETTE CHAPEAU.

Toque with draped turban brim of emerald green velvet; the open crown draped with gold spangled black tulle; pleating of green gauze above the crown and plumes of black feathers. Black velvet strings.



THE GRACIELLA CHAPEAU.

Hat with bent peaked brim covered with narrow pleatings of black lisse, inside and out; the crown draped with net and entirely covered with curled black feathers. Feather under the brim in front, and two yellow velvet roses on the black velvet bandeau.

Walking costumes are made of grey, nut brown, beige, and fawn cloth, and are trimmed with narrow gold braid in styles that rather remind one of the costumes of châtelaines in the middle ages, and that seem to be popular with a large class of wearers. An elegant costume, in bleu de France cloth, has the skirt gathered at the top, slightly draped in front and mounted with fan pleats at the back. The corsage has a draped front without breast pleats, and is ornamented with bretelles of the cloth and a square yoke embroidered with jet and turquoises. The full upper part of the sleeve is gracefully draped and ruched at the shoulder, the lower part, of the embroidery, fits the arm closely. The capote worn with this costume is of the same cloth as the dress with a gold butterfly in front and another one at the back.

For promenade costumes, the long jacket with added basques, or with the basque cut in one with the corsage, will be very much worn. The majority are made of plain cloth, the most suitable material for ordinary wear, but for more dressy occasions rich brocades and similar fabrics are often employed. A stylish model is in brocade, having a pattern in black velvet on a copper coloured ground. The basque is very deep and added to the pointed corsage opening to the waist over a narrow pointed plastron of black velvet. The open Medici collar is covered inside and out with black feathers and a narrow border of black feather, trimming edges the fronts and basques, and the wide gauntlet parements of black velvet.

The Louis XV. jacket is generally adopted for indoor toilette, and crushed plush, which has the effect of moiré plush and is very handsome, is often adopted for the better models. These open over long waistcoats of silk or satin richly embroidered, and in some cases the side part of basque and the deep parements are also of the embroidered material. Feather trimming is the usual garniture bordering the high collar, the fronts, and the parements.

Many ladies find the coat bodice which has the basque of equal depth, but beginning more or less far back at the side, more convenient and becoming.

A rich model in black and gold coloured embossed velvet is cut in front as a corsage with very slight point, the basques beginning in a line with the breast pleats on either side.

COMTESSE DE B.

THE HALL.

By Mrs. TALBOT COKE.

WHEN, in the November Myra, I illustrated and gave forth my notions as to the treatment of an old-fashioned hall, several of my correspondents wrote, saying, "Your sketch is charming, but what would you suggest for a hopeless, narrow bare hall, with tall cold-looking arch facing the front door," while others wrote, "My hall is not panelled, but decorated in a style I think you would admire, all the doors being draped with art muslin, and the walls covered with fans, plush brackets, etc." Now (given good colour), *I, au contraire*, far prefer a bare hall to one beplastered with unsuitable fripperies. A hall, be it large or small, is often a giver of first impressions, and should, therefore, in some way, give the new visitor a foreshadowing of the tastes of the owner (even though it be only in the matter of colour). Let it not, then, be a sort of assembling ground—as is sometimes the case—of the rubbish from all over the house.

I think, in nine cases out of ten, unless the entrance hall is very dark, that red walls have a cosy, "welcoming" effect, and in these halcyon days when one can buy a bold-patterned rich-toned paper for 2s. the piece, the barrier which some years ago stood between slender purses and home improvements, may be said to have ceased to exist.

Having then attained good coloured walls, what shall be hung on them?

A far stretching question this, and one which (as indeed all other questions) needs information from the querist as to situation of house, size of hall, and last, but *not* least, depth of purse! A hall can be "done up" for a mere song, or can be made a vehicle for much money spending.

Now, I take it that *really* good taste, be it in our houses, our manners, or even our gowns, lies in a close observance of the "Eternal fitness of things," and this fitness is left very far behind when a little hall, subject to visits from rude Boreas every time the door is opened, is hung with flimsy draperies, fluttering fans, and armies of rickety little ornaments on brackets of every sort, size, and description.

Nor does one come much nearer, in good sooth, by hanging nice old family portraits—which would have given a quaint old-world style to the villa drawing-room, in which the owner has perforce to spend her future—on the horrible imitation marble paper, so beloved by a certain class of suburban decorators for the hall and staircase, and on which the poor old portraits looked sadly out of place.

In a more dignified hall, with a rich coloured background, the effect of sombre old pictures is delightful, with dark carved oak furniture, and a flash of beaten brass, or copper, in a pot, tray, or lamp here and there.

Again, how excellent is the effect of arms in a hall, not (as I once heard of) stars of bayonets, etc., in the style of a regimental ball, but quaint savage weapons of warfare, such as the curved Afghan guns, Eastern scimitars, graceful spears, and quaintly moulded rhinoceros hide shields from the Soudan, queer looking musical instruments, stringed and feathered gourds from Berber, inlaid steel targets from Moradabad, or the tawny translucent bossed shields from Jeypore; all such, I say, look well, not formally arranged, but carelessly grouped, on my favourite dull red background, and prove a never-ending source of interest to appreciative friends.

Such things—though I own half the charm lies in collecting them, or having them sent from stirring scenes of strife—are to be picked up from time to time by those with observant eyes, and appreciative tastes. The very commonplace hall of which I illustrate a portion, is much in the style of those described by desponding correspondents, and shows the well-known archway, the severity of which can be much mitigated by a draped curtain of boldly-striped chenille material, or an Oriental Jejim, the advantages of which is its *very* small cost, great artistic effect, and marvellous durability.

A tall, scrolly iron stand, to hold a palm by day, and a lamp with wide-spreading yellow or red shade by night, is always an excellent feature in a hall, large or small, and where space is an object, a picturesque wall gong has a decided advantage over the stereotyped stand up kind.

Again, a narrow grooved shelf, at the top of a high dado, with artistic pots, and here and there the gleam of a beaten brass, copper tray or "lotah," or gaudy punkah fan, has a most wonderfully "furnishing" effect for a hall where my favoured weapons are not liked or are not attainable.

If, by the way, the house is one's own, or even held on a long lease, I cannot say too much in favour of Parquet floor, which can, indeed, now be well laid at an inclusive cost per foot which would astonish those who for years have thought a perfect floor far, far "beyond their means."

Of the charms of Eastern rugs in a hall it is hardly, in this year of grace, necessary for me to speak; though I well remember in my "Queen" days, some three years ago, being called to account by an irate north-country correspondent for "writing up a lot of foreign rubbish, when nothing set off a hall like a Royal Axminster carpet to fit every corner," dear lady! I am really glad (being nothing if not a John Bull!) to think the English carpet trade is doing well now, and that, were we to meet again—on paper—she would (consequently) be *far* less acidulated! Are boards too bad to stain? Are purses too shallow for Parquet? What then? What can I say, but more "foreign rubbish," Chinese matting. I do *not* care, unless for a dado, for the red and white matting, but there is a tone of greeny grey, of "willow" and cream, which forms a delicious background for Eastern rugs, and which (in my own hall) hides a terrible black and white marble chess-board, and so earns my daily gratitude. Perhaps a few words as to how we found that hall, and how we now view it, may not here be out of place. Picture, then, black and white floor, with a chilly strip of grey and white oil cloth down the centre; cold slate paint walls, devoid of ornament, save cases of stuffed birds, white-washed ceiling, black stove with unconcealed iron pipe. A cabinet of china and Pompeian relics, two austere chairs, a bare looking table, and a cabinet of fossils, some of which adorn a grey stone mantelshelf, complete this picture.

Now look on red walls, picturesque groups of weapons of all nations, a dark carved oak table with pierced Arab brass card tray, and an old Indian violin in the shape of a standing peacock (what tales it could tell of fanatical worshippers in a Sikh temple!), two high-backed, carved oak chairs with velvet seats, a tall, dark chest of drawers, with Bible subjects quaintly rendered, old carved oak panels with shelves at the top for quaint pots, corner hanging cupboards for coats, a stand, made of quaint spears and halberds, for hats and umbrellas, one or two dusky old oil paintings and armorial carved oak plaques, a hanging brass lamp, the gleam of beaten brass candle sconces over the rich-looking dark lincrusta covered mantel casing, over which is fixed the mirror, without which I hold no hall complete. (We *all* like to "tidy up" after a long country drive!) and, I think, few will be found to uphold the old style against the new.

I know that to some readers I now appear for the first time, to such I stretch out, gladly, the helping hand, as to the improvement of house and home I have tendered to many a hundred during my delightful work of the last few years.

Answers * on * Furnishing.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

Special Rules for Correspondents.

1. *Letters requiring advice to be addressed to* Mrs. Talbot Coke, *Myra's Journal Office,* 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

2. *Letters to be answered in the next number to reach the office not later than the 4th of the month.*

3. *Letters requiring advice on the arrangement of a room should be accompanied, if possible, by a plan, and the name of each piece of furniture must be written on the plan in the place of its present position.*

4. *Questions to be answered should be underlined, and briefly repeated at the end of the letter.*

5. *Patterns of materials, wall papers, etc., may be sent, and will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*

6. *Correspondents are requested always to use the same pseudonym (to enable reference to be made to any former answer) and to give full name and address as well. Advice as to position of furniture cannot be given unless a plan of room with size and present position of furniture marked is sent, with stamped addressed envelope for its return.*

We are requested to state that *in no case* can Mrs. Talbot Coke undertake to answer letters *privately.* All answers will be *published in the Journal;* but, to secure an answer in any forthcoming Number, correspondents are reminded that their queries must be sent in *not later than the 4th* of the month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMONPLACE. — Your capitally drawn sketch quite gives me an idea of your passage hall, which is, I always think, the *most* difficult bit of a house to arrange prettily. Rich coloured tapestry, or plushette curtains, reaching to the window ledge only, and one solid looking, "bold" piece of pottery on the said ledge, would have a better effect than the bare style shown in the sketch. Now, as to the damp wall, so many of my old "Queen" correspondents have testified to the good results of my advice as to Chambers' "Crown Damp Resisting Fluid," that I advise you to write full particulars of your wall to F. Chambers & Co., Kensington Works, Oxford Street, Hull, and also ask to see patterns of the shades in which he has his "Corrossos" (a *washable* and damp resisting distemper), which would, I think, just meet your case. As to colour, I think, as you have so much crimson, a soft greeny blue (the colour of an old turquoise) would please you, and nut brown paint. I should have a bold yellow and white ceiling paper, such as Knowles' "Carrington," about 4s. the piece. In giving this advice, I am assuming you have an objection to *paper?* which, however, would far better disguise the "bulges" in the old wall, and, personally, I should (after treating with the damp resisting fluid, of course) hang the wall with Knowles'—166, King's Road, Chelsea—blue Boston, 2s. the piece, in which case I would have red plushette curtains in the hall (50 inches wide, 2s. 11d., at Holroyd Barkers, 488, Oxford Street), and let the large pot be a rich subdued yellow. Of course, there is but little space in a passage hall for arrangement of furniture, etc., but could you not move the gong out of the "recess with ugly pegs," and, by putting a nice brass rod and boldly figured tapestry curtain, make the recess a really useful hanging cupboard? Certainly, some long Eastern looking rugs would much improve the linoleum floor. Shoolbred has some very long "Vestibule" rugs (for use in narrow halls or long passages), 12 feet by 3 feet, 32s. 6d. If you write to Mr. Lamb—who knows the dull, Eastern colouring I like—I am sure he would send you one on approval. After all, as the recess is so deep, it seems rather waste to curtain it. Why not remove the pegs altogether, and put the largest hall table in the recess, thus giving more room in the hall? Would not the gong look well near the plant at the foot of the stairs? I ceased to write for the paper you mention over a year ago. I am very glad you are going to try the "Damp Resisting Fluid," and shall be interested to hear the result. I think your bedroom must be a very quaint one. The present colouring being cold, I think it would be a pleasant change to paper with my favourite shrimp pink Croyland (Essex, 116, Victoria Street), about 2s. 3d. the piece, with either pinky paint to match the paper and white and gold Japanese panelling, or soft, lettuce green paint, the panelling being lincrusta, painted over with the door. In either case have a neat yellow and white ceiling paper. The curtains should be a soft willow green serge. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, supplies these at 23s. to 25s. the pair, ready trimmed. You can get a very nice Brussels carpet from Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, for about 3s. 9d. the yard, which will wear well. One in shades of terra cotta would suit you best. For thin curtains, nothing would look nicer than cream muslin, frilled. Mrs. Hooper, Mona Cottage, Harborne, makes these at 5s. 6d. the pair, complete. It is always difficult to arrange furniture on paper! but it would certainly leave more space in the centre of the room if the bed could go with its head against the wall, near the door—of course, I cannot tell which way the door opens, but if it would then open *on to* the bed, as it were, I would have one of the brass wall rods fixed (I fancy all large furnishers have them), and hang a serge curtain between bed and door. To have the bed where you propose would be very obstructive in so narrow a room. With reference to my answer to you in the February Myra, I did not at first understand how very dark your hall is. If you could place a mirror in it *which reflects the window,* you would find a considerable gain as to light and effect.

Ali Baba.—I know those lovely gold embroidered Cairo portières well (in fact, we brought two home)—they *are* far too high for ordinary English doorways; still, as your room is so high, I fancy you might still fix yours over the conservatory door; this will, of course, leave all the *arched* top of the portière *above the door, i.e.,* showing the wall paper, which would ruin the effect. I should, therefore, fill in this space with tightly strained Indian red Medici velvet (Liberty, Regent Street—6s. the yard, 45 inches wide). On this make a group with the Soudan shield and pistols, etc. As to the Cairo, work gold silk on cream linen; it washes beautifully if you *insist* on no soda being used—yours having "turned pinkish" is proof of foul play! The only remedy now (and not much trouble) is to outline the whole pattern in coarse rope-stitch, or chain-stitch with washing filoselle in a darker shade of salmon pink, or a cool green would be quaint looking, and take away the sickly look you complain of. The only *really* washing filoselles I know are those sold by J. Duncan, Tib Lane, Manchester. I daresay he would let you see one of his sample cards. My articles on "Winter in Cairo" appeared in the "Queen," Dec. 6 and 13, 1890, and Jan. 10, 1891. By all means let me know when you want me to do your "Cairo boudoir" for you!

Mottram.—Alas! My heart sank as I read of your "cold looking paper, black ground carpet, horsehair furniture;" in short, all my pet horrors, with the *fatal* P.S.—"We have very little to spend." Your suggestion of "covering the furniture and draping the window seat with art muslin" would, I assure you, not only be waste of money, but would add *tawdriness* to the present inartistic effect. My advice is to paper with a pretty little paper in two shades of terra cotta—9d. a piece—from Knowles, 166, King's Road, Chelsea; have the paint a rich golden brown. To cover the sofa, etc., with, chestnut serge, 52 inches wide, about 1s. 11d. the yard—from Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street,—would wear for some little time, and would be *far* more economical in the end than cheap cretonne, but (if you *could* afford the outlay) the cheapest of all as to *wear* (for the wear is endless, and the shabbier it gets the more like old tapestry it looks!) is Graham & Biddle's, Graham House, Oxford Street, "Beauvais," 50 inches wide 6s. 3d. the yard. You might economise a little by having the back and sides of sofa and armchair covered with chestnut plush, etc., 2s. 11d., 50 inches wide, at Holroyd Barker's. I have an armchair done thus, and like it better than those all tapestry. Why do you not frame the pretty "Bride" from the Myra Christmas Number for over the mantelpiece, as you have no overmantel? I lately saw it framed in a flat five-inch deal frame covered with rich looking cream and gold Japanese paper, and it looked charming. I suggested a tall *upright* "Aspinalled" book-shelf either side of it, and a five-inch shelf along the whole of the top, and it will form quite an uncommon overmantel. I wish you had given the *size* of your room. I would certainly not have curtains from the mantelpiece; have a simple slip, half a yard wide and a foot (at each end) longer than the mantelshelf, of soft blue plushette, edged with ball fringe, 6d. the yard. You can then let the sofa cushions be blue. Down cushions cost 5s. or 6s. each, but Whiteley, Maple, or any large furnisher now has quite large, soft "Mill Puff" cushions for less than half the money. Of course, as you have only the one sitting-room, it is no use trying to re-arrange the furniture, though I think I should push the table back after meals.

Suivez Raison.—I think you would find the salmon Croyland, seen *en masse,* quite pink enough for your charming chrysanthemum cretonne (alas! I hear it is out of print now), but I have posted to you Essex's "Waynflete" paper, which is a *fuller* tone, 3s. 6d. the piece. I have such a great dislike to a border between paper and ceiling, that I feel I cannot give an opinion. Why not consult Mr. Essex? (116, Victoria Street, S.W.) or, happy thought! Knowles has, or had, some charming Japanese leather paper borders, 7 or 8 inches wide, birds and flowers in raised gold on a red ground, about 1s. a yard. One of these would replace a cornice better than a mere "border," and you could then have a pale yellow and white ceiling paper, such as Essex's charming "Blossom." I take the greatest interest in the dining-room still; as I am so near, I will come and see it when done, if I may!

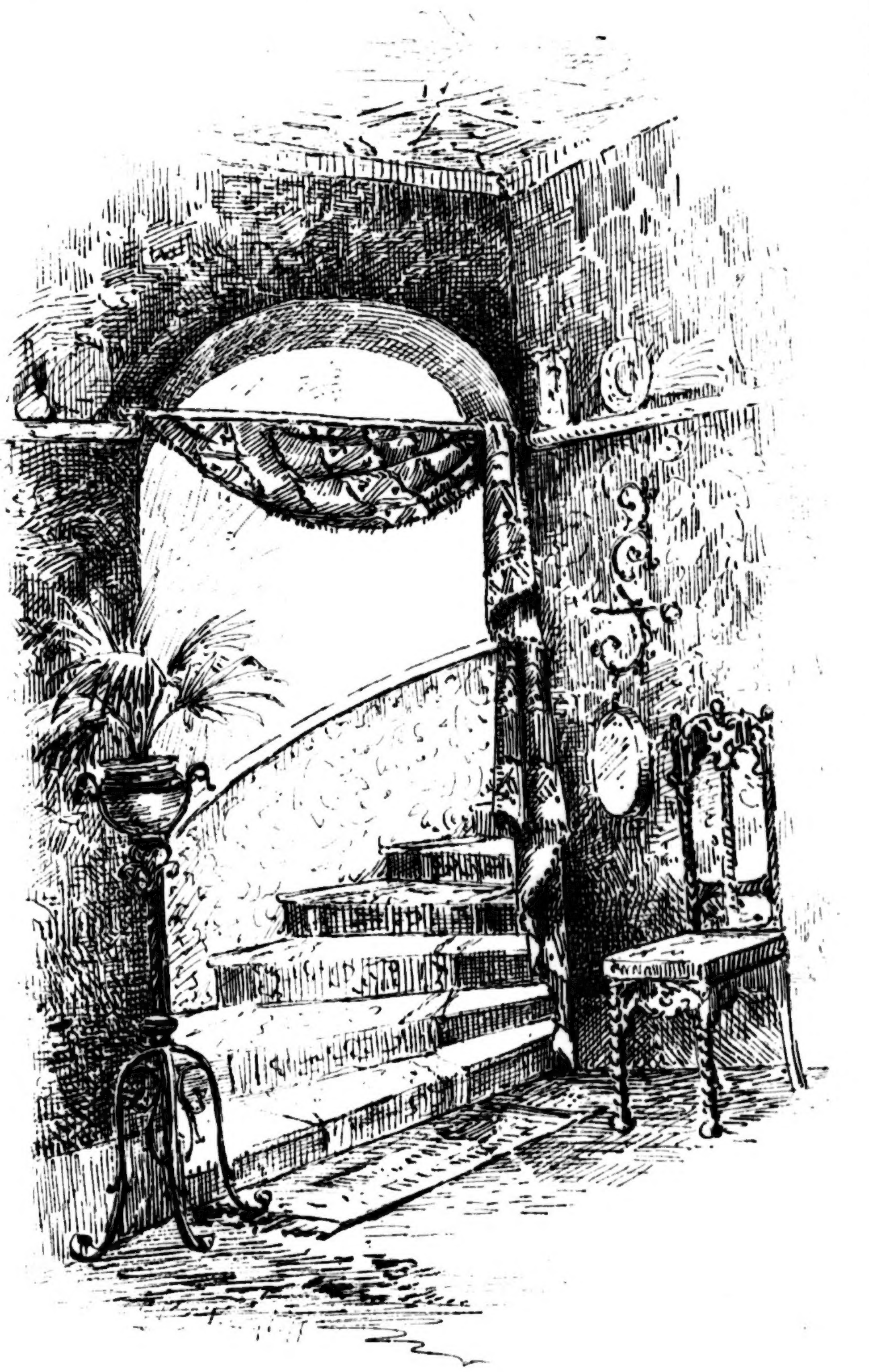
Henry V.—I am truly sorry for what you tell me, but hope that, long ere this appears, all cause for anxiety will be over. You will like the Turquoise May Wreath—Essex, 116, Victoria Street, 1s. 6d. the piece—immensely, and (unlike some blue papers) it does not fade in the least. The room I illustrated in the September Myra was papered nearly two years ago, and is as fresh as ever. You get the pretty brass drop handles for chests of drawers at Whiteley's, about 9d. each.

Catarina.—How very quaint your circular hall is, The moment I looked at the plan, visions of rich red paper and ivory paint, gold plush curtains, etc., floated before me! So it was, *indeed,* a blow to read "it is painted all over like marble and the paint grained; all this must remain as it is." However, the great thing now is, as you want to use the hall as a sitting-room, to fit some rich colouring into it, despite the walls. I am glad to be able to tell you of a very handsome Brussels carpet—in Eastern design and colouring—dull red, blue, gold and cream, at 3s. 9d. the yard. Mr. Lamb (at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road,) knows the one I mean. I think the name is "Large Eastern"—blue ground. It has an excellent border, and should, therefore, make a most effective square for the centre of the hall. I fear, as you will not have my favourite plushette, and will not go beyond 2s. 11d. a yard, that I know no *plain* material to tell you of, unless, indeed, you would like a plain art serge in tawny gold or Indian red (whichever suits your paint best), with dado on the curtain, of *embossed* plushette—rather like stamped velvet. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, would make these for you very reasonably. I cannot quote price, because your windows are, you say, all different heights. Yes; you will like Heelas's basket chairs; they are *far* stronger than the usual make. I have had one in use for years. Do not, however, please, have Madagascar matting for covers; it is charming for conservatory chairs, but not cosy looking enough to use in a hall which is to be used as a sitting room. I would far prefer Shoolbred's invaluable embossed Victoria cord, 2s. 6d. the yard, in Indian red or chestnut. As to a hat and coat rail, I own I do *not* like such in a hall where one sits. A tall screen to hide the hall door is, however, both for appearance and *comfort,* almost indispensable, and might be so placed so as to partly hide the rail from the fireplace part of the hall, where (as being furthest from the door) I should make the cosy bit of the room. You will, of course, as the wall is curved, have to have the rod made for you. Nothing is prettier for umbrellas, by the way, and also for hats, than a tall tripod stand like three antique halberds, with pegs and spaces for sticks and umbrellas and tray below; these cost about 22s. 6d. at Shoolbred's. If your table is not too large, Burnet's soft art felt (about 72 inches wide, and, I think, 4s. 11d. the yard) would make a charming cover, merely edged with ball fringe. For the smaller table, a cover of Graham and Biddle's (Graham House, Oxford Street) lovely Graham Velveteen, in two shades of blue or in blue and gold, will look well. Your letter is a model; I wish *every one* underlined their questions with a red pencil!

Capri.—As far as looks go, the blue and yellow room will be charming, but if your calling the room "a studio also" means serious work of any kind, I fear the colour will *not* do, though a prominent artist told me lately she "liked red walls, because it made her paint strong." As the Brussels carpet is beyond you, why not have matting and Maple's British made "Jeypore" rugs? These are the only *cheap* rugs I never knew curl at the edges, and their wear seems endless. I think Maple would send you a coloured illustration which will give you an idea of appearance, sizes, etc. Thanks for your kind letter and remarks; I still get many such! I have never been to Manchester, so cannot tell you whether the shops there are good and cheap, and you know I *never* advise a material I have not seen in the piece. For real *wear*, and appearance, I would (if you do not think it too expensive) recommend Shoolbred's lovely greeny blue embossed Victoria cord, 2s. 6d. the yard. It will wear out a dozen cretonne covers. By the way, as economy is such an object, I would rather advise nut brown paint than ivory, and as I see by your P.S. you work mostly out of doors, you can perhaps indulge in the blue paper after all. I will gladly do the other rooms whenever you like.

Spes.—I am so glad you will re-paper! and think, as far as I can tell, from the tiny bit of cretonne, that Essex's, 116, Victoria Street, soft, pinky "Waynflete," 3s. 6d. the piece, will suit you best, with his "Chryseis" ceiling paper, 1s. 6d. the piece. Ivory paint, with ivory and gold panelling, either in a *good* leather paper, or, better still, Lincrusta. I am glad you are going to have one of the mantel casings. (Ask Mr. Giles to show you the pretty classic figures in high relief he used for the one in my front hall). No! I should not have a new bedspread. Line the Cluny lace one with Burnet's (42, King Street, Covent Garden) silk sheeting, double width, about 4s. 11d. the yard, and add a double flounce—the top one two inches narrower than the bottom—of soft terra cotta silk. Shoolbred has a delightful, very wide make (thus saving so many joins), at 2s. the yard. Your cretonne is not an absolute joy. I know of a pink and soft yellow hollyhock one (at almost half the price, too!) which would have made the room a *perfect* harmony. Still, I must own you are right—having bought it—to use it up.

A Doctor's Wife.—I am so glad you returned my last answer; it is such a reminder! Your paper is decidedly good, and, I should say, costly. (After what you told me, I only dared advise you a cheap one!); but the blue one would have shown off the light over-mantel better than a pale yellow paper will. I think it a pity, as the former is oak, to enamel it, as you propose, but it can easily be "oiled up" and darkened by several shades; it sounds *very* uncommon and pretty. If the mantelpiece were painted exactly the shade the over-mantel becomes, and you have a broad, wooden mantel-shelf, covered with gold or dull blue Medici velvet (Liberty, Chesham House, Regent Street), 6s. the yard-wide width, I think you will find all will tone in well together, and the jambs be hardly noticed. As economy must be considered, I should certainly *not* trouble to add a beading to the skirting board. The cornice is a more serious matter, as a sitting-room certainly wants one of some kind, especially with a *paper* frieze; one of Japanese paper, or anaglypta might conceal the defect better. I fear you must consult your decorator as to what he would do *cheaply* in the matter. By "panelling," I mean doors, shutter cases, etc., etc. I think, as you prefer long curtains, your bookshelves under each window might just be plain deal, the shelves edged with brown and gold leather scallopping. Maple, or any large furnisher, sells this by the yard very cheaply. Personally, I am not fond, even in summer, of muslin curtains only, but many people hold a different opinion, so let expediency guide you! I think matting (Treloar, Ludgate Hill, has this good and cheap,) and another rug or two will be best for the floor; felt is expensive, and wears atrociously. The "shelf divan" was, if I remember, to fill a recess, where it would touch the wall at each end; of course, if it stood against a long stretch of wall it would not be so pretty; but in any case a real Eastern divan seldom has any ends. As to the back, a padded wooden framework is a decided improvement on mere cushions, but the seat should be wide enough to also allow of cushions leaning against the said back. The "Embossed Victoria Cord," about 2s. 6d. the yard, 30 inches wide, is the best for covering furniture; it also makes a handsome dado for serge curtains. Shoolbred sells the material. I should have the square mirror fixed about 18 inches from the floor, with a broad wooden shelf below covered with chestnut plushette with frill to the ground. Plushette is 2s. 11d. the yard, double width, at Holroyd Barker's, 488, Oxford Street. On this shelf arrange pots, large imari bowls, an autotype on a pretty easel, and a tall fern or two in vivid yellow pots; this would help furnish a long space of wall at small cost. The "frieze" looks to *me* like two widths of a "border!" Unless the room is high, I would not use both. I have given you more than your share of space, so ask me again, when the room is forwarder, about the corner arrangement, please.



The Hall.

Madge.—What a pity that the somewhat *voyant* red and white bed furniture at once puts a stop to nearly all my favourite vagaries in the room as to which you now consult me! However, as it is a north room, with only one window, it must, in any case, have had a "sunshiny," yet not *too* pale, wall paper. Nothing seems to go so well with the hangings as Essex's, 116, Victoria Street, S.W., cheery Buff May Wreath, 1s. 6d. the piece. (I do *hope* you call this "very cheap," for I have nothing cheaper in my books which gives equal sunshine.) I wish the carpet wasn't drab—a fatal fault in a north room—as is, to my mind, the white paint, which you say must remain! A coat of buff paint, and to panel the doors with red and gold Japanese leather paper, 2s. 6d. the yard, 36 inches wide, at Knowles's, 166, King's Road, Chelsea, would at once give a warm, *cosy* look the room will never otherwise have. And do, pray, replace the "holland cover, bound with red braid" on the long dress ottoman, with one of Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, ivory spray cretonne on a bright red ground—price, I think, 1s. 0½d. the yard. I have never *really* taken to sanitary papers, save for nursery, servants' hall, or passages. I believe they *do* wash, but you would have to get in men to do it, and I doubt its costing *much* less each time than a new cheap paper! Owing to the tyrannical colour of the hangings, it seems to me the curtains *can* but be gold serge (you could not have such a *mass* of bright red), or Burnet's pretty *printed* twilled sheeting in brown and gold, very wide width, 2s. 6d. the yard, might please you; 42, King St., Covent Garden is the address. A frill of the same, about 6 inches deep, might edge the mantel-board. You could work artistic red bordered toilet cloths for this room, and work big red monograms on the towels. Such little touches make even the least expensively furnished bedroom attractive.

(Continued on page 37.)

The * Ladies' * Gallery.

THERE are few who can be found to defend the action of the Post Office clerks in their strike against the employment of women, and few who can help sympathising with the men. The truth is that one sex must live as well as the other, and single women require food just as married women do, being animals of a like construction. There was certainly a time when men, being the bread-winners of the other sex, held, and deserved to hold, all the avenues to the great labour market; but this is a responsibility which they have long disowned. A man now expects his female relatives to support themselves, by marriage or some other trade or profession. Worse than this, it has recently been laid down as a precept of price that not even marriage exempts a woman from the duty of adding to the family income. Artists—literary, pictorial and dramatic—continue their work though they become wives, so runs the argument; and why, therefore, should not all wives do so? It may be an unpopular opinion, but we do not for one moment hesitate to deny the value of the precept. We hold that wifehood and motherhood are, or rather should be, the sole life-work of married women. The man brings money, the woman brings a home and children. An exception must be made where the woman possesses genius, which, as a talent from God, she has no right to wrap in a napkin and bury in the earth; but, where this is the case, such genius should be blessing enough, and the only too doubtful happiness of wedded life should be dispensed with.

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It is often urged against women—especially authors—that they are not artists; that the most popular of them possess no style; that their work is hurried—shallow, possessing the body of a shadow; as soulless—though sometimes as brilliant—as a star. There is absolute truth in the indictment. It is well-nigh impossible to take up a novel, written by the best of modern female writers, without perceiving the looseness of construction, the vile grammar, that surely proceed from undue haste rather than want of knowledge. We have learned amid what distractions Mrs. Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Does art really require no purer, more single-hearted service than this? We are naturally confronted with George Eliot, but her marriages were pure literary unions, and the majority of men require a good deal more than that. A woman cannot, as marriage goes now, be a great artist and a perfect wife and mother. It has so often been proved that the marriages of men of genius have rarely turned out satisfactorily, that the point may be considered settled. In how many cases, on the other hand, has not wifehood seemed to extinguish a woman's talent? The New Journalism encourages personalities; but we refrain from mentioning names that will occur to most people—the names of those yet amongst us. If the river is meant to flow joyously to the sea, a source of delight and profit to untold millions for untold centuries, is it right to dam it up that it may supply the pleasure fountains of one man's garden? This every woman who possesses genius must answer for herself.

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But take the humble crowd who, for the most part, have but gifts of love and tenderness and "childward care"—where these are concerned there can be no excuse for the man who forces them, being wives, to be out-labourers also. Mr. Grant Allen has pleaded the cause of these more eloquently than we can, but we think no man worthy manhood would send his wife to work in another's vineyard. Of course we shall be told at once that this would make the marriage of the poor impossible, and increase immorality; but we think not. There can be no question about unions among the destitute; they are immoral, whether blessed by the Church or ratified by the registrar, or not. It is certain that no man who can keep only himself has any right to marry, for who is to provide for his children? But if he can keep his wife, she will do a great deal in return. She will have healthy children, not puny, sickly beings, who bring more misery than joy, and are a source of expense and worry to right-minded parents; she will have leisure to make her scraps into appetising food, that will renew her husband's strength; and her nimble needle will send him forth neatly darned and mended, and full of self-respect. These things are undervalued, but a decently fed, decently clothed man, with a healthy wife and family, starts without handicap in the race. He is more highly placed at the outset than the miserable sot, whose physical and moral degradation only too frequently drives his under-fed, over-worked wife to drink, and sells his babies to the insurance agent. With the married woman withdrawn from the money-asking class there would be plenty of room for the unmarried workers, so often the only hope of aged mother and invalid sister.

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When, some years ago, the historian, Mr. J. R. Green, died, most of us were profoundly touched by the sympathetic preface to his last book, contributed by his wife. Apart from the natural pathos of the account of Mr. Green's struggles with increasing weakness, the preface—and the chapters with which Mrs. Green concluded the "Conquest of England," left unfinished by her husband—gave evidence of thorough knowledge of the subject and considerable literary power. It is, therefore, with no surprise that we find Mrs. Green a very successful lecturer, full of charm, and excellently clear in setting forth her facts. She will, by-and-bye, publish a book dealing with the history of some English towns. Woman as Historian is a new, and, to unintelligent masculine minds, a singular paradox! Lucidity, exactness, compression, are, they consider, the antithesis of a woman's gifts. They have to be gently taught and enlightened, these said minds. Thus it has been asserted that a lady gardener is apt to dig up her seeds to see how they are progressing. Nevertheless, have we not a well-known lady market-gardener? And so apt are the feminine hand and brain at this sort of work, that a School of Horticulture for Women will shortly be opened near London.

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It is very well to take in charge our gardens, but there remain the houses we inhabit, the clothes we wear, the servants we endure, and the food we eat. There be many things for women to control for our good. Nor are they wholly neglected, even now. In Chicago—alas! why *Chicago?*—they revel in a feminine architect, and she has designed houses for many a rejoicing native of the district round about. What cupboards they will have, those happy housewives! what roomy kitchens! what well ventilated bedrooms! what spacious bath chambers! Ah, well! all this is for *Chicago*! To come nearer home, Lady Humphrey has devised a charming plan for supplying us with trained servants. She has taken under her wing some dozen youthful maidens, whom she in her own house instructs in practical domestic work. They are said to do her credit, and to have acquired already a happy knack at cookery. If all ladies, with the requisite room and skill, would thus train one or more girls for service, we should soon see a revolution below stairs. On the other hand, Mrs. Charles Hancock has perceived that upon which we insisted long ago; namely, if sensible dress is to be worn, the example must be set by those least in need of it. This lady has contrived a neat costume for indoors or out, but specially delightful for wet weather. The skirt is without foundation, and full fathom five—inches five, we should say—off the ground. Beneath are worn knickerbockers of the same material, well wadded, and gaiters that match reach to the knee. For muddy roads the back breadths are lined three inches high with macintosh. So many ladies of the upper classes have already discarded petticoats, and the foundationless skirt is also so well patronised, that the chief novelty of the costume lies in the skirt length and the gaiters, and even these last have been extensively worn.

Spinnings in Town.*

"Fashion wears out more apparel than the man."—Shakespeare.

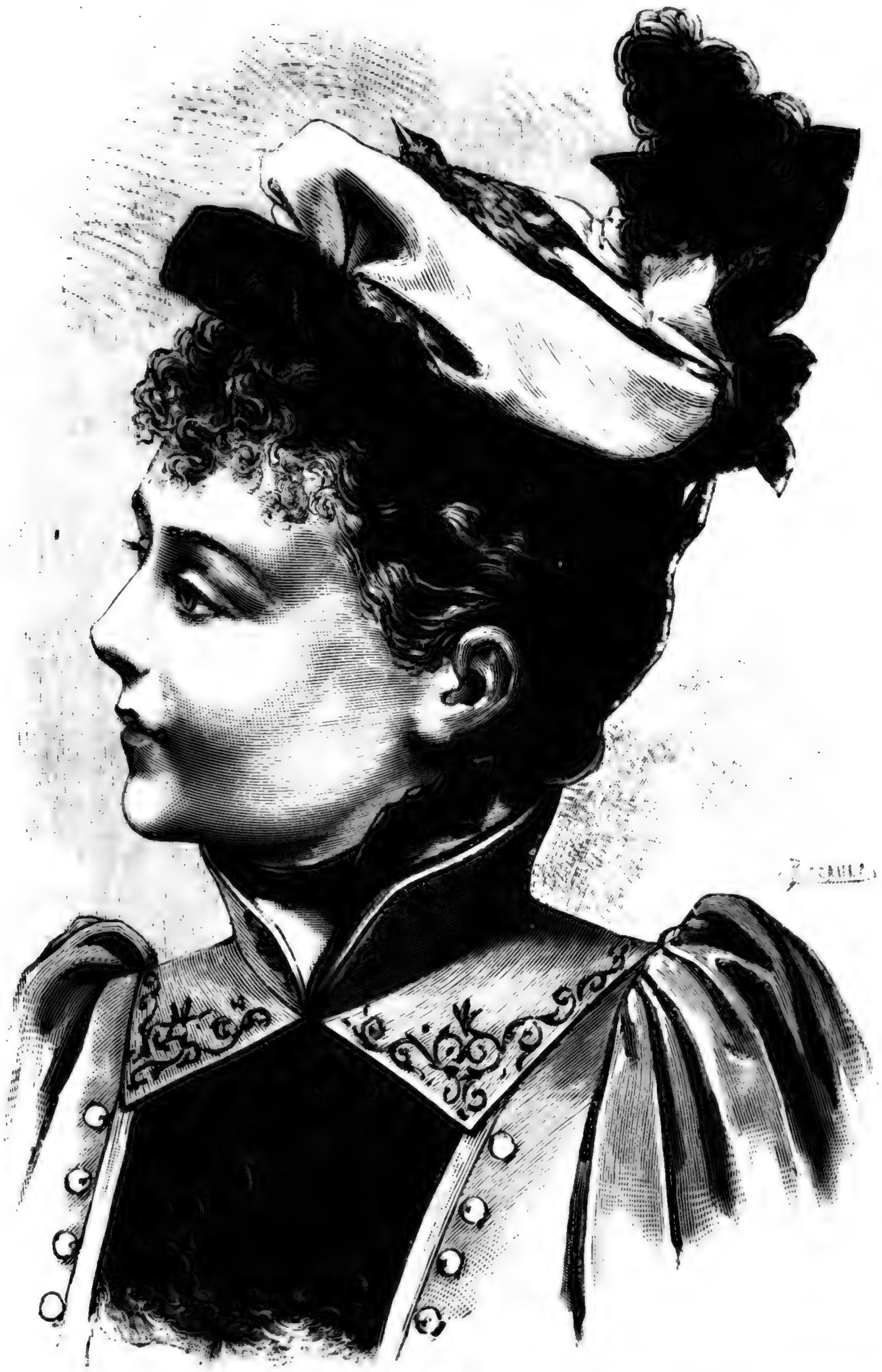
Will that day ever dawn that sees an end to the reign of fashion? It is more than doubtful, and at any rate there is at present no sign of decrease of power in the authority to which we all bow, though some of us make more humble obeisances than others. In the obedience of to day there is, however, a very great difference from that of former times, when fashions were followed more blindly than they are now, and grotesque imitations of modes that were passable enough when well carried out, abounded on all sides.

Our taste in colour has very much improved of late years, and there has been a decided reaction against mere cheapness in materials, and we now require that these should be good as well as tasteful in design and colour; but more, perhaps, than in anything else is the progress of our national taste in dress shown in the appreciation of good cutting and making. Formerly a good pattern was a treasure as carefully guarded as the family plate, and often more difficult to replace; only a few privileged beings wore well-fitting dresses, the rest had to put up with badly cut and ill-fitting gowns, often a mere caricature of the prevailing fashions, because neither the dressmaker nor her client could procure any help in the way of patterns and counsel, search how and where they might.

How different things are now! There is no longer any need to search far and wide for good patterns and good advice, for Myra gives the latter gratis and the patterns almost gratis, and, in order to bring these within still easier reach, a handsome showroom for the sale of our paper patterns has been opened at 204, Regent Street, a far more central and convenient situation than Bedford Street. Here ladies may look through the Journals and choose patterns at their leisure, or bring their own sketches or illustrations to be cut and modelled by Myra's clever workers. Patterns in stock sizes are only 6d. each, but a great many ladies prefer to have their patterns cut to measure, so as to ensure a good fit, the charge for which is 1s. 6d. Some charming patterns of the new capes and pèlerines that are to be all the rage this spring have lately been added, and as these little vêtements are not difficult to make, and are becoming to nearly every one, we advise any of our readers who happen to be strolling through Regent Street to go in and judge for themselves.

Letters ordering or on the subject of patterns, on editorial matters, in connection with the Needlework competitions, or generally requiring Myra's attention or my own, should be directed to this new address, viz. 204, Regent Street, W.

The prudent and sharp-sighted housekeeper, as the days grow longer and brighter, becomes more alive to the fact that things that could be tolerated during the gloom of winter can no longer be passed over; what the spring is doing for nature she must seek to do in her own household, and by timely restorations and renewals repair the damage that smoke and fog have wrought upon the garments of herself and her family, and on the furnishings of her house.



The Luciole Capote.

Soft draped crown of white cloth and fluted brim of emerald green velvet. Green velvet bow and plume of black feathers at the back; green velvet strings. A swallow laid flat on the crown.

To make all these look like new, and to render them capable of enduring the searching light that is beginning to invade every nook and cranny, they must, of course, be cleaned, and this will be done in a most satisfactory and successful manner by Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, whose varied machinery may be relied on to perform all the many intricate processes involved in cleaning and dyeing, and whose advice as to the choice of the best and most suitable colours is always available.

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* Important Notice.—*To avoid delay, Manufacturers and Advertisers are requested to forward samples and patterns of novelties* direct to "The Silkworm," 204, *Regent Street, W., before the 1st of the month.*

Curtains are amongst the articles that one thinks of first; lace and muslin curtains are carefully cleaned, or dyed in colours, and stiffened, the smooth polished surface being dust proof, and the curtains retaining their cleanliness for a long time. Curtains and covers of chintz and cretonne are beautifully cleaned without the smallest injury to the colours; covers need not be taken to pieces, even when made of chintz, which requires a highly glazed surface; cretonnes are of course finished with a dull surface.

Carpets are cleansed by a patent chemical process which revives the colours without crushing the pile and without fear of shrinking.

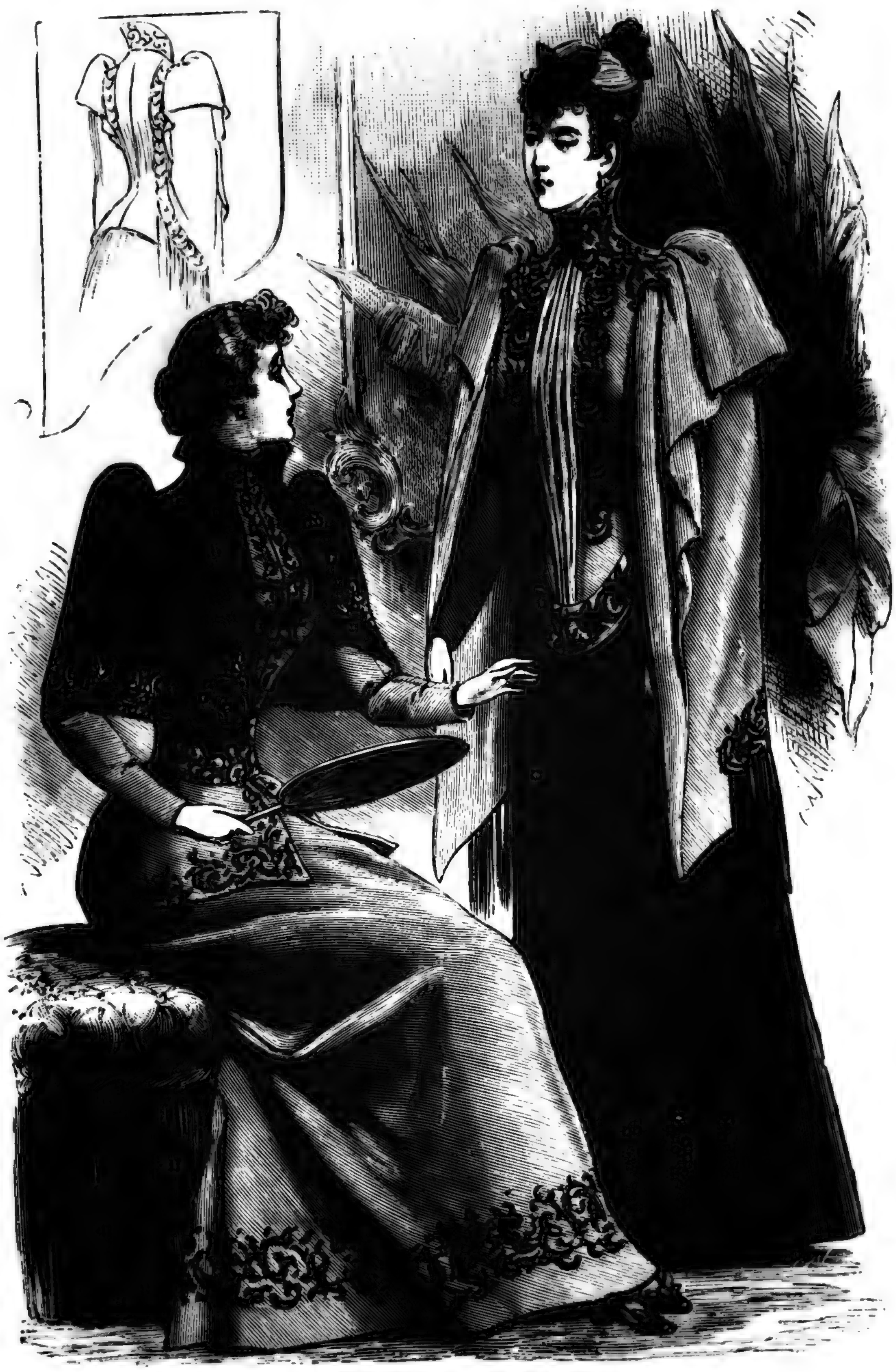
Dresses in need of cleaning or dyeing should be sent without loss of time; silk, woollen, and mixed fabrics can be dyed in any shades likely to be in fashion throughout the summer; many of these new shades can even now be seen at the chief receiving offices and new ones are being constantly added to the list. Cotton, muslin, and sateen dresses cleaned by this firm have all the appearance of new material, and the same useful characteristic of remaining clean for a considerable time, which is not the case when these dresses are washed and ironed in the usual way by a laundress.

An adaptation of the French dry cleaning process is employed for gentleman's clothing, which is cleaned, or dyed, whole; stains of all kinds, grease, dust, etc., are successfully removed by this process without injury to velvet collars, silk facings, mountings and linings, and the original gloss of the cloth is restored.

All work entrusted to Messrs. P. & P. Campbell is executed in the most careful and finished manner, and they may be relied on to unpick anything that may be necessary and remake in the same or in a different style, a special staff of competent workers being engaged for this purpose.

Parcels may be sent direct to Perth or through the receiving offices, which also undertake the task of collecting goods that need dyeing or cleaning. Useful information on all the points connected with these two subjects may be gathered from the catalogue and price list, a copy of which will be sent, post free, on application. A little caution in directing parcels and letters is necessary, and the initials P. & P. should on no account be omitted from the address.

Who does not enjoy a crisp, nicely browned biscuit, and will fail to accord a welcome to a new variety? No one, I believe; consequently it is with real pleasure that I introduce to my readers Mellin's Food Biscuits, which are really most dainty, crisp, and delicious, small and prettily shaped, and with the faintest suspicion of ginger in the flavour. Mellin's Food for Infants is known in most nurseries and much valued as an easily digested and nutritious food; the biscuits contain 50 per cent. of the Food, and possess the same qualities as this; they may therefore safely be given to young children, as soon as they are able to take solid food at all, while elderly people and invalids, especially those whose digestive organs are weak or impaired, will find them sustaining and easily assimilated. Although crisp they are not hard, neither are they sweet, although so pleasantly flavoured. The biscuits are manufactured



The Adrienne and Yvonne Costumes.

Fig. 1. Skirt and jacket of leather coloured cloth; a band of open embroidery in Cordova velvet round the skirt; similar embroidery on the added basques, and on the fronts, collar and waistband of the jacket. Cape of the velvet open in front and joined by silk cord brandenburghs, the edges embroidered. Medici collar. Quantity of material required—cloth, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards, velvet, 2 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of dark purple cloth, the front of the skirt trimmed with a fluted velvet flounce with jet and steel ornaments between the pleats. Plain corsage and sleeves. Mantle of silver grey cloth; sleeveless jacket bodice with rounded basque, the fronts fastened under a narrow pleated plastron of the cloth. Bretelles of passementerie and band to match round the basque edged with purple chenille fringe. Mantle sleeves joined to the back and forming a pèlerine in front with flounce over the shoulder falling in coquillé folds. Passementerie on the Medici collar and on the sleeves edged with fringe. Toque of grey cloth and purple velvet and feathers. Quantity of material required for the mantle—cloth, 4 yards.

For Prices etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.
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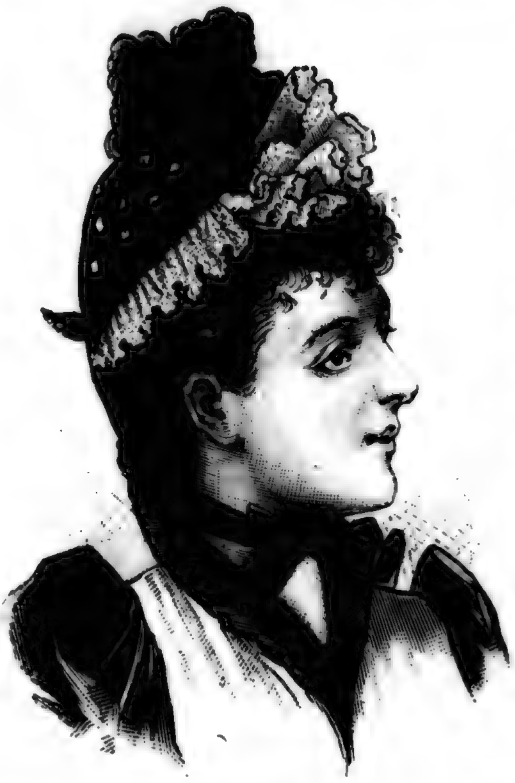
by Messrs. Carr & Co., of Carlisle, and sold by all good grocers, or they may be obtained from Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E., in one and two pound tins, costing respectively 2s. and 3s. 6d. per tin.

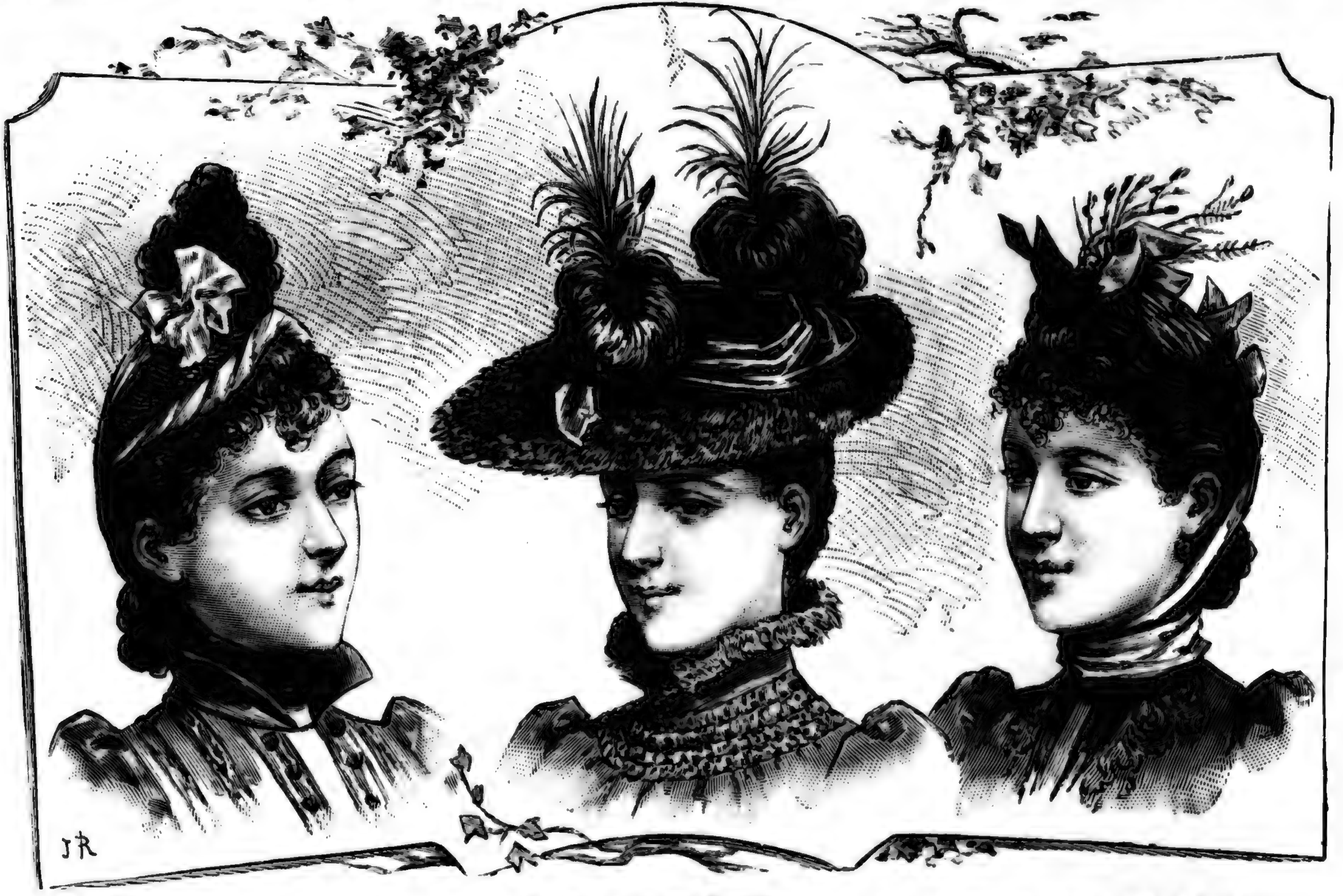
Again and again I am asked for advice about the hair. I may repeat here what I have before said on this subject. What to do when grey hairs appear is to many a most engrossing question. For my own part, I would say, do nothing, let nature take its course. But many, I fear most people, are very averse to this course, especially when, as now so often happens, grey hairs begin to come freely in early life. To obliterate them is certainly a pardonable wish under these circumstances. But when grey hairs first appear it is unnecessary, and a mistake, at once to have recourse to a direct dye or colour restorer. Tonic and invigorating treatment should be tried. As a rule greyness seems to be due to a lack of sulphur in the hair. Hence this important element should be supplied to it, and at the same time a strong tonic to endeavour to cause the colour cells to secrete more freely. In all cases of incipient greyness, when grey hairs first begin to be plainly noticeable, Jaborandi Hair Tonic should be used daily, and Sulphur Hair Soap once a week. Should these, after a careful and persevering trial, fail to check and obliterate the greyness, it will then be amply soon enough to use a direct colour restorer or dye—things which many people resort to far too soon. Full particulars of the two preparations I have mentioned will be found in Mr. Mason's advertisement in this Journal.



The Stella Capote.

Crown of black tulle spangled with gold, and brim and strings of black velvet; black feathers. Pleated front of embroidered gold coloured lisse.

Quite a new feature amongst the mantles for the coming season are the capes and pèlerines, so varied in shape and style that models suited to the figures and requirements of ladies of all ages may be found amongst them. A more convenient and at the same time elegant vêtement than one of these pèlerines could not be dreamt of, and the most prejudiced and irrational of dress reformers would discover nothing to find fault with in the many delightful models shown by Mr. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, while those who like to follow the fashions without frenzy, but also without prejudice, will be simply charmed. If taste be, as I think it is, a subtle combination of imagination and good sense, then it will be found to reign supreme in the mantle department of this house, for the models shown here have all the elegance and novelty that one looks for in the best Parisian modes, and the quiet, lady-like propriety of style that all refined Englishwomen, with a correct perception of the fitness of things, wisely consider an indispensable characteristic of their garments.



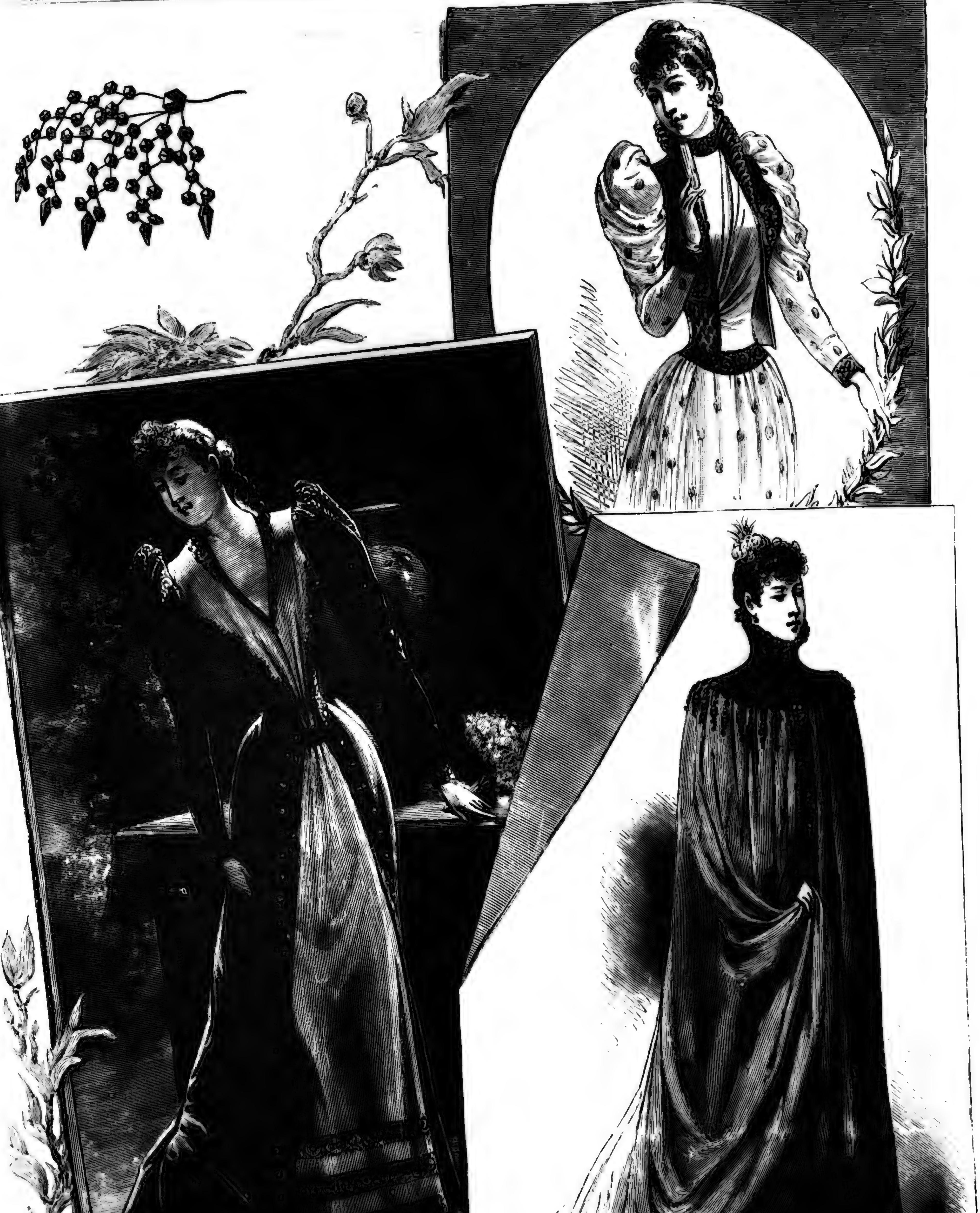
New Chapeaux for Matinees.

Fig. 1. The Norma capote in black velvet and gold embroidery; a twist of orange coloured crêpe under the brim, a bow to match in front and strap of crêpe across the crown. Plume of black feathers and black velvet strings.

Fig. 2. Hat for a young lady, the crown of bronze velvet the brim covered with fine shaded brown feathers. Drapery of bronze velvet and plumes and aigrettes to match.

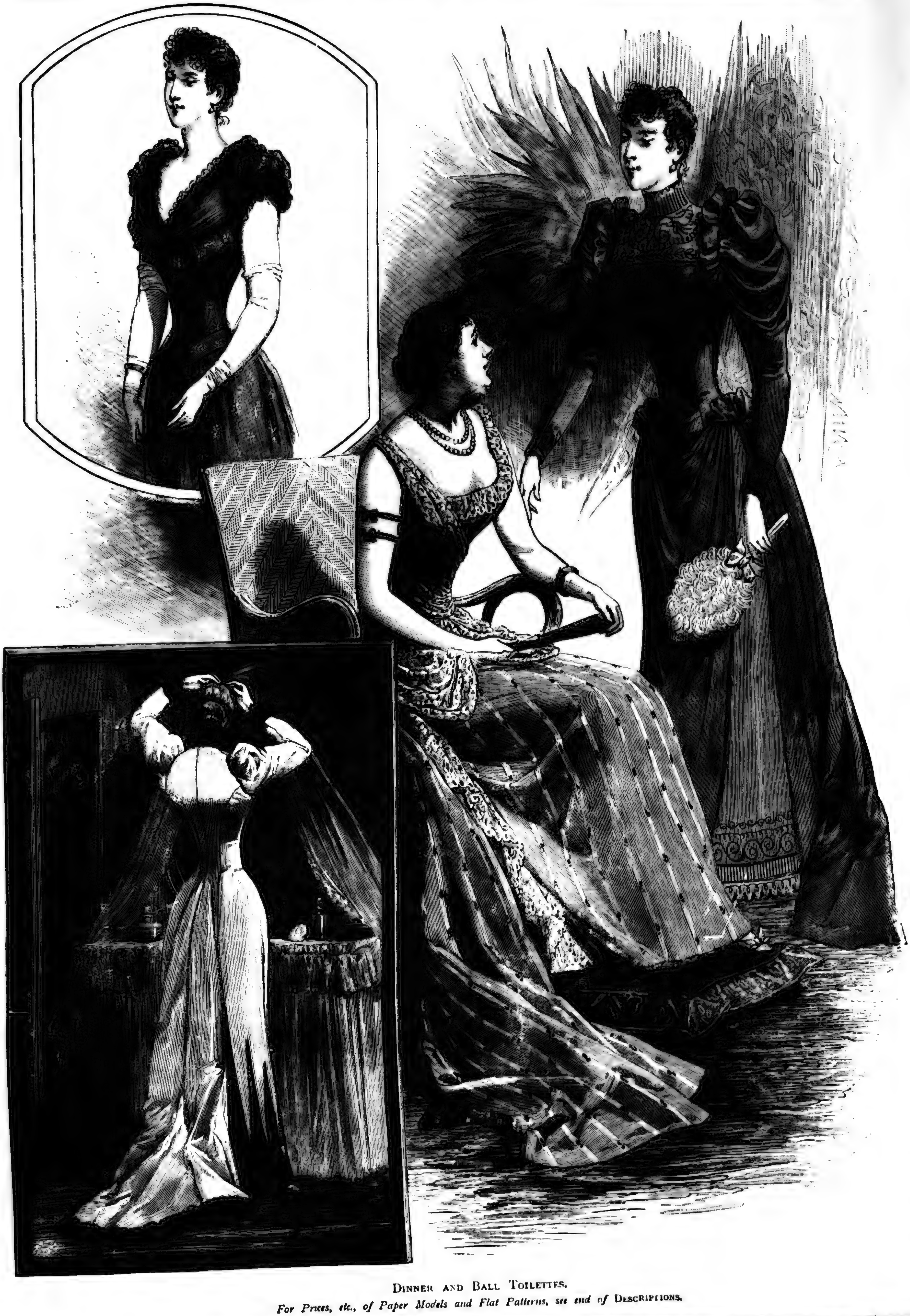
Fig. 3. The Faliero capote in black velvet with folded brim knotted in front and having two pointed ends. Bird and aigrette in front, and bows and strings in vieux rose ribbon velvet.

The pèlerines, the chief novelty of the season, are made in black and



Evening Toilettes.

For Prices, &c., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of **Descriptions.**



Dinner and Ball Toilettes.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

in coloured cloth of fine texture but of different varieties, and for these and all other mantles black will be preferred to coloured materials. Very fine black silk passementerie, braiding worked with black silk cord in very close and intricate patterns, jet, gold, silver, and steel embroideries and galons, used in small quantities and with much discretion, and feather fringes and borderings, in ostrich, cock, and peacocks' feathers constitute the majority of the trimmings. Capes are no longer mere shoulder coverings reaching barely to the waist; many of them are quite three-quarter length in front, although shorter at the back, and none are much less than twelve inches below the waist. An extremely ladylike model in fine black cloth is this three-quarter length in front, where it is quite plain, but shorter at the back, and has the single seam in the centre of the back, and the group of pleats falling from behind the shoulder that are so peculiarly elegant and characteristic a feature of these new pèlerines. The upper part, in the form of a square yoke, and the Medici collar are ornamented with black silk passementerie and drop fringe, and the collar is edged with feather bordering.

Another model has the square yoke and high collar covered with jet passementerie, both front and back of the pèlerine being mounted with pleats on the yoke. The Henri II. pèlerine has double fronts, like a Russian mantle, and the straight pleats from the back of the shoulder that I have already described. A very pretty model made in black and in colours, is charming in light grey cloth, with the full fronts gauged in a slightly curved line, and the back pleated on to the yoke cut with the high collar and covered with rows of gold and silver gauze braid, the braid forming a series of loops round the top of the collar. The edge of the cape is also trimmed with two rows of the braid. A pèlerine, made in fawn, grey, and other colours, has the front and back delicately embroidered with steel and gold in the shape of long points framed by coquillé draperies of the cloth with pinked out edges; the front and back draperies are crossed on the shoulder and fall in graceful folds over the upper part of the pèlerine sleeves.

These are only a few amongst the many models intended for day wear, for evening wear there are some fascinating little white and coloured wraps, in the style of capes with embroidered yokes and collars, lined throughout with silk, at 31s. 6d., and short circular cloaks in white vigogne, trimmed with white fur, and finished off with a large, practical and very coquettish looking hood lined with yellow or other coloured silk.

Velours du Nord is still the material par excellence for elegant demi-saison mantles; one model is a sleeveless jacket with rather long basques, and open pèlerine sleeves gathered on over the shoulders only; it is ornamented with rich silk and jet embroidery, and the sleeves are edged with drop fringe to correspond, a fringed border of black cock and peacock feathers edging the fronts and the high square cut collar. A mantle, also in black velours du Nord, has long narrow ends in front entirely covered by a band of cocks' feathers, and a short, open pleated basque at the back. The sleeves, in long pointed pèlerine shape in front, and the high collar are trimmed with black and gold jewelled galon and the cocks' feather bordering. A lovely little vêtement for carriage wear is a jacket of bronze green velvet with pointed corsage and short, open figaro fronts over it; at the back the basque is divided in tabs, and the sleeve falling in bag shape below the elbow is pleated in to a spreading cuff. The whole is trimmed with very rich jewelled passementerie in dull gold thread and gems in different shades of green.

In jackets of a simpler character Mr. Peter Robinson is showing some excellent models, especially those which are made of fine black cloth with the whole of the sleeves, and other parts of the jacket, ornamented with extremely fine braiding worked by hand with black silk cord. The basques of jackets have rather increased in length, collars are still worn high and more or less of the Medici type, and the sleeves are raised at the shoulder. The deep basques are sometimes cut with the jacket, but in many cases they are added, and are either quite plain and flat, or kilted in inch wide flat pleats, or again in some rich models they are braided all over. In one good model the front, back, and sleeves are braided with black in a vermicelli pattern intermixed with a little gold.

A very stylish black jacket has the sleeves and lining of the fronts in dark red cloth closely braided by hand with black silk cord. The fronts are so arranged that they can be worn closed, or turned back showing the coloured facings. Another elegant model is in livrée cloth with white cloth collar and sleeves braided in livrée colour; to lessen the weight, in some of the jackets the sleeves are of silk, very little of which is seen, however, under the close braiding.

The new Driving Coats made of Covert Coating in light fawns and drabs are very stylish though perfectly plain. They are double breasted jackets mounted on a flat pointed yoke, and have plain sleeves, a number of convenient little pockets, and turned down collars lined with velvet. All the seams are overlapped, and the cut and finish are in the best style.

No. 43, in the Burlington Arcade, has been converted by the Parisian Diamond Company into the daintiest of jewel caskets for their artistic ornaments, and here the gems, that are so like the real stones of which they are such clever and brilliant representatives, sparkle and flash on their deep red cushions under the illuminating power of the electric light. This new off-shoot of the premises at 248, Regent Street, is in a most convenient situation, and contains precisely the same novelties and ornaments of all kinds as the original house. Amongst these novelties one of the most effective is a long pin for the hair, mounted like a brooch, and in the form of a Crusader's two-handed sword, with the cross hilt that is such an object of terror to Mephistopheles. These long swords, which are a mass of brilliants in graduated sizes, look splendid in the hair, or they may be used for ornamenting the dress, to fasten up folds of lace or gauze, to secure plumes of feathers, etc. The dragon-fly pins, in diamonds with ruby eyes, are also very brilliant and effective, and some new small combs for the hair are in most artistic designs. Crescent brooches and pins, with one, two, or three rows of stones, are always in favour, and a new ornament in this shape is made with a moveable pin and ring attachment, so that it can be worn either as a brooch or pendant. Clasps, buckles, bracelets, necklets, etc., are made in every conceivable style either in the diamonds of the Parisian Diamond Company only, or combined with pearls and other stones, and especially with such stones as the amethyst and the topaz; the necklets with pendants of coloured stones are remarkably pretty.

The stones, besides being so admirably suited for personal adornment, are employed to great advantage in the framing of miniatures; many of these frames, copied from antique models, are as perfect as skill and taste can make them, and are in all respects, save that of intrinsic value, equal to the originals. It is this very point of the absence of intrinsic value that makes the trinkets of the Parisian Diamond Company so valuable, and the paradox is easily explained; in device, in the manner of setting, and in the quality of the gold used for this purpose, they are the equals of the most costly jewels, but they are so inexpensive that to lose, by theft or accident, a brooch or pin is a matter of no great consequence, it is easily replaced, whereas the loss of a similar ornament in real diamonds is a very great, and sometimes an irreparable misfortune. The stones and trinkets of the Parisian Diamond Company have undeniable merits, the diamonds are extremely brilliant, to the uninitiated quite as much so as if they had their origin in Brazil, and in the taste and skill with which they are set they are infinitely superior to a great deal of the most undoubtedly real jewellery that is worn.

Tartans are the symbols of the patriarchal relations, that still exist in Scotland to a great extent, between the head of a clan and his followers, and in days gone by they took the place of the heraldic devices in use in other lands; every line, every thread of colour in a tartan pattern originally had its meaning, and although this is now lost no innovating hand has ventured to alter the patterns that certainly could not be improved on. Tartans will always remain the same, bold combinations of colours blended together with consummate skill, and admirably adapted for certain purposes that appeal to all.

Shawls, for instance, are beautiful in some of the tartans and especially in the Royal Stuart tartans, and there are many patterns belonging to this house or clan. Messrs. Illingworth & Co., of the Wool Mills, Alyth, Perthshire, make a speciality of "Queen Mary Stuart" Royal and Loyal Clan tartan shawls and plaids. The Royal Stuart stands first in importance, and is a magnificent plaid in scarlet crossed by lines in blue, green, yellow, white and black. The Prince Charles Edward is similar in colouring but the pattern is rather smaller, although the arrangement of the lines is the same. The Hunting Stuart is a beautiful green, black and blue tartan, crossed at wide intervals by lines in scarlet and yellow. The Stuart Antique is a smaller pattern in green, blue and black crossed by triple lines in scarlet, and La Dauphine, a mourning tartan, is founded on the Royal Stuart, but with a black ground in the squares.

These tartan shawls, which are very warm and handsome and made of the finest wools, make admirable and by no means expensive travelling wraps, the prices ranging from 12s. 6d. to 50s., and each shawl bears a facsimile of the signature of Queen Mary; square shawls begin in price at 12s. 6d., the long shawls or plaids at 25s.; these last are 4 yards long by 2 yards wide, the square shawls are 2 yards long either way.

Messrs. Illingworth & Co. also supply costume tartans for ladies' and children's dresses direct from the loom in long or short lengths, the prices of the best tartans, 54 inches wide, varying from 6s. to 8s. per yard. A long list of clan tartans, any of which may be procured here in the form of dress materials, plaids, rugs, etc., will be sent on application, and the firm also supply tweeds and homespuns in many varieties.

With spring cleanings so close at hand it is well to remember in good time the aids thereto that are likely to be wanted during this necessary period of domestic turmoil. One of the greatest helps at this, as it is at other seasons, is Sunlight Soap, especially where the washing of curtains, quilts, chair-backs, toilet-covers, and laundry work generally is done at home; for the soap is at once infinitely pleasanter to use than most household soaps, having a fresh and agreeable perfume that is decidedly preferable to a mere soapy smell, and it does its work with scarcely any labour and great efficiency. It makes the articles washed a good colour, and it may be used with equal advantage for laundry work on a large scale, and for the little washing operations that ladies often carry on in their own rooms rather than send delicate laces and embroideries, fine handkerchiefs, silk stockings, etc., etc., to be very possibly ruined by the laundress. Washing at home has been robbed of its terrors since the introduction of Sunlight Soap, and in many houses it is now used to the decided increase of the health and the comfort of the family, to say nothing of the benefit to the budget by the reduction in the laundress' bills.

THE SILKWORM.

CADBURY'S
COCOA
ABSOLUTELY **PURE,** THEREFORE **BEST.**

SOMETHING NEW FOR LADIES.

In compliance with Suggestions from the Medical and Nursing Professions, the Patentees of Southall's Sanitary Towels are now manufacturing a new Medium Towel at One Shilling and Sixpence per dozen, the series, instead of numbers, being now in sizes, as follows:—

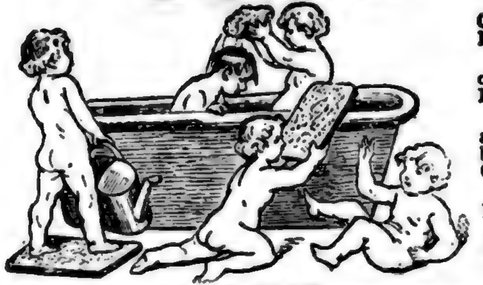
Size 1.—1/- per packet of 12 Towels.
Size 2.—(The New Towel) 1/6 per packet of 12 Towels.
Size 3.—2/- per packet of 12 Towels.
Size 4.—2/9 per packet of 12 Towels.

A SPECIMEN OF THE NEW 1½d. TOWEL WILL BE SENT POST FREE
On application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham, from whom also may be obtained SAMPLE PACKETS at 1/3, 1/9, 2/3 and 3/2. per packet of one dozen.

Manufacturers and Patentees—
SOUTHALL, BROS. & BARCLAY, BIRMINGHAM.
May be obtained from Ladies' Outfitters throughout the World

Gold Medal Awarded International Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1890.

RANKIN'S CORK MATS.



TRADE MARK.

They are Warm, Soft, Clean, Comfortable, Dry, Durable. Easily washed.

They keep the feet warm and comfortable when Bathing, Driving, or in Church.

These are the finest Carriage and Bathroom Mats as used by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone.

N.B.—Each Mat is *branded* Rankin's Cork Mat.

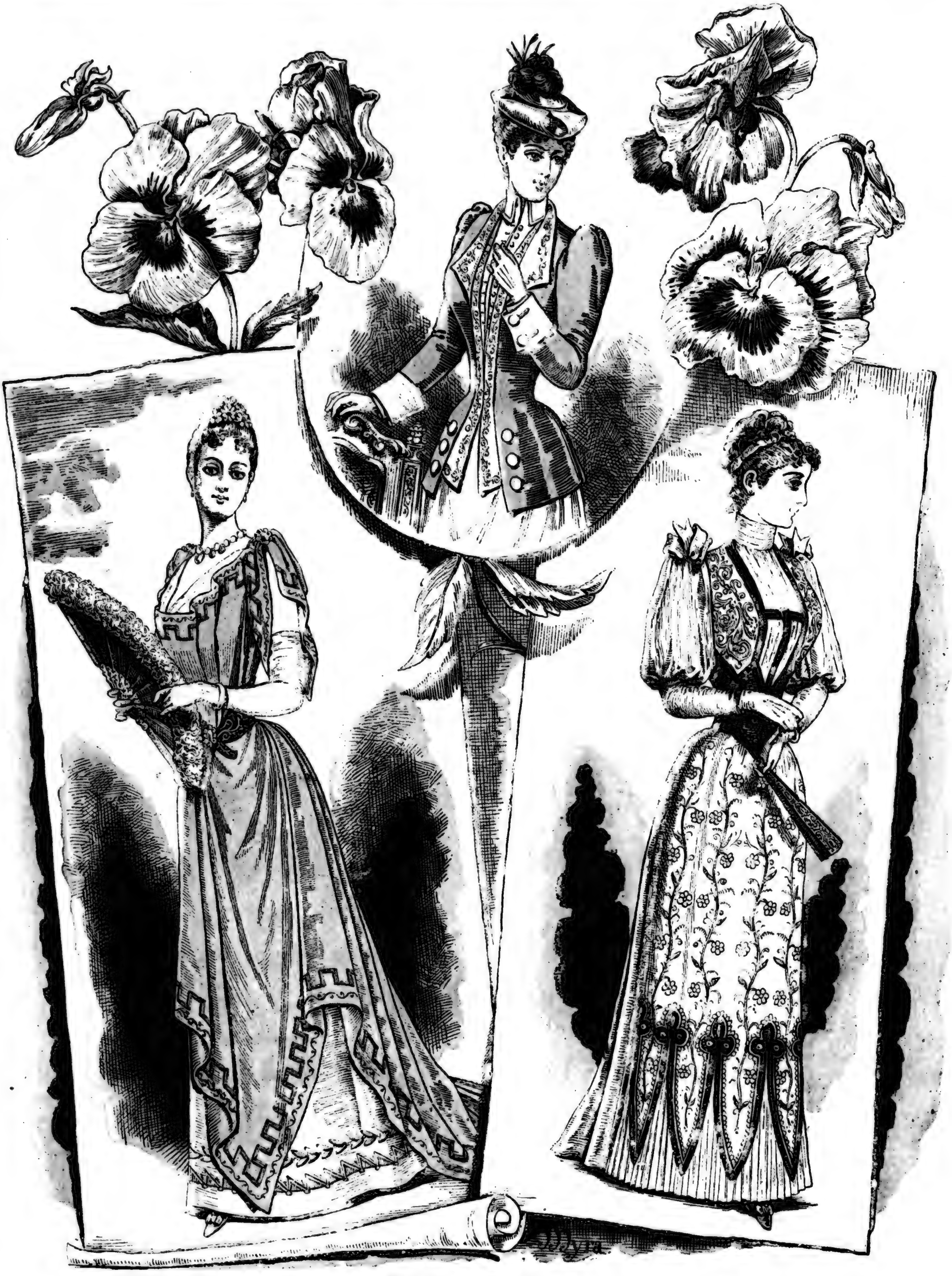
Of Best Furnishing Houses and Chemists, &c. Sizes, 12-in. by 12-in. to 20-in. by 45in.

Prices, 3s. to 24s. each.

WILLIAM RANKIN & SONS, Cork Importers, GLASGOW & LISBON.

BIRD'S
CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and Richest Custard without Eggs.



Toilettes for Young Ladies.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Too Good for Him," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

WINNY blushed with the consciousness of having been told by the artist himself, that there was no other girl worth painting between that and Maidstone; but the blush was misinterpreted by the observant Joe.

"And what are you reddening up for now, I should like to know? A nice kettle of fish we shall have by-and-bye, if you're allowed to cut about as you choose. Father's a fool to allow it."

Here the father interfered to redress the insult offered to his understanding, and a wordy war took place between him and his first-born, which lasted several minutes. Balchin argued that it would be an offence to the gentlefolks if he refused to let his daughter go; Joe, that the association made Winifred dissatisfied with the treatment she received at the hands of her equals.

"Here she's holding of her head so high already," he exclaimed, "that she can't give an honest fellow like Andrew Willett a civil word when he takes the trouble to speak to her. He's been telling me of it only to-day, and he says there isn't another gal in the parish as would dare to treat him so."

Andrew Willett, being a great admirer of the sister's, and crony of the brother's, Winifred's persistent refusal to have anything to say to him had long been a source of quarrel between Joe and herself.

Now she fired up at his last remark.

"And why should I?" she exclaimed. "Andrew Willett's nothing to me, and won't never be either. I'm not called upon to speak to every lad who chooses to say he likes me. I daresay he does—so do others—but I don't fancy him."

This open desecration of Andrew Willett's name was too much for Joe.

"Just hark to her," he said, loudly; "just hear the baggage talk. "*So do others*"—oh! they do, do they? Well, who are the others?"

"That's my business," she replied.

"Muster John Wardlaw for one," I suppose, he sneered.

"Father," said the girl, crimsoning, "you shouldn't let them talk so. Master John's paid me regular and well for sitting to him, as you know; and he's never said a word to me that all the world mightn't hear."

"I should think not," said Balchin. "Joe, you hold your tongue (as that young gentleman began to manifest strong symptoms of disbelief in his father's assertion); I'd like to see the man as would do it. You're young, Winny, and you're not over sharp; but mark my words, if I don't find you old enough to look after yourself, it will be a bitter day for you. If you don't keep your place when you go amongst the gentlefolks, you'll repent it, my girl. I'm the clerk of this here parish, and I'm not a-going to be disgraced by you or anyone. Now, hold your tongues, all of you."

This command, authoritatively given, did not seem to please the young men much, although they did not dispute it. Joe swore an oath under his breath, and rose and left the cottage in an awkward, clumsy manner, and Bill, who was his shadow, shuffled after him. As soon as they were gone, Tom asked his sister what she was going to do that evening, and if she'd walk with him as far as Kerrick Farm, to bring home a clutch of Spanish fowls' eggs which the gamekeeper had promised to give him. Tom was the only one of her brothers, besides the youngest, whom Winifred cared for, and she would have been glad to have taken little Ben by the hand, and gone with him, but her father prevented it.

"You let the gal alone, Tom," he said (he was busy himself over some entries in the parish books by this time); "there's plenty of work for her to do, I'll warrant, without her stirring from home; and I won't have her leave it. Jo's right: she gads about enough as it is." So Tom went without her, and Jacob and Esau rushed after him, and she was forced to sit alone all the evening (save for the company of little Benny) and listen to her father's talk about himself and his occupation to an officious neighbour who had dropped in without an invitation.

"There's the money due again for the keep of Mrs. Mattison's baby's grave," he would say, as the date of the month occurred to him. "Lor, now! Mrs. Dedman, that's as pretty a little grave as heart could wish for. Six foot, it is, by four—all their own ground, you know, and depth for six coffins—nine feet deep—I ought to know, for I put every stroke of the spade into it myself. And there it lies, pretty dear—as comfortable as can be—I wouldn't say so if I didn't mean it. Lor! as I said to Mrs. Mattison at the time, no one could wish a dear baby to lie more comfortabler, and I've kept that grave, summer and winter, like no other grave in the yard—snowdrops, primroses, gennyraniums, and chany-asters, they comes in and out as regular as clockwork, and I'm sure no one can't see a weed on that grave—nor on none of my graves either. I don't take any pride to myself for it. I says to Mrs. Mattison, ma'am—though no babe couldn't lie comfortabler than yours--and that I'm sure is the truth, yet it is but my duty, and duty's a pleasure to me—lor! I wouldn't take the seven and sixpence a-year, if it wasn't for the expense of the flowers that I keep above the dear baby—pretty dear!"

"I'm sure, Mr. Balchin," exclaimed the neighbour, who was a lone widow and intensely sympathising, "no one could expect more from you—and if one *must* have a baby buried, why, all I can say is, that no one could do it more feeling-like than you do it, nor think more feeling-like in the doing of it, either."

"Ah! I *can* feel for them, Mrs. Dedman, if anyone can—why, I've got two buried there myself, ma'am, twins, both of 'em pretty creatures; there they lie, in one coffin, with the little primroses on the top of 'em; I *do* like a primrose on a baby's grave, it do seem so fresh and simple like. Many's the time I've seen mothers come a-crying to their babies' graves, and when they sees the little flowers a-perking up, they've changed their tears into smiles—I allays thinks my little primroses does them good."

"Ah! Mr. Balchin, it's your kind 'art as does them good, you may depend upon it; it's the way they see you feel for them in their trouble."

"Ah! Mrs. Dedman, I do feel for 'em, true enough; it gives me almost as much pain to dig the grave as it do them to lay the body in it."

To this, and much more in the same strain, was Winifred compelled to listen that evening, whilst Mr. Balchin amused the widow with an account of how this mother, and that wife or husband, shed tears of gratitude whenever they met him, and what compliments he had received from the rector, and through the rector from the bishop of the diocese, for the admirable manner in which he discharged the duties of parish clerk and sexton. And the widow condoled, congratulated, and agreed to his heart's content, and it was only a quick eye that could have observed the look of disbelief (the nature of Winifred Balchin was almost too soft to breed contempt or disdain) which showed itself in his daughter's face, each time anything was mentioned by either of the gossips relative to the feeling "'art" of her esteemed progenitor. But, happily, eight o'clock came at last, and with it the return of the young men and boys to supper, and the simultaneous departure of the widow for her own home.

By nine o'clock they were all in their respective rooms—for daily labour is favourable to a good night's repose, and the Balchins, with all their faults, were hard workers. Winifred slept in a room with her youngest brother; the child had been asleep for hours when she entered it, but the young May moon was shining, and she did not seem disposed to court slumber so soon; on the contrary, she sat down on the side of her little bed, and remained, not lost in thought, for that was scarcely Winny's nature, but certainly thinking, and, for her, profoundly.

Not only profoundly, but for long after all the other members of the household were mellifluously snoring on their various couches, in the various keys their dreaming taste dictated to them.

Then the girl put a dark cloak upon her shoulders, and its hood about her head, and stealing, shoes in hand, down the little, treacherously creaking staircase, unlatched the innocently fastened door and stepped forth into the illuminated night.

Once free of the house she seemed to lose her courage, and stopped more than once, as if afraid to proceed and almost desirous of returning. But Winifred Balchin, timid and shrinking by nature, and, further, cowed by harsh treatment, had received one gift in full measure, which has supplied the place of physical courage to many a woman before her, and that was—a heart large for the capability of loving. That it was which, in the present instance, soon drove the fear of future consequences out of her head, and set her feet in the direction whither her heart had preceded her. That it was that led her, hurriedly, and with a quickened breath, it is true, but still determinedly and with no further thought of wavering, along the path of the churchyard, and by a road which lay behind the village, up the hill, where the ruins of the castle built by Sir Aymer de Valence still remain.

As she neared her destination she walked slowly, for the ascent was by no means gentle, and her agitation was increasing. Even when she had gained that part of the road immediately above which the ruined castle frowns, she had still to clamber up the mossy, ivy-grown bank, amongst short brushwood and trailing briars, crushing primroses and wild hepaticas beneath her as she went, and startling many a slow-worm into wriggling home by the very shortest cut. But when she had gained the summit, and taking her way into a grassy space between four walls that had once been a chamber, found herself in the arms of Leofric Temple, Winifred Balchin, considering her age and station, would have been less than mortal if she had not felt herself rewarded for her trouble; she so thoroughly believed that this fine gentleman loved her as heartily as she loved him in return.

"Oh! Mr. Leo," she said, her crimsoned face hid anywhere in the folds of his coat, "did you think I was never coming?"

"Scarcely, Winny," replied Leofric Temple, with that air of conceit which seldom, if ever, unaccompanied all that he uttered; "but you are late my little woman—it's nearly ten."

"I did'nt know the exact time, Mr. Leo; but I could'nt get away before. Mrs. Dedman's been talking with father most of the evening, and she kept the supper later than usual. It's very good in you to wait."

Mr. Temple's answer was a kiss—at least, not one, but rather a dozen—and such ardent specimens of the article that Winny's pretty face grew hot and confused, and she shrank from her lover's embrace.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Leo!" she said, imploringly.

"What do you call me, '*Mr. Leo*' for, Winny? Say 'Don't, Leofric'"

"Oh, Mr. Leo, I could'nt!" she made answer.

"Nonsense! I won't have my little girl calling me, 'Mr.' any more—say 'Leofric' directly."

She demurred for a while, but presently, with many blushes, pronounced his Christian name, and then hid her face against him again for very shame.

"It sounds so strange," she murmured, "I can't feel it to be right, Mr.—I mean—Leofric."

"But, Winny, when people love one another, as you and I do, there ought to be no distinction of rank. My being a gentleman doesn't make me less yours, since I choose it to be so. If you don't always call me so, when we are alone, I shall begin to think that you don't love me."

Even whilst striving to maintain the profession of love which he made for the girl, Leofric Temple could not divest himself of his turn of habitual conceit, nor stoop to receive her love for him as a gift worth having. But she, poor little thing, saw nothing wanting in his loyalty towards her. She only felt that he was a gentleman, her beau-ideal of what a man and a lover should be, and that he loved her.

As they stood together, in that ruined chamber, the roofless walls letting in a flood of moonshine upon their young heads, they certainly looked a very handsome couple, and it would have been hard to believe that they were destined to become anything but a blessing to one another, they seemed so fond, so confiding, and (regarding their personal appearance alone) so fitly mated; yet a curse was hanging over them. Perhaps Winny Balchin, in the midst of that bright moonlight, saw the shadow of her life darkening the walls, for, even whilst pressed against her lover's heart, she shuddered.

"What is the matter with you, Winny? are you cold?" asked Leofric, as he felt the thrill which pervaded her slight figure.

"No, Mr. Leo, not at all, thank you; but I was thinking, only suppose if father should happen to miss me at home and come out and find me here with you," and she shuddered again at the idea.

Leofric Temple laughed.

"Why, Winny, what a silly child you must be. Even if he missed you, which is scarcely probable, who but two such romantic creatures as ourselves would dream of holding a midnight meeting in old Sir Aymer's castle? And if by any miracle he were to appear, can you guess what I should tell him?"

"No, Mr. Leo, how should I?" she asked, pressing closer to his side, and looking up with her tender blue eyes into his face.

"I should tell him there was nothing of his here, Winny; That the only girl in Sir Aymer's castle

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to-night belongs to me." And he kissed again the upturned, glowing face as he spoke. The girl's eyes, with the reflection of the moon upon them, and her own exceeding pleasure in them, danced and sparkled like living sapphires.

"Oh! Leofric," she whispered fondly, "how much I love you!" and then, as if startled by the boldness of her confession and address, she coloured sensitively, and laid her face against the hand she held.

Winifred Balchin had never appeared, had never felt, so much of a woman as she did at that moment. Her soul seemed suddenly to have opened and revealed the intensity of her love for the man before her, and she forgot the difference of rank between them at once.

She had scarcely ever heard of, far less read, any poetry; but her heart, untutored save by love, was ready to exclaim with Otway:

> Where am I? sure Paradise is round me;
> Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow here,
> And ev'ry sense is full of thy perfection.

And she did say it, though in simple, childish words. And Leofric Temple, unfortunately, was not a man to whom it was safe for an unprotected girl to make protestations beneath the light of the moon.

"Look there, Winny," he exclaimed, presently, pointing to some embrasures in the ruined wall just above their heads, "that is where I should hide you if there was an alarm. You would be as safe from discovery there as if you were in your bed. No one would think of looking for you so high."

They were small niches or cells, about six feet from the ground, the former uses for which were then unknown; but they penetrated deep, and would have been quite capable of concealing the slight form of Winifred Balchin.

The girl laughed.

"How would you get me up there, to begin with?"

"There would not be much difficulty in that," he answered; "I could lift you, in the first place, and there's a mounting-block for you, in the second," he added, as he kicked a large fragment of brick and mortar with his foot, and made it strike with violence the opposite wall.

"Oh! pray don't make such a noise, Mr. Leo," exclaimed the frightened girl, as the sound of the collision reverberated through the ruins, and seemed to die away in the quiet valley beneath them.

"Why, Winny, still afraid to trust yourself to me!" said Leofric Temple, as he wound his arms about the girl's figure, and made her seat herself beside him on a portion of the broken wall. There they remained for long, talking of the future and their love, lost to the consciousness of everybody but themselves—to the consciousness of everything except the little patch of God's earth upon which they rested.

It was past midnight when Winifred Balchin took her way home, like a thief in the night, from her interview with Leofric Temple. He had wished, in his selfishness, to run the risk of compromising her still further by accompanying her to the churchyard, but this the girl had had the resolution to refuse.

So she returned alone by the same path which she had traversed when she went to meet him; and he walked towards his home by the more frequented thoroughfare, taking the sign of the "Royal Hussar," for half an hour on his way; a habit in which he unfortunately took after his step-father, but which, as he had already been drinking largely, was quite uncalled for on the present occasion.

As soon as Winifred Balchin found herself once more alone, the false courage with which the presence and assurances of her lover had animated her, seemed to forsake her all at once. She walked very fast, as if she dared not give herself time to think, and with the hood of her cloak pulled well over her face, as if she dare not look up even in that dark and lonely road.

The aspen trees were quivering in the moonshine, turning the "silver lining" of their leaves "to the night;" the lime trees, stirred by a slight breeze that had sprung up with the approach of dawn, were sighing and swaying towards each other, like women grieving and about to faint; and the stones in the churchyard looked unnaturally whitened as Winifred turned into the familiar path which led to her father's cottage.

But when she had reached the centre, although her eyes were still downcast, she instinctively stopped, and, first feebly holding out her hands, as if to deprecate the anger of some tangible presence, next let them drop by her side, and falling on her knees upon the ground, buried her face in the damp grass of a humble grave.

The mound by which she knelt was headed by a plain stone, which bore an inscription, "To the memory of Mary, the beloved wife of Joseph Balchin, clerk of this parish, &c." "Oh! mother," moaned the unhappy girl, as she ground her fair face upon the weed-strewn grass which covered the remains of the parent she had loved; "Mother, darling, forgive me. Oh! say you will forgive me, even if God never does. Oh! mother, why did you go?—why did you leave me alone?—why couldn't you stop to take care of your only girl? But she couldn't help it," exclaimed Winifred aloud, as she raised herself from her grovelling posture and passed her hands over her fallen hair. "She said, when she lay dying, that she'd rather see me dead, too, than leave me to father and myself; and I wish that I had died. I wish that she had taken me along with her. No! but I mustn't say that," she added, and her features assumed a calmer expression as she spoke, "because *he* loves me, and it would trouble him, maybe, to hear me speak after that fashion. I must bear it as best I may, I suppose. All folks have something to bear;" and then she rose and slowly bent her footsteps towards her home.

One upward, guilty glance, to make sure that every latticed pane in the little cottage windows was not an angry eye watching for her return, and ready to accuse her directly she entered, and then Winifred's hand was on the handle of the door, her light feet up the staircase, and she was once more safe in her own room.

Have I written "safe?"

A second night, or so it seemed to her, passed as she spent it, sitting clothed upon the edge of her bed, with her thoughts divided between her dead mother and her living lover, and then the morning dawned at last, bright and joyous, and Winifred Balchin took her place once more among her family.

"Why, Winny, where are the lilies?" exclaimed Tom, as they sat together at breakfast. Tom was a great lover of flowers; he was working under a gardener at the present time, and his highest ambition was to become a gardener in his turn. The lad had greatly admired the delicate hothouse blossoms the evening before, and asked his sister to save him one, that he might show it to his master and learn its true name and species.

"You promised to keep me one," he added, reproachfully, "and now I suppose you've chucked them all away. Just like a girl, I declare!"

Joe and Bill, and her father, and the twins were all staring at the front of poor Winifred's dress by this time, where a few brown and withered stalks, still confined by the pin which Alice Wardlaw had assisted in fixing, were all that remained of the choice little bouquet which had its origin in Miss Stuart's conservatory.

"Can't you say what you have done with them?" demanded her father.

The girl looked at the dress which had never been off her back that night, then at the half-dozen pair of inquiring eyes which were fixed upon her, stammered, reddened, and, finally, burst into tears.

"What's the row now?" exclaimed the brothers.

"Leave her alone," said the father, roughly, as he rose from the table; "she's only a fool, like all other women; there's not a pin to choose betwixt 'em. And now," he added, addressing his daughter, "just get about your work, will you, and stop that whining;" and with this consolatory injunction he left the house.

Only Tom of all the lot attempted to comfort his sister; but she refused both his caresses and his kind words.

"Do leave me alone, Tom," she kept on repeating, "I shall be better by myself."

Yet, half an hour afterwards, she was seated on the floor of her bedroom, with her favourite little Benny in her lap; his fat, rosy face pressed close against her delicate cheek.

"Oh, Benny, dear! do you love me? Say you love your sister, Benny. We've got no mother, darling, to look after us; and life is very hard at times, and the world's full of evil. Oh, Benny, say you love me!"

CHAPTER V.

"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON."

> No lesse was she in secret heart affected,
> But that she masked it in modestie,
> For feare she should of lightnesse be detected.
>
> SPENSER.

JOHN WARDLAW did not find it so easy to obtain another sitting from Miss Stuart as he had anticipated. Three times during the week he remained in Sutton Valence did that young lady give him to understand that she would present herself without fail at his studio on the ensuing day, and three times, after waiting for her till he was tired, did he throw down his chalk in disgust, and appeal to Ally to say if Henrietta Stuart wanted to make a fool of him or not. Indeed, on the occasion of the last disappointment, Ally was obliged to ask him not to swear.

"It can't do any good, Jack, dear," was her apology for the sisternal hint.

"Well, I beg your pardon, Ally, but it really is enough to try the patience of any man. Does she think my time is so utterly worthless, that I can afford to wait in this manner? Or does she want to give herself airs at the eleventh hour?"

"Scarcely, I should think, Jack; it would be very unlike Netta if she did, and to you, too, of all people. Depend upon it, something unavoidable has detained her. Perhaps they have friends at Castlemaine."

"Well, I suppose they hadn't friends the day before yesterday, and the day before that. She said positively that she would come in this afternoon, after her walk, if she was not too tired. And what on earth should tire her, or why should she take a walk at all, for the matter of that? I believe she does it on purpose." And here another impatient word slipped out of his mouth, which made him smile, as he caught his sister's eye again, and say, "It's no good looking like that, child; it's the only relief I have."

He had conceived an idea for a new picture, and, like all true artists, felt restless and uneasy until he should see his thought embodied on canvas and in a fair state of progression. He had tried to sketch Henrietta Stuart's face from memory, but had utterly failed to please himself. He had hinted as much to her several times, and obtained, as we have seen, half-promises that she would oblige him; but, sitting as a model not being a pleasant occupation under any circumstances, he had not liked to press his petition, even with so intimate a friend as Pussy Stuart. And her apparent *nonchalance* galled him, he scarcely knew why. He told himself it was because her face was an appropriate one for the subject he designed to illustrate; but in reality, he was hurt that his old playmate should be so indifferent to pleasing him in this, the last week that he should ever call Sutton Valence his home.

But the afternoon wore away, and Henrietta Stuart failed to redeem her third promise any more than she had the others.

"Well, she *did* say *if* she was not too tired," Alice Wardlaw suggested, as an apology for their mutual friend's defection; to which remark her brother's only reply was a curl of the lip and a great deal of unnecessary banging and clattering as he put away his paints and palette.

On the next day, which was the last of his stay in Sutton Valance, he had been engaged some little time previously to dine with the Stuarts at Castlemaine.

He had often been in the habit of spending his evenings there, for he was a favourite with the rector; and his home, always an uncomfortable one, was especially so at night. Then it was that John Wardlaw, prevented by candlelight from pursuing his occupation, and too far from Maidstone to make it worth his while to walk in and out for an hour's amusement, had sometimes felt that his life was almost unbearable to him.

For Mrs. Wardlaw, whose fair, peachy face had assumed with years rather a jovial tint, and whose flaxen hair, rolled up in short, stiff curls and invariably surmounted with blonde, lace, and pink satin ribbons, may be said to have lost some of its attractive qualities, was used at such times to lie back panting audibly in an arm-chair, whilst her daughter Alice had to read aloud to her, perfectly regardless of the tastes of the rest of the family.

And as the reading usually consisted of short frivolous tales, culled from the pages of the "Family Friend" or the "Family Foe," or some equally instructive periodical, and as the reader was young, and unversed in the rules of elocution, the tastes of the rest of the family were not wont to run in the same channel. For Mrs. Wardlaw, who always cried aloud against novels and all fictitious literature as being the results of the promptings of the devil to his own, yet devoured eagerly everything that was not presented to her exactly in the condemned three-volume form, never mind how trashy might be the writing, or weak the moral; and she had a habit, when it was hinted to her, that such studies were quite as baneful in their effects, being indeed but bad imitations of third-class romances, of demanding innocently, "But *are* these novels? I didn't know it," which to lovers of consistency was, to say the least of it, aggravating.

Captain Wardlaw being, happily for himself, too deaf to hear all the out-read trash in which his wife delighted, was yet made to add more than his mite of annoyance to those who staeyd the evening at his house, by Mrs. Wardlaw insistnig upon occasionally repeating part of the stories to him, in the loudest of voices, in order to keep him well up to the interest of the whole; and as some defect or other in her constitution prevented her talking for any length of time without a considerable amount of puffing, and her mental powers were not calculated to improve even upon the interest of such tales as the author patronised by the "Family Foe" could produce, her repetitions could scarcely be said to be either beneficial to the mind, or soothing to the temper of her hearers. Alice Wardlaw, who although the child of two such indifferently gifted parents, mgiht be called a proof of Lindley Murray's rule in grammar, applied to the human race, that "two negatives destroy one another or make an affirmative," was compelled, notwithstanding that her mind was already strong enough to rise above such folly and despise it, by reason of her tender years, to live and endure it. Leofric Temple seldom took the trouble even to profess that he would do so. He was often in Sutton Valence for reasons of his own, but his mother's house was certainly not the attraction which drew him thither. But if he did occasionally spend a few hours there, they were generally employed in bickering and finding fault on his side, and copious showers upon hers. He seldom addressed her except in a contemptuous or authoritative tone, but she bore it all from him with the greatest meekness, and, what was far more extraordinary, Captain Wardlaw took what he heard of it in much the same spirit. As for the appearance of the "Family Foe," or any attempt on his mother's part to relate a story to his step-father, it was invariably the signal for Leofric Temple to seize his hat and burst out of the house, seldom without leaving a string of oaths behind him as he went. And so alarmed was Mrs. Wardlaw of provoking such an exhibition of temper on her son's part, that beyond the tearfulness, she generally managed to keep herself from becoming offensive whilst he was in Sutton Valence. But with John Wardlaw it was quite another thing. John had as thorough a contempt for the weakness of his father's wife as any man could have had; his mind, whose powers of intellect were far above those of Leofric Temple, revolted at the inanities he was sometimes obliged to listen to; the harshness of a raised voice, the whining of a tearful one, struck as painfully upon his sensitive ear as they did upon those of his half-brother. But John Wardlaw was a gentleman.

He would also have snatched up his hat and left the house whenever such annoyances arose; he would have cavilled, in his impatience, at Mrs. Wardlaw's professions of religion and inconsistencies of conduct; he would have bandied words with her whenever she levelled her tiny meaningless shafts at him; but he refrained, because she was a woman and his father's wife.

He sat through it all and he endured it all, but it sorely chafed his spirit, and he was only too thankful whenever he had a legitimate excuse for absenting himself from the family circle.

Mr. Stuart, knowing something of the interior economy of the Wardlaws' *ménage*, had seen through all this, and pitied the position of his young friend more than he thought right to tell him; but he had made up for it by taking every opportunity of asking John over to spend his evenings at Castlemaine. And, on the last day of his sojourning in Sutton Valence, he was engaged to dine there, that he might bid them all farewell.

As he walked over to Castlemaine that evening, he did not feel in the best of spirits; for leaving a place that has been your home for many years, and going forth into an unknown world, is not always a pleasant thing, however uncongenial your associates may have been, or dull your mode of living. Added to which, John Wardlaw was more vexed with the conduct of Miss Stuart than he chose to confess, even to himself. He had always thought Pussy rather a nice sort of girl till now; but if she was going to ride the high horse, on account of her heiress-ship, why the sooner he was off the better. He didn't think he should care to stay in the place if there arose anything like a coolness between him and the inhabitants of Castlemaine; they had always been so uniformly kind to him.

Castlemaine was a very grand place, as befitted the income of its owner. As John Wardlaw walked up the long drive, belted with well-grown trees, and noted the signs of wealth that met his eye upon every side, he thought perhaps, after all, it was better that his connection with the owner of all this money was about to be dissolved. It had been very well hitherto; they had scarcely grown out of play-fellows; but when Henrietta Stuart came to be mistress of this vast domain, and married, perhaps, to a man of corresponding wealth, there would be very little left in common between her and her poor painter.

It would have been a vulgar idea, emanating from the breast of the heiress, but it was a natural one to strike the mind of the moneyless man.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart received him warmly, as they always did; their daughter rather more shyly than usual, as if she was conscious that she deserved a scolding at his hands. There were several guests, however, staying at Castlemaine; and in a crowd her manner was less observable than it would otherwise have been. The gentlemen, however, predominated over the ladies; and at the dinner-table John Wardlaw found himself seated next to the rector, who, after having engaged him in a conversation upon painting for some time, asked him how he was getting on with Pussy's portrait.

"Which?—I don't understand you, sir," said John Wardlaw.

The rector looked puzzled.

"Why, didn't my wife tell me that you met Puss and herself out walking last week, and agreed on a meeting for the purpose of taking her portrait, or something of the kind? Mamma," he added, shouting to Mrs. Stuart across the table, "what was that you told me about Wardlaw here, wanting to sketch Pussy again?"

"We did agree," interrupted John Wardlaw; "it's quite true, sir; but Miss Stuart did not keep her appointment."

He looked up reproachfully, and rather coldly, at Henrietta as he spoke, and she grew red, but said nothing in her defence.

"Why, Puss!" exclaimed her father, "how's that?"

"I—I—forgot it, papa," she stammered.

Mr. Stuart looked annoyed.

"You have a short memory, my dear; you must be careful how you promise another time. What only seems carelessness to you may look very like rudeness to your friends."

Henrietta's face flushed still deeper.

"I am very sorry," she commenced.

"Pray don't mention it," said John Wardlaw, noticing her confusion, and hastening to relieve it. "It really is of very little consequence—that is, I should have liked to have sketched you again; but I daresay I shall have another opportunity, and I should have been extremely vexed to have put you to the least inconvenience." And then he turned to Mr. Stuart, and tried to lead the conversation into another channel; but the rector returned to the charge.

"I am very sorry, too," he said; "I was so pleased with the idea when mamma told it me. I meant to have given you an order for a copy of it, Jack! I should like to have my Pussy's face painted by your hand."

"You shall have it without the order, sir, whenever Miss Stuart will honour me with a sitting—perhaps when I come down again."

"Can't you do it to-night?" interrupted the rector, hastily.

"I can sketch her face in pencil, if you like," returned the young artist, "and paint it at my leisure. But I think we had better delay it now, until I return. It will be a shame to trouble Miss Stuart to sit to me when she has her friends about her."

But the rector had taken the idea into his head, and he would not be reasoned out of it, and Henrietta was already too sorry for having vexed him so far, to have any wish to gainsay him now; and so, as soon as the men of the party had returned to the drawing-room, he bustled up to John Wardlaw, paper and pencil in hand, saying—

"Now, here are the materials, Wardlaw; put Pussy into position, and tell me which way you will have the lamp." John Wardlaw had regretted being unable to take the sketch he desired, but he would fain have rejected the offer now. To have the favour granted on compulsion, and to sit down and pursue his art before a number of strangers, was not at all the style of thing he liked. He was again about to put his veto on the proceeding, but Henrietta Stuart herself prevented him. "Please don't say anything more about it, Mr. Wardlaw," she whispered, "but tell me how to sit; I have annoyed papa enough already."

So he made no further opposition, but sat down, pencil in hand, and commenced to draw.

The artistic position in which he placed her, and the fine masterly manner in which he quickly sketched her figure, elicited a buzz of admiration from the lookers on. Mr. Stuart had prepared his guests to meet a very clever young fellow, who would make a name for himself one day; but they had scarcely expected to see him sit down and produce, with such coolness and dispatch, what appeared to them a finished pencil drawing of the daughter of the house.

"Capital!"—"Splendid!"—"First-rate!" were amongst a few of the eulogiums passed upon the production, of which the artist alone thought nothing.

"It is very rough," he said, apologetically, to such as persisted in looking over his shoulder whilst he drew, "but all I want is the expression and figure the rest of the picture I shall design at leisure."

Mr. Stuart was in ecstacies with it.

"Do let me have it when you've finished with it, Wardlaw; it's the best portrait I've seen taken of Pussy yet."

"What, this rubbish, sir!" said John Wardlaw, smiling. "No, I can scarcely promise that; but if I succeed in painting from it a really good likeness of Miss Stuart, I will not fail to let you have a copy."

"That's a bargain, then," said the rector. "Now, Jack, mind you remember!"

And so John Wardlaw procured his sketch of Henrietta Stuart's face after all, although it was scarcely by her own consent.

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly enough, though they had little to amuse them except conversation. After the successful proof of his powers of sketching, John found himself the centre of attraction to such in the room as cared for or appreciated the high arts; and he was soon engaged in a fierce contest on the merits of all the painters, ancient and modern, who have ever served as themes for quarrelling upon before.

But, although he was thus in his glory, and engaged in discussing what was to him, as yet, the most engrossing topic in the world, John Wardlaw could not quite shake off the feeling of depression and disappointment with which he had joined the party at Castlemaine. Notwithstanding the flattering notice which he received at the hands of his friends, and the pleasure it naturally gave him, he still felt absent and ill at ease; and it was not without relief that he heard eleven o'clock strike, and knew that he might soon bid them all farewell, without appearing to quit their company too early. He had a latent hope that in the little bustle of leave-taking, he might have an opportunity of saying a few words apart to Henrietta; only one or two, to assure himself that she was not offended with him in any way, and that they parted friends. For they had been so intimate, and such good company to one another for so many years, that it seemed unnatural they should separate with anything like coolness on either side. But when the time for departure arrived, Henrietta was nowhere to be seen.

She had been in the room a moment before, John Wardlaw felt certain, for as he rose and murmured something about its being time to go, he had turned his eyes towards the sofa, where she was reclining, a balloon of pink silk, and flirting desperately with a man old enough to be her grandfather. He could not be mistaken, for he had noticed it carefully, especially the flirtation, which was a thing John Wardlaw did not approve of, and particularly for a young lady in whom he felt such an interest as he did in Pussy Stuart. Whether by accident or design, however, she was not there at the very last. John chose to attribute it to design, and to take it as another proof that he had given his old playmate some cause for offence. It was strange, though, that considering the life he had chosen for himself lay just before him; that the future which (since he had laid his dreams of military glory aside) he had hoped and wished for, was almost in his grasp; that he was about to exchange a dull and uncongenial home for liberty, and those mysterious pleasures of the town which the young and untempted long to try, that our hero should have carried his low spirits back with him, even to bed, and risen in the same company next morning. For though Ally clung about him with a girl's loud lamentations at his departure, wondering who would now protect her favourite cat and dog from that cruelty towards animals which was one of the most prominent traits in her brother Leofric's charming character; though his step-mother alternately whined at his approaching absence, as taking away part of their general income, and hinted that *her* son had not been considered in a position to keep house for himself; and though Captain Wardlaw appeared as usual perfectly indifferent to what he said, did, or contemplated; what were these but some of the petty annoyances to which he was subjected every day, and which should only have increased his thankfulness at the prospect of being quit of them for ever?

And yet, the last greetings over, the sound of the last tears, last whimperings, last inuendoes, passed from his hearing, and his feet set in earnest on the road beyond which he saw fame and fortune beckoning him to advance, still John Wardlaw did not, could not feel entirely happy.

He had sent his luggage on before him, and public conveyances being a luxury which the march of civilisation in Sutton Valence had not yet dared to contemplate, commenced to traverse the familiar road to Maidstone upon foot, calculating that an hour's walk would just allow him time to catch the four o'clock train.

His first intention had been to leave earlier in the day, but some delay in the transport of his luggage had induced him to alter the time.

Walking along, then, with his eyes bent on the ground, and wondering how he should first feel in the stranger life before him, it was as much a matter of surprise to him as her to come suddenly upon Henrietta Stuart.

She was taking an afternoon ride, with her cousin Martin, and looking, as was her custom when in that position, at her very best.

The dark, close-fitting habit, with its semi-masculine accompaniments of cravat and neck-tie, displayed so well the lines of her slight girlish figure, whilst the cavalier's hat, then in vogue, with its graceful plume, shaded modestly without entirely concealing the earnest thrilling glance of her sweet eyes. The cousins reined in their horses almost as much from surprise as intent as they drew near him, and John Wardlaw looked up and came to a dead stop, from much the same feeling. Martin Stuart was the first to speak.

"Pu—Pu—Pussy would have it it could not be you, W—W—Wardlaw, when we first saw you—she said you must be in London by this time. Ah! Pu—Pu—Pussy, who was r—right?"

"Well, I *ought* to have been," replied John Wardlaw, "and so Miss Stuart was at least right in conjecturing that I had kept to my original plans. But I could not get my luggage taken over to Maidstone sufficiently early, which put me out. I have a beautiful day for my journey, have I not?"

He was looking full at Henrietta Stuart as he spoke, and she felt compelled to answer.

"Yes, lovely! Where are you going to live, Mr. Wardlaw?"

"Somewhere in Westminster, I believe; in the very heart of Babylon; almost within hearing of the celebrated Bow bells. I feel like a second Whittington, setting forth upon my friendless journey."

The remark seemed to pain her.

"Don't say that, Mr. Wardlaw; you have many friends, and I am sure you may reckon upon my father as one of your truest. He is very much interested in your career and future success."

He was just about to answer her with an expression of his thanks, when Martin Stuart interrupted him.

"Like a second Whi—Whi—Whittington,—that's very good. You do look just a Whi—Whi—Whittington, with that huge stick"—John carried rather a formidable-looking cane in his hand—"and walking off to meet the train. Shouldn't wonder if they made you Lord Mayor some day, which will be more pro—pro—profitable than p—painting."

John Wardlaw's lip curled visibly.

"Scarcely more profitable, I fancy, and certainly less desirable. I wouldn't change my hopes of excelling in my art for any title England can boast of, far less for any money. The one any fool can wear—any coxcomb spend; but to possess the other a man must have a soul. The only fortune I am ever likely to have is the only one I shall ever care to have—a name which posterity will remember, and money earned by brain and brush united. Depend upon it, that's the only coin really worth spending."

"You dearly love your profession, Mr. Wardlaw."

He had been speaking boldly and enthusiastically, as he usually did of his craft, and had almost forgotten her presence. Now, as her clear voice struck his ear, he turned and met bent upon him a face glowing like his own.

"I do, Miss Stuart," he said. "I care for nothing else in this wide world."

She drew a long breath, and then she said quickly, but smiling,

"Well, we mustn't detain you on your road to fortune, or you'll miss the train. Good-bye, and good luck to you. Though you are never likely to sink so low as to wish to be Lord Mayor of London, yet I hope if ever you feel discouraged on your way (as we all must at times), that the chime of the Bow bells, or any bells within hearing, will fall with a pleasant memory on your ear, and encourage you, as they did Whittington, to turn again."

But, though she smiled, there was a moistened look about her eyes, and a tremulous motion of her mouth, which made something rise quickly in John Wardlaw's throat, and warn him to close the interview.

"Thank you," he said, clasping for a moment her hand in his, "I will not forget your kind wish for me, and when I listen to the Bow bells I will fancy that I hear it over again. God bless you, and good-bye."

Then he released her, and received a stammering farewell from the lips of Mr. Martin Stuart; and the cousins put their horses again into motion, and were soon beyond speaking distance.

But her last words rung in John Wardlaw's ears, and he kept repeating the sentence, "Turn again, Whittington," over and over to himself. The upshot of which was that in another minute Whittington had turned again and watched her figure till it was out of sight.

Then, with a sigh which was too deep for three-and-twenty all unscathed, he commenced once more (this time with quicker steps) to tread the road which led to his desired goal.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOME OF TOM CORNICOTT.

> The first sure symptom of a mind in health
> Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.
> YOUNG.

THE friend who had agreed, through the intervention of the Maidstone master, to receive John Wardlaw into his house, was an artist, familiarly known amongst his acquaintances as Tom Cornicott—more generally indeed as "poor Tom Cornicott," though, to see his good-humoured, cheerful face, a stranger would have been puzzled to guess why such a commiserative adjective should be prefixed to his name.

The reason was simply this: poor Tom had a wife who was nothing but a burden to him, and eleven children under fifteen years of age.

He had commenced his career, if not brilliantly, at least with as fair a chance of success as any other man in his circumstances and station of life. He had decided talent, scarcely any relations, and not more friends than were pleasant. For the first few years he had been generally spoken of as a very rising artist; his pictures had been "commended" at the Royal Academy, and he had fondly dreamed that his name would one day be enrolled amongst the lucky forty, and that his death would appear in the "Times" as that of Thomas Cornicott, R.A. And so it might have been, had Tom not chosen, in opposition to all advice, to hang a millstone round his neck in the shape of a wife, who had increased and multiplied to that degree that he now wore a necklace of a dozen millstones, which weighted him so heavily that he had long lost all hope of being able to come in, even third, in the race of life.

Yet his talent had not forsaken him with his paternity, and he still continued a regular annual exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where his pictures would sometimes sell, and sometimes not; but if the latter contingency occurred, Tom and his necklace had nothing further to look to for their support until the 1st of May came round again.

His admirers would shake their heads, and wonder (whilst pointing out the cleverness of this or that "bit" in his paintings) how it was that poor Tom Cornicott did not "get on."

"He is wonderfully clever," they would say; "these flesh tints are equal to anything on the walls, and nothing could be better grouped, or more carefully finished, than those figures; and yet it's the most extraordinary thing—Tom doesn't seem to get on. It's not that his pictures don't sell—Lord Hungerford bought a couple last year for four hundred pounds—and work like his *must* fetch its value somewhere—and yet I cannot think how it is, it seems to make no difference to poor Tom—he never "gets on!"

If his criticisers could have followed him to his own home, which was situated in one of the smaller thoroughfares in Westminster, and have seen his eleven children strewn about the "passage and the stairs," and encountered the slatternly figure of his thriftless, ill-managing wife, they might have found a solution for the fact which appeared too hard for their comprehensions. Dark, dingy, and dirty as it was, the whole tenement was his own, for Tom could not have stowed away his large family in any one set of apartments. From the outside, perhaps, the house did not look much dirtier than its neighbours, but directly you entered it you were made aware of the difference. Half the rooms were bare, so far as carpets and curtains were concerned, and the only furniture in them consisted of such common articles as were essentially necessary; confused smells of escaped gas, burnt meat, and soft soap invariably ascended from the kitchen department, and diffused themselves over the naked hall and stairs, whilst the clatter of rough and slipshod shoes up and down those unclothed regions appeared never ceasing. If a caller asked for Mr. Cornicott, he was generally left in the narrow, dark passage, by the dirty Irish maid-of-all-work, until he was tired of waiting and listening to the perfectly audible colloquy which went on meanwhile between the mistress of the house and her attendant, generally terminated by the appearance of the former, robed in a soiled dressing-gown, with tangled, unkempt hair, an infant in her arms, and two or three more little urchins clinging to her skirts, and bringing into prominent notice as she walked the untidy condition of her feet. With such a partner to cheer him on in the pursuit of his cherished art, with eleven little mouths clamouring for meat and bread, and with the necessity pressed upon him of keeping a roof over their heads, and clothes upon their backs, Tom Cornicott might have been forgiven if he had sometimes grumbled at his lot, or presumed to question the fairness with which Fortune deals out her shares to men—but this is just what Tom Cornicott never did.

At home, as abroad, he was always contented and cheerful, always, apparently, happy. He appeared to work as well with children tumbling about the room as if Raffaelle's *atelier* had been his own; he seemed to thrive as well upon bread and cheese and the smallest of beer, as men did upon the fat of the land. If his wife's slatternly habits offended his artistic taste, he never hinted the fact even to himself; and he was as ready, after a hard day's work, to get out of bed at night and walk the room with a teething baby, as if he had had nothing more to weary him than a good dinner and a drive upon spring-cushioned seats.

Always benevolent and good-humoured, always ready to make excuses for other people, and to pity from the bottom of his kind heart the woman and children whom he had caused to share his poverty, Tom Cornicott was, without exception, as good a creature as could be found in all the breadth of England. He had an unoccupied room in his dingy house, and lately, as cares and children had increased, Tom had turned his attention to the possibility of making a little money by taking in a pupil, or some young artist to board with them, who would be employed away during the daytime. With such an idea he had written to his friend at Maidstone, who had thereupon communicated the address and particulars to his pupil.

John Wardlaw did not see how, for the present at all events, he could do better. He was, comparatively speaking, a stranger in London, and, moreover, although he hoped to make some money by painting, his present income was very small.

Cornicott could put him in the way of furthering his studies, and Cornicott's charges were very much below what he could live on if he set up in rooms of his own, therefore, as a temporary arrangement at least, our hero closed with the offer and thought himself lucky.

It was nearly dark on the evening of the same day we saw him last, when he rattled up in a Hansom cab to the number of the street indicated to him as the residence of Mr. Cornicott, and looked in vain for any appearance of a light in the windows, or signs of human life whatsoever.

"I don't think this can be the right house," he shouted to the cabman.

"You said number nine, sir, didn't you? This here's number nine, sure enough!"

Saying which, cabby descended from his perch and gave a thundering knock on the door with the rusty knocker.

Simultaneously it flew open, and Cornicott himself, enveloped in a blouse of some brown material, and holding a tallow candle above his head, appeared upon the threshold of his castle.

"Is this Mr. Cornicott's house?" demanded John Wardlaw, who was rather taken aback by the strange-looking figure before him, for Cornicott was a middle-aged man, of a dark complexion, who never shaved, but wore his frizzled beard and moustaches in a ragged manner, which made him look most uncouth.

"Yes, you're all right; my name's Cornicott; I suppose you're Mr. Wardlaw. Jump out, my dear fellow, and come indoors. I'll help cabby with your traps;" and suiting the action to the word, Mr. Cornicott seized hold of a portmanteau which rather impeded the descent of the new arrival from the cab.

John Wardlaw was rather astonished at the familiarity of the first address, but doing as he was desired, threw the cabman his fare, and shouldering some of his own possessions, followed his new acquaintance into the gloomy house.

"Wait a minute, Wardlaw," exclaimed Cornicott, as they stumbled against one another in the dark passage, for the flame of the tallow candle was "nowhere" from the opening of the front door. "Set your back up against the wall till I get a match from below. I was just going to light the gas as you arrived. Here, Maria—Jane—some of you girls, bring me the matches."

This paternal appeal, shouted from the head of the kitchen stairs, produced after a while the ascent of an awkward-looking girl of about twelve or thirteen, who stared sheepishly at the stranger as the gas flared up beneath her father's touch.

"There, that's my eldest daughter, Wardlaw," said Cornicott, turning with as much pride towards the ungainly child as if she had been an elegant woman. "My two eldest are boys. She's a handy enough little creature, almost as much use as her mother" (which she might have easily been), "but no good any longer as a model. They all grow out of that after ten years old. Now this way, sir, if you please, until Maria sees if your room is ready."

The apartment into which the artist now led John Wardlaw was his painting studio, and consisted of two rooms opening into one another with folding doors, as is usual on the ground floor of small London houses. The back room was the one in which he painted; the front he reserved for the pictures he was not engaged upon; and both, excepting for a chair or two, were utterly devoid of furniture.

As Tom Cornicott lighted the gas in the first which they entered, a curious sight presented itself. Not only were the walls covered with paintings, chiefly unframed, but canvasses of all sizes and descriptions, with designs on them, from the merest sketch to the most finished portrait, were piled against it, leaning one upon the other, until but a very small space was left in the centre of the floor. Several large easels bore full-length portraits of sitters who had probably never paid for them when completed; charming glimpses of female loveliness peeped out from behind copies of dark Rembrandts or uninteresting Teniers; the portraiture of children's rosy forms were commingling with fauns or monks, or scenes of war, or anything most unakin to them; whilst sunny landscapes and tranquil seas were lying almost hidden beneath the thick dust which had to be removed for the purpose of examination, and which lay heaviest upon the once white busts and groups of figures which were disposed on rough brackets about the walls.

"This is my room, Wardlaw," said Tom Cornicott, in explanation, as they entered the apartment together; "not much space for turning, is there? Wish to goodness I could clear a few of them off. I'd rather have their room than their company, I can tell you." And the artist laughed, as if it was rather a joke than otherwise having a quantity of pictures left on his hands. "Ah! you're looking at that lady's portrait, are you? I'll tell you rather a funny story about that, Wardlaw, some day. We artists are asked to do queer jobs sometimes. What do you think of the little dark girl on your left? She's one of my best models; I think I've painted her ten or eleven times. She always sells. Gipsy blood there.

and no mistake. The whole family are models, and one as handsome as the other. No! don't look at that, please." he exclaimed, as John Wardlaw stooped to examine a sketch in black chalk; "I'd rather you wouldn't see that; it's the rough for my Academy picture this year, and you must go and see it hanging, and tell me exactly what you think of it. My 'Spring' last season sold for one hundred and eighty; but I've gone in for Scripture history this time, and they *do* say that it's not so bad. Subject—'The Death of Sisera;' but, then, I had about the best model in town. What's your style, Wardlaw—landscape or figures?"

"Figures," he replied, quickly; "I never cared about landscape. I haven't a good touch for foliage."

"Ah! you must go in for it, then," said the other with an air of superior knowledge; "it's easily acquired. I thought the same of myself once, but I persevered, and my country scenes sell better than anything else. You must stick to nature, though. There's nothing like nature, Wardlaw, for a master. I never paint a single thing from memory. If I want a stone, I go out into the roads and look about till I find one that suits my fancy. Now, here's nature if you like." And as he spoke he pulled a canvass from behind some others, and blew a cloud of dust off it into John Wardlaw's face, before he set it upon the nearest easel. "My five eldest children taken as gleaners. Now, in that picture, you see, there isn't a turn of an arm or a hand that I didn't study from life, over and over again. Here I have the whole lot of them as 'Children coming to Christ,' and my two youngest did duty over and over again in that 'Massacre of the Innocents.' I believe I've painted them in every position they can possibly assume. It's the only good I find in having such a quantity of children. They are a little saving in models now and then." And the good-humoured artist heaved a sigh, which he quickly redeemed with his usual broad smile. "But now I mustn't keep you talking here when you must want to see your own room. You don't expect a very handsome apartment, I hope, Wardlaw, for they don't usually grow in artists' houses," he continued, as he showed his lodger into a very second-rate looking bedroom; "but if we can make you comfortable, we will try our best. When you are ready to join us again, go straight downstairs till you come to the bottom of the house, and you will be sure to find me there." Saying which, the artist placed the flaring tallow candle on the dressing-table, and left John Wardlaw to himself.

He had certainly not expected to be lodged sumptuously, and perhaps it was just as well, for, simple as their mode of living was in Sutton Valence, he had never been put to sleep in such an uninviting bedroom before. It was not so much the scantiness nor age of the furniture that he objected to, as the very suspicious-looking curtains and carpeting which adorned it, and which the Cornicotts had bought at some low second-hand broker's shop, wherewith to enhance the decorations of their "room to let." Small-pox, scarlet fever, typhus—everything that is most contagious and most dreaded, appeared as if it lingered amidst their dingy folds and on their smoky surfaces; and the counterpane upon the bed, with sundry stains, not unlike spilt coffee, marring its freshness, was still more disheartening to contemplate. Poor John wished sincerely, as he examined with fear and trembling the couch destined for him, that his landlord had only left this room as he was compelled to do his own, bare, if not clean. However, he had little time for thought just then, so after unpacking a few necessary articles, and trying to wash his hands in the infinitesimal drop of water which was all the maid-of-all-work had honoured him with, he smoothed his hair, brushed the dust from his travelling coat, and prepared to seek the company of the artist's family. He descended to the first floor, as previously directed, but there he stopped. Sounds of talking were very audible from below; but somehow John Wardlaw could not quite make up his mind to seek the kitchen quarters of his own accord. But the noise he made, as he shuffled undecidedly about the passage, attracted Tom Cornicott's attention, and soon brought that gentleman to the foot of the stairs, to know why he didn't come down. So, knocking his head at every second step against the whitewashed ceiling, he at last penetrated to the basement floor, and found himself in a species of housekeeper's room, which was situated next to the kitchen, and where a tea-table, spread with a dirty cloth, and covered with the plainest food, was surrounded by at least half of the Cornicott family, headed by Mrs. Cornicott herself.

"Here, my dear, this is our boarder, young Wardlaw. You must make him welcome. Wardlaw, have you dined?"

"Yes, I have dined, thank you," replied John Wardlaw, after going through the ceremony of bowing to a person who appeared to him like a youthful but very untidy-looking charwoman. He had scarcely spoken ten words since entering the house; all appeared to him so strange and unexpected.

"Ah! usually, I suppose, you will dine out; that was the arrangement, I believe; and so you can choose your own hours; but, for my own part, I prefer early meals. This is tea, you know; but if you like a little meat, I dare say we can let you have some. My dear, haven't you anything a little more substantial in the larder? Wardlaw must be hungry after his journey."

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Cornicott, in a drawling voice; "but I'll ask the servant, if you like."

John was about to beg that no such trouble should be taken on his account, when Cornicott cut the matter short by going in quest of the information himself. He was absent a terribly long time, or so it seemed to John Wardlaw, condemned to sit opposite that dreadful obtuse-looking slattern, who addressed not a word to him, but went on steadily chewing bread and butter until the return of her lord and master.

He rushed in by-and-bye, in a white heat, having apparently been out of doors, as was soon evidenced by the production from his pocket of a piece of newspaper full of cut ham, and two bunches of watercresses—dreadful slices of ham, which were sticking fast together, and had to be forcibly separated, whose lean was raw, and fat most yellow; and the distasteful appearance of which was only equalled by the sodden and brown watercresses which Tom Cornicott laid beside them. But the unusual expense had been incurred for his sake; and John Wardlaw, albeit his soul revolted at the viands set before him, partook of them, sooner than hurt the feelings of the kind-hearted artist. But he inwardly resolved, even in that first moment of disgust, that thenceforward he would make some arrangement by which he should be emancipated from taking any more meals in that subterraneous apartment.

"Your journey has spoilt your appetite, Wardlaw," exclaimed the artist, who was attacking the ham and cresses vigorously himself; "you don't eat, man."

John murmured something complimentary to the nature of the dainties before him, and applied himself anew to the task of trying to swallow a portion of them.

"Well, what do you wish to do first?" inquired Cornicott, as, the evening meal concluded, he sat by the still bestrewn table, with children clambering all over him. "You don't want to lose time, I conclude; so the sooner we set to work the better."

"What do you advise me to do?" replied John Wardlaw. "I have come up to town for the express purpose of studying hard at my profession, and, if I can, making a little money at the same time."

"The latter clause must follow the former," said Cornicott, as, having shaken off his infants, he nursed his leg instead, and applied his mind to business. "When you are once fairly set going, and become a little known, you may pick up a job here and there, at the theatres, or for the illustrated periodicals; but the first thing to do is to fix upon your studio. Did Matthews (Matthews being the name of the Maidstone master) recommend any to you in particular?"

"No, he did not; he said you were the best person to advise me where to go."

"Well, I think I *do* know as much about the trade as any fellow in it, just at present. My advice to you is, enter yourself for a quarter at Matterby's, and see how you like it. He has an excellent room, scores of pupils, and is considered a first-rate artist himself. I don't think you could do better than try Matterby's."

"Well, I certainly will," replied John Wardlaw; and then the men entered into a discussion concerning fees of entrance, which proved quite satisfactory.

"Well go there to-morrow morning, and see you put on the books," said Cornicott; "and then we'll go on to the Academy. You must not begin to work directly; give a day to pleasure, and you'll go all the fresher to it the day after. Besides, if I mistake not, to-morrow is a gallery day, and you won't go in for that, I suppose?"

"What is a gallery day?" demanded John Wardlaw.

"Every alternate day the students draw from the 'round' in the gallery; but I fancy you're beyond all that, from what Matthews told me. The 'costume model' and the 'nude' days will be more in your line."

"I am beyond nothing," said the other, modestly, "until I have proved myself to be so. My object in wishing to enter amongst other students is that I may find out really how much I know or do not know."

"Well, you can do as you like, of course; but whenever you wish to work at home, there's my room at your service, and so I told Matthews. We're all one brotherhood, and there should be freemasonry between us. But to-morrow you must positively devote to the Academy—have you never been there?"

"Never," said John Wardlaw; "I'm as fresh as a daisy, and as green as a gosling. I have visited town before at long intervals, but have never lived here. You will have to teach me everything and show me everything. I'm a perfect Goth."

The frank, unaffected manner in which he said the words, and the serious, manly expression in the calm gaze which accompanied them, were so inconsistent with the sentiment he uttered, that Tom Cornicott looked at him with surprise.

"I don't expect I shall be able to teach *you* much," he said—and then added, "I am most anxious to hear your opinion of my 'Sisera.' I fancy you have a very keen eye and a critical taste. Do you smoke?"

He *did* smoke; and as the whole house was redolent of the perfume of stale, and not over choice, tobacco, had no difficulty in believing Tom Cornicott's statement that no one stood on ceremony there, or scruple in accepting his invitation to join him in a pipe. And puffing their silent fancies into the air, the two men sat till bedtime warned them to disenvelop themselves from the clouds with which they were surrounded. During that interval two or three more artists had dropped in from neighbouring quarters, and sat about on the table, on the back of the sofa, hats on heads, discussing politics and art, and adding their quota to the general fumigation. They were all very much in the style of Tom Cornicott; men who appeared to have degenerated by reason of poverty or their associates, and who, without being positively vulgar, were no longer gentlemanly in their manners or tastes. They clapped Cornicott on the back and told equivocal stories of Bohemian life; they joked with the dirty maid-servant whenever she entered the room: they met John Wardlaw in a "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit, which, however cordial, was to him infinitely revolting.

As he entered his bedroom that night, and prepared, not without a preliminary shudder, to ensconce himself beneath the suspicious counterpane, he could not avoid, whilst recalling the incidents of the evening, contrasting them with those of the day before, when he had dined at Castlemaine and sketched the face of Pussy Stuart.

Good Heavens! Pussy Stuart and the Cornicotts! It seemed blasphemy to name them in one breath.

As he mused he seemed once more to encounter the warm, voluptuous air of the well-lighted room; to scent the violet fragrance which pervaded it, to hear the rustling of Miss Stuart's silk dress, and to feel the soft touch of her gloved hand.

John Wardlaw's was a sensuous taste. Sweet sounds, sweet odours—light and warmth and colour, were all possessed of great power to attract and hold him. His whole being recoiled from anything like coarseness or vulgarity—it seemed like a desecration of the Nature which formed his study.

So that whilst trying to seduce himself by forced forgetfulness into sleep, he could scarcely believe that he had really become acquainted with the company which was to be his, in the Future he had chalked out for himself.

Trying not to believe it, trying to think that he had only seen the worst side of the picture, John Wardlaw fell asleep at last, and dreamt that he was reclining on a bed of violets and roses, whilst nymphs such as Etty might have painted hung over him, fanning him with their cowslip breaths into a charmed repose.

CHAPTER VII.

JAEL, THE WIFE OF HEBER THE KENITE.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
SHAKSPEARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the suspicious curtains and the uninviting bed, John Wardlaw, under the influence of his dreams, slept long and heavily. It was not pleasant, the next morning, to be roughly roused from that fair vision by the shrill voice of the maid-servant, telling him, as she deposited a jug, which was highly decorated with her finger prints, containing half a pint of tepid water, of an opaque and greasy appearance, upon the washing-stand, "As how he'd better get up at onst, for master and missus had been down ever so long, and breakfast was on the table."

Not pleasant either when, having made a hasty toilet, from which the only effect he experienced was in feeling dirtier than before, he went down stairs, to find the Cornicotts assembled in the banqueting-hall of the previous night, where the dirty glasses huddled upon the sideboard, and the prevalent smell of stale tobacco, gave evidence that the state in which they had left the room had been held most sacred.

Stale tobacco, and a lack of fresh air, do not enhance the attractions of bacon and eggs for a nauseated stomach, especially when the bacon is slightly rusty, the eggs without any visible yolks, and fried of a noble brown, and both served out by an uninviting female, in a baggy morning dress, with her hair screwed up in innumerable fragments of newspaper.

Mrs. Cornicott's idea of a breakfast never extended beyond the limited range of bacon and eggs. If

John Wardlaw's soul sickened at their greasy fragrance that first morning, how many times had it occasion to do so before he and the Cornicotts parted company! for whilst he stayed with them nothing else ever appeared at the festive board.

Having stumbled over a nest of children, and accepted the proffered hand of the lady of the house, which seemed to possess neither bone nor muscle, he turned to greet Tom Cornicott. That gentleman, although scarcely in full dress, being simply attired in a blouse and trousers, with his naked feet thrust into slippers, appeared quite at his ease, and enjoying life as thoroughly, through the medium of eggs and bacon, as he had the night before upon bad tobacco and sour beer.

"How are you, Wardlaw?" he exclaimed, wringing the other's hand off. "Hope you slept well. Sit down, my boy, and have some breakfast. First-rate bacon this! What! you won't take any? Do you call that a country appetite? You'll never be fit to work, man, if you don't eat heartier than this. Give him some tea, old lady; or perhaps you prefer beer. Please yourself, my dear fellow, and don't spare the victuals. Now, what are our plans for to-day, eh?"

"Matterby's first, is it not?" replied our hero, making a faint attempt to do his duty, "and then the Royal Academy. I think that is what we agreed upon last night."

"Yes, to be sure. Let me see. I have a little business to transact with Dobson, the manager of the 'King's,' and then I'm at your service for the day. The 'King's' is *my* theatre, Wardlaw; at least I believe they give me all they possibly can, or that I would *take*," the artist added, with a loftier air.

"But what can a man like yourself find to do at a theatre?" John Wardlaw inquired, with some surprise; "that is to say, when you have once painted their drop-scene?"

He knew that Stanfield, and others whose names are almost as well known, had condescended at times to wield their magic brushes for such a purpose; but although great artists stooped so low, he could not understand anyone who valued the name stooping lower.

Cornicott coloured faintly as he replied—

"Oh, plenty! that is to say, if I choose. I did not paint their drop-scene for them; they generally try to get some swell name to do that—an R.A., if they can. But there are many other little jobs required. I arrange Dobson's ballet effects—pose his girls, and choose the colours. I am as well known behind the scenes there as the manager himself. Sometimes I do a bit of the best scene painting; but to tell you the truth, Wardlaw, I don't care to have it generally known—people are so ill-natured; but a fellow must live somehow."

Here he glanced up and caught the broad look of astonishment which pervaded John Wardlaw's features—John, who thought of his art as a sacred thing, which was almost desecrated by being bought and sold.

"You look surprised, Wardlaw! Don't you know that artists are oftener obliged to do what they can than what they choose? It's all very well for you now—you are an unit, and long may you keep so; for if ever you try to feed a dozen mouths with one brush, you will find yourself forced to trail it in the dirt sometimes. However, except amongst friends, I try and keep it snug, and I have great faith in things looking up some day. Who knows what my 'Death of Sisera' may not do for me! Come, if you've done your breakfast, we may as well be moving."

And in a few minutes more they were in the open street.

"You must come with me some evening to the 'King's,' said Tom Cornicott, as they walked along together, and I'll show you some uncommonly fine women. Dobson is noted for collecting the prettiest girls in London; and I don't believe there's another *corps de ballet* that can hold a candle to his. They've got the 'Harvest Home' scene on now. I grouped it for them last season, and uncommonly well it looks, too, from the front. Laura Tredman plays at that house. I suppose you've seen her?"

"No, indeed, I have not," replied John Wardlaw; "you forget the confession of innocence that I made last night."

"Ah, well, you shall see Miss Tredman before you're a week older. We won't leave much innocence in you, Wardlaw; don't be afraid of that, You won't have any of the article to spare by-and-bye. But here is Matterby's on our left."

"Matterby's" was a large, dull-looking house, not very far from that occupied by the Cornicotts, every window of which had the appearance of being blocked up by reason of wire blinds and existent dirt. There were two bells to the hall-door, one marked "visitors," the other "school." But Cornicott made use of neither. Turning the handle from the outside, he pushed the door open, and preceded his companion into a hall, the walls of which were covered with busts and papered with written and printed notices relative to the non-payment of defaulting students; the amount of fees; rules for fines; and subjects about to be studied during the ensuing term.

From the hall a swinging door admitted them to a second apartment, lined with canvas and furnished with paint-pots, from one side of which a skylighted gallery was visible, divided from a third room (which John Wardlaw afterwards learnt to be the model-room) by a heavy curtain. In answer to Tom Cornicott's loud inquiry for Mr. Matterby, a confused hum of voices arose from the gallery, and as many heads as conveniently could, turned to have a glimpse of the visitors; but no one left their seats, and the work of the day went steadily on.

"Ah! Matterby, how are you? I've brought you another student."

Mr. Matterby, who had answered his friend's call from the farthest room, now inclined his head in the direction of John Wardlaw, and said simply that he was pleased to receive him.

He was a remarkably handsome man, of perhaps five and thirty to forty years of age; and the character of his beauty was further enhanced by the peculiar style in which he dressed himself. Years before, the calm, spiritual expression of his face had induced some great painter to ask him to sit to him as a model for St. Paul, since which period Mr. Matterby had always pursued his daily vocations in the same costume as that in which he had been taken for the great Apostle. As he advanced now to meet the two men who had inquired for him, the brown serge robe which fell in straight folds to his sandalled feet, and the ropes knotted about his waist, accorded so admirably with his soft brown eyes, colourless complexion, hair curling to his shoulders, and short-pointed beard, that John Wardlaw (although he had been prepared for the eccentricity in this respect of his new master) almost started to see a living creature looking so like a figure descended from a picture-frame. It was a joke amongst his fellows that Matterby had, at one time, made a daily attempt to encircle his brow with a metallic "glory," but that his affectation could not hold out against the unyielding pressure of this crowning article to his costume. Anyway, he almost looked as if he should have worn it, as he stood in those rooms full of youth and idle fancies, a personification of St. Paul amongst men. Notwithstanding which conceit, Matterby was a good artist and a still better teacher, as the works of his pupils could testify.

He now conducted his friend Mr. Cornicott and the new student into a luncheon and cloak-room, which overlooked the dull street, and having made the rules of his establishment known to the latter, and received his assurance of wishing to enter himself for a quarter on his books, concluded the agreement in an apostle-like manner, and recommended the young man to present himself at the studio the next morning.

"To-morrow is our model-day," he said, solemnly, without permitting the faintest shadow of a smile to visit his features, "and as we have a fresh one, it will be as well for you to be here—at ten o'clock precisely."

John Wardlaw promised punctuality, and St. Paul went on—"Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from ten till one, and from two till four, the 'costume models' sit; on alternate days we have working from the 'round' for female students, from the 'nude' for male. You can attend or not, as you think fit."

Here Mr. Matterby was interrupted by the entrance of a pretty-looking young girl, with a head of hair cut very short and curled very much, who came in hurriedly, and pretended to be quite taken aback by the presence of strangers.

"Oh! I'm so sorry, Mr. Matterby," she commenced.

"What do you require?" demanded the Apostle, in the same quiet, measured tones in which he had spoken hitherto.

"Only a tube of cobalt, which I left in the pocket of my cloak," she replied, still looking at her master.

"You can fetch it," he said, with gracious loftiness.

The girl advanced farther into the room, and then made believe to have seen Mr. Cornicott for the first time.

"Lor', Mr. Cornicott, is that you?" she exclaimed, in an affected manner, glancing at John Wardlaw the while.

"Every fourth Wednesday," continued Mr. Matterby, as if the presence of nothing earthly, male or female, was of the least consequence to him, "we hold an evening gathering for the discussion of art and art topics; we shall always be pleased to see yourself and any friends whom you may choose to bring. The hour is eight."

Here, as John Wardlaw was expressing his thanks for the invitation, he could not help overhearing the girl say to Tom Cornicott, in a half-whisper—

"Where are the theatre tickets you promised to send me?"

"Did I promise?" he answered, good-humouredly, "I'll get them for you to-day; how many do you want?"

She mentioned a number, and then left the room, after having had another sly glance at the figure of the new student.

"He is perfectly charming, my dear," she confided to the young lady whose easel was nearest her own, as she regained her seat in the gallery. "Handsomer than anyone here, and looks like a lord. I'm in love with him already."

Which cruel remark caused a gentleman student near at hand, whose heart had been smitten for a long time by the charms of the fair-haired young lady (and of which fact she was perfectly cognizant), to turn first very red and then very pale, and finally to swell up like muffins—an alarming state from which he did not again subside until he had steeped his senses in forgetfulness by a good night's rest.

"Matterby's a queer fellow," remarked Cornicott when they found themselves once more clear of the house, "but it's all put on. He'll unbend before you've been there a week, unless a fresh student arrives in the meanwhile. It's impossible for him to keep up St. Paul for ever. What do you think of that little girl who peeped in upon us?"

"I scarcely looked at her," said John Wardlaw.

"Didn't you? Why, where were your eyes, man? She's a sharp little creature, is Lyddy Taylor; but she'll tease you like anything, if you allow her. Don't let me forget her tickets when we get to the 'Kings.' Holloa, Masters and Collerton, how is it that you are not at work this morning?"

This last speech was addressed to two young men, who now met them sauntering arm in arm, and who bore about them the unmistakeable signs of being art students.

"It's only a gallery day," replied the elder of the two, who was Collerton, "and there's nothing much going on, so Masters and I thought it a pity to waste such weather as this at old Matterby's. Where are you bound to?"

"The Academy, in company with my friend Mr. Wardlaw. By-the-bye, I must make you known to one another, for he is one of 'us.' You will be fellow-labourers to-morrow morning."

The young men bowed, and affirmed their intention "of doing the old shop" with them.

"I've only been there twice this year," remarked Masters, as he fell behind with John Wardlaw, "and there's stuff enough to keep a man's eyes employed for a month. I suppose you've seen Cornicott's picture?"

John Wardlaw explained the impossibility of his having done so, since he had only arrived in town the evening before.

"Well, I envy you your first sight of the Academy; you have a treat before you. Whose disciple are you?"

His companion stared, and thought for a moment of the Apostle St. Paul, but remembered himself in time to say,

"I don't quite follow you."

"What master do you affect? You had better choose one on the spot. The fellows at Matterby's are sure to ask you that directly they see you."

John Wardlaw smiled.

"If it is absolutely necessary I should answer their questions," he replied, "I shall say I am a disciple of the age, and my style is whatever will sell. For though I rank art so high that I consider no money can adequately pay for what no money can produce, yet I am poor enough to anticipate living by my brush, and, therefore, must lay myself out to please I imagine professional artists can seldom afford to follow the bent of their own fancy—at all events, to start with."

"Well, I should never have taken *you* for a professional," said Masters, curtly; "I thought, to look at you, you were no end of a swell amateur."

"Am I, then, so very different to other men?!"

"You're very different from the professional fellows at Matterby's, *I* can tell you, and so you will soon see for yourself. There are very few gentlemen there. Collerton and myself are amateurs, and precious bad ones—at least, I am. You look the artist all over though, and I fancy, from the way you talk, that you'll lick the whole lot of us. I hope you may, and put some of the other fellows down. There are one or two there that make me lose my temper occasionally. Holloa, there's Cornicott disappeared into the 'King's.'"

John Wardlaw, raising his eyes at the same moment, just saw the last of the artist as he dived by a side door into the theatre, followed by Collerton.

"He seems quite at home, there," he remarked to Masters, as they awaited his return.

"That he is. You would say so if you saw him behind the scenes at night, with the whole *corps de ballet* chattering to him at once, or in a stage box with Mrs. Cornicott (by-the-bye, *what* do you think of his lady-wife?) and all the eleven thousand little Cornicotts, applauding with the greatest vehemence, and addressing asides to his favourites on the stage. But I believe he's the best hearted fellow going. Poor old Tom! it's a shame to see him so heavily weighted; he works night and day, and everybody seems better paid than himself."

(To be continued.)

"A BAD NAME."

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"IF I were to say to you," she began, "that this is what a gentleman would not do, it would not matter to you."

"No," he said, fiercely, "it wouldn't—not in the least. A man always likes a woman to say things like that to him."

"If I were to say to you," she went on, "that a—yes—a gentleman *would* go away—"

"I wouldn't go," he said. "I would prove myself a ruffian by staying. I am a ruffian, perhaps. Call me one, if you like."

"I," said Nell, holding her pretty throat very straight. "What are you to me?"

"Nothing," he cried. "That's the worst of it. There is where you have me at a disadvantage. If I had the shadow of a right to expect you even to look at me I could go to some one and speak about you, or get help. But I am not such a ruffian as to talk you over, even to save myself. Any woman has a right to feel an antipathy to a man—and he has no right to complain. Though I suppose I *am* complaining."

Nell did not utter a word. She would not. He was looking at her with the look that always reminded her that his cousin had said, "He has an eye like a stag's." On principle she hated him at that moment for his stag's eyes.

"If I *am* a ruffian," he said, "*you* could make me better. Women are sometimes kind even to ruffians. I know I am not what I ought to be. No one knows better than I do what faults I have. They were born in me."

"I do not wish to hear them," said Nell.

"You would like other people to tell you of them," he said bitterly.

"I have told you that I never speak of you," she answered.

She saw his eyes flash, and the next instant he had snatched her hand, almost roughly.

"You shall tell me!" he cried; "you shall tell me what I have done!"

She tried to withdraw her hand, but his grasp was like iron; she could not even stir it. Her whole face flamed.

"Do you know," she said, in a breathless voice—"do you *know* that you are using *force* to me?"

He started as if he had been shot. It was evident that he actually had not realised it.

"Oh, no!" he said desperately. "What a brute and fool I am. But you don't know what you are doing to me. You are driving me mad. Let me go away!"

"The sooner the better!" she answered, but before the words had left her lips he had turned on his heel and was gone. She saw nothing until she reached the house and entered the shaded, flower-scented room, at the window of which she found her mother standing.

Mrs. Huntingdon turned and looked at her with a rather amazed expression.

"Nell, dear," she said, "was that Mr. Hamilton who stood at the gate with you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Mr.—Mr. Jack Hamilton, Nell?"

"Yes, mamma." And without another word she fled to her own room. It seemed to her, in the hours she spent alone, shut up in its pretty, summery dimness, that surely no girl could ever have suffered in such a strange way before. She had always been so happy in this little flowery bower of hers that it seemed an added cruelty that she should sit in it feeling such desperate unhappiness. It was desperate unhappiness—she knew that before she had been alone fifteen minutes. She threw herself on her knees by her favourite deep window, and hid her face in her arms on the window seat. Her heart was beating hard against her side, and she was trembling all over.

"Oh, what is the matter with me?" she said again and again in a piteous whisper. "Oh, why do I feel like this?"

She could not still herself at all. There seemed no use in trying. She had been for so long a time endeavouring to ignore and control something which had been advancing upon her every day and every hour that now, when under a too great strain she had given way for a moment, the reaction was greater than she was ready to meet. There had been so much to ignore and set aside, there had been so many days when she had made strong efforts—and now it all seemed to come back at once. And try as she might, she did not remember the right things. The things which came back to her were all wrong. The times, for instance—so many of them—when she had met his eyes looking at her in that half-wounded, half-angry way which was somehow pathetic. No one could deny—oh, yes, it was quite true that he had the most beautiful eyes—to say that they had a look sometimes such as you see in a beautiful dog's, or a child's, when they ask for something. It might seem absurd, but is was true, they always seemed to ask and ask, and she could not shut out the feeling, even when he was not near her at all, that he was asking and she refusing—though neither uttered a word. And then the times when he stood silent near her, and yet it had been as if he spoke. And then the times they had passed each other; and the times she had meant *not* to watch him as he played tennis, and yet somehow had known how he looked and moved, and that he was always alert and graceful and ready, and his voice had always come to her above every other voice—not loud exactly, but clear and resonant and with a gay laughing sound. And one day a flower had fallen from her belt and she had accidentally crushed it with her foot, and he had seen it across the lawn and had sauntered over and stood by it a moment and then stooped to pick it up—and no one but themselves had seen—and she had stood perfectly motionless as if she had not seen herself, and yet had known so well and had been so angry. She was sure she had been angry. Her hands had trembled as she stood, and she had played badly all through the rest of the game and had lost it to her side.

And now! What could have been worse than this afternoon? She could feel his great, strong hand, holding hers yet. She drew it hastily away from her cheek as she remembered it. That had been violence; that had been enough to make any girl dislike him and feel revolted. And yet, though he had held her with such strength, he had not hurt her; and in an instant he had released her, and he had said she did not know what she was doing to him; and he had gone away as if he could bear it no longer.

"Oh," she said, "why do I think of that instead of the other things? I do not understand it. It is not natural."

She got up and began to walk up and down the room.

"I am thinking of him as if I liked him," she whispered as she paced to and fro, fast and uncertainly. "I must not do that. He is not a man for any good girl to like. Any girl who was good and refined would hate him! I could not *possibly* like him. Oh, what sort of a girl is it who could know what I do, and then like a man, only because he is strong and graceful and has a—a strange voice and beautiful eyes. Only the worst and most unrefined girls could do that. If I like him I must be as bad and indifferent to high things as he is. Am I like that? I cannot be! Oh, mamma—mamma! Oh, mamma, how could I tell you? I always told you everything before! I can tell nobody!"

It became torture before long. It was shame, it was terror! She heaped reproaches upon herself; to her sensitive, untried, girlish mind, every innocent, involuntary melting toward him, every thought assumed the proportions of a crime. It was something wrong in herself. All this wickedness, she said, had been lying dormant in her nature, and had only waited to be called forth by some one like this. No one could be any worse than that. She put herself upon the rack and showed no mercy.

The little blooming, flowery room grew darker and darker. She was quite pale and exhausted in the end; she was overwhelmed with her own reproaches, and yet again and again her heart would leap as she remembered a look—a word.

She stopped at last by the mantel and stood there holding it with her hand.

"He is coarse," she said, with a great effort, hurrying the words as she forced them from her lips. "He is base; he is dishonourable; he is a coward; he is a—oh! a liar! He is false and low in everything. He is contemptible; he is cruel. Yes, it is all true. He is not like a man at all. He is—"

And then some feeling rushed over her—some strange, wild protest against it all—stronger than herself—and she uttered a passionate little cry and caught at the mantel with her other hand.

"Oh, no! no!" she cried. "Oh! no, no! no! Dearest! Dearest!" And she burst into a tempest of tears, hiding her face and shaking with fear of this which had swept all before it.

When she went down to dinner her mother looked at her anxiously.

"You are really pale, Nell," she said. "You do not look well at all."

"I do not think I am well," she said. "Perhaps I have been going out a little too much."

She often looked pale after this—so pale that her mother's eyes followed her continually with bewilderment and solicitude. And she had lost more than her soft colour; the elasticity of her spirit seemed to have left her. She played tennis no more, to the great wonder of Marian and Hester Beverly, who spent days upon their lawn, and with difficulty forbore to dine with their racquets under their arms and sleep with them under their pillows. She ceased to take walks alone, and no longer went out sketching. Often, when they had evening engagements, she excused herself on the plea of fatigue and remained at home. Sometimes, in the morning, she came down with an air of lassitude and with slight shadows about her eyes.

"My dear," her mother would say, "you look as if you had not slept well."

The first time she said this, Nell glanced at herself quickly in a mirror and faintly blushed.

"I did not sleep very well, mamma," she answered.

"But, dear," said Mrs. Huntingdon, "this is something new, isn't it? You used to sleep like a baby."

"I shall sleep so to-night, perhaps," said Nell.

But she did not often sleep so in these days; and so it came to pass that one day, Marian Beverly, passing the hedge—racquet over her shoulder, with Mr. Jack Hamilton—and stopping to speak to her as she gathered a few roses, looked at her in some astonishment.

"Nell," she exclaimed, "do you know how pale you are?"

"Oh! don't," said Nell. "Aunt Maria told me, a few hours ago, that I was as white as a rag. She says I need exercise—ten miles a day."

But suddenly she was pale no longer, a warm carnation having spread itself over her cheek.

"But you always had such a lovely colour," persisted Marian. "Hester and I have hated you for it ever since we were old enough to speak. What have you been doing? You are as bad as Mr. Hamilton. And—how queer!—I was just upbraiding him on the same score."

Mr. Hamilton broke in, with some haste—

"Yes," he said, "she was telling me that *I* used to have a lovely colour."

"You had," laughed Marian, "when you came here, but now——"

"I was like a blush-rose," said Mr. Hamilton. "A blush-rose. And now that you have—have rifled me, so to speak, you hold me up to public scorn and draw invidious comparisons."

But he did not smile very naturally as he looked across the hedge at Nell.

"Perhaps," said Nell, meeting his eyes without smiling at all, "perhaps North Brabant does not agree with you."

"It doesn't," he answered, with brevity; "so I am going away."

Nell dropped a rose, and picked it up and put it into her girdle.

"Does your cousin go with you?" she asked.

"He always goes with me," he replied, with a voice containing several suggestions. "I am not to be trusted alone. I should murder an infant or set fire to an Aged Female Home."

When she was left alone, Nell returned to the house with her roses. She found her mother in her usual seat in the bay window, and as she came forward their eyes met, though Mrs. Huntingdon did not speak.

"Yes, mamma," said Nell, "it was Mr. Jack Hamilton; but it will not occur again, for he is going away."

And after she had arranged her roses, she went upstairs to her room and remained there until luncheon.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day they heard that the two Hamiltons had gone to New York. Then Nell began to take walks again—longer ones than ever, Mrs. Huntingdon noticed—and sometimes she played tennis, but she did not recover her colour, and contracted a habit of falling into silences, from which she roused herself with a slight start when she was spoken to. Secretly, Mrs. Huntingdon began to be very unhappy—she had never been unhappy about Nell before—she had never been even anxious—the girl had always been well and bright and sweet.

The Hamiltons had been away about two weeks, when one morning Mrs. Maria Huntingdon arrived in a state of great dignity, labouring under the effect of some deep offence perpetrated against herself.

"Isabel," she began in her most sonorous voice, "what is this I hear about the Hamiltons?"

"It is impossible for me to say, Maria," replied Mrs. Huntingdon, half unconsciously glancing at Nell, who sat near.

"But it appears that this John Hamilton is a most disreputable young man, that his cousin supports him and watches over him as if he was a child, that he went to New York with him simply to try to keep him out of mischief, and that with all his efforts he could not accomplish it, and only just succeeded in saving him from a frightful scandal. I never was so outraged in my life. Why, I knew his father. Fossdick Dowlas was an intimate friend of mine."

Nell laid down her book and rose.

"Mamma," she said, I think I will order the phaeton and go out. I should like to drive to Lulworth and get some new books from the library."

"Does your head ache again, Nell?" asked her mother.

"Not very much, dear," the girl answered; "only a little."

Yet when she got into her phaeton and took the reins there was on her face such a pallor as to make it look almost like a mask.

She saw nothing of the beautiful road to Lulworth. She scarcely knew how she reached there. She looked straight before her and saw nothing. When she entered the little town and checked her pony before the library she found the Beverly carriage there before her. Hester and Marian were turning over the new magazines and greeted her.

"Nell," said Hester, after a few minutes' conversation, and she said it in rather a sedate undertone, "have you heard anything about the Hamiltons?"

"I suppose they are still in New York," said Nell.

"We don't know," said Hester, lowering her voice still more. "There is a horrid story about them—at least about Jack. We keep hearing scraps of it. It seems that he is odious—odious—and always has been—only his cousin has tried to take care of him because his mother is so delicate and suffers so through him. Lately he has been behaving better. They really had hopes of him when his cousin brought him here. He had promised all sorts of things. But suddenly he insisted on going to New York, and they say he was worse than ever. We don't know what he did—it must have been ghastly. Of course people won't tell girls—but Marian heard Uncle Francis tell mamma about his having been turned out of some club by force."

"Hester," said Nell, suddenly, "why should we speak of it. It is detestable. I hate it."

"It makes one feel cold," returned Hester. "To think we played tennis with him."

"It was a mistake in his cousin to bring him here," said Nell.

"Yes," put in Marian, eagerly, "but only a mistake. He thought he was doing him good, and really believed in him this time. Don't let us say a word against Will Hamilton. Privately, you know, I think he has been a goose to waste himself, but heroic people—people who do things you admire them for in the abstract—always are geese more or less. I simply delight and revel in Will Hamilton. I like even his mistake."

Nell went back over the beach road slowly. She tried to gather herself together as she went. She wanted either to become accustomed to her pain or to shake it off in some way before she reached North Brabant. It was too horrible to bear and hide.

"Though, perhaps," she said, with a gentle, piteous humbleness, as she half unconsciously passed her hand over her strained eyes, "perhaps it is only because I am not used to suffering. I have been so happy. Perhaps this is nothing to what some people suffer—perhaps—I don't know; I cannot tell how I look, but I must not let mamma see me feeling like this."

She did not look like herself at all. A certain pedestrian, who had chosen to walk over from North Brabant, and who was consequently coming toward her—a pedestrian who thought he had reason to know her face better than any other man, seeing it in the first moment was so struck by the look of it that he almost stopped short by the roadside.

He was so intent upon her that he did not notice where he was going, and as she did not at first see him, in a moment or so more the phaeton approached him so nearly that she glanced up quickly.

What she saw was Jack Hamilton—as unlike himself as she was unlike herself, pale, haggard, worn out, with all the marks of his sins upon him, even his dress a little dishevelled—Jack Hamilton looking at her with great, hollow, beautiful eyes.

She scarcely breathed. Her heart gave one wild leap, and then seemed to stand quite still for several minutes, though the whole crisis only occupied a few seconds. The most terrible thing a woman with a tender soul can be compelled to do she did. She saw him make an involuntary motion with his hand as if to lift his hat. She let her unanswering eyes rest upon him for a moment, turned them away, and drove past, leaving him standing on the wayside—standing actually stock still.

Before she had left him six yards behind she was trembling from head to foot, her lips were quivering, and her eyes were blind with tears.

"I never was obliged to do anything like that before," she said breathlessly. "Oh, it is a cruel thing—it is cruel. But it is right. It is women who must—who must do it. But, oh! was it right for *me?*"

She had never found it so hard to face her mother's soft eyes as she did when she reached home. She was obliged to confess that her drive had not cured the headache and that it was in fact a little worse.

"I think, dear," Mrs. Huntingdon said, "you had better lie down and have a cup of tea in your room." And then she went upstairs with her and arranged her pillows for her, and gave her the tea herself, and then shaded the room and came and stood by her a moment, laying her hand softly on her forehead.

"You never used to have headaches, Nell, dear," she said.

"No, mamma," in the lowest of humble voices.

"I think you must see Dr. Bennett."

"Oh, no, mamma, dear. It is not bad enough for that."

"How would you like a change, Nell? We could go to the mountains."

There was a moment's hesitation, and then Nell turned her face and kissed her mother's wrist.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she said. "I have thought it might be a good thing if I do not get better. But I *shall* be better, dear. I shall be down to dinner. You will see." And she kissed the slender wrist again.

She did come down to dinner, still looking pale, but very pretty and soft-eyed, and being dressed, her mother fancied, with a little more than usual care. She had put on a new white dress, whose lace ruffles and jabots were lighted with loops and knots of daffodil-coloured ribbon; and, in fact, she had chosen it in the hope that it would make less of the shadows under her lashes.

Perhaps it did so, for at last she persuaded her mother that she must keep the engagement she had for the evening, leaving her at home to enjoy her convalescence.

"Only because I want to be idle," she said. "And because I am a little tired of lights and people and music."

But somehow the house seemed very still after the carriage rolled down the road and she could not even hear the distant sound of the wheels. And the rooms seemed very empty and the hours before her very long. She wondered what she should do with them, and for a few seconds almost wished she had not remained. She took up a book and tried to read. It contained an intensely sad love story, whose hero was a man with a pathetic grievance. She read a few pages and laid the book down. It seemed to be illustrated with a haggard face staring at her with a blank, stunned look in its tired, hollow eyes. Then she went to the piano. A song stood open upon it. It was Tosti's "Ti Rapirei." She began mechanically to read aloud the words:

> "Ah si tu fossi meco,
> Nella barchetta bruna
> Che al raggio della luna
> Vedi pel mar fuggir
> Ti rapirei mio ben."

Her voice fell and broke. She suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Why do they write such things?" she said. "Why is it all about—that?"

The room was too still—too still—so still she could not bear the silence of it. As she drew near the window she saw that the grounds were bathed in moonlight and that a quivering pathway of silver and pearl crossed the sea.

"I will go and look at the water," she said. "It will be cool, and there will be some sound there."

She was upon the lawn the next moment. At the edge, which sloped down to the terrace above the beach, there stood a little vine-covered arbour. She meant to go there, but did not enter it at first. She stood a few moments upon the grass looking out at the great beauty spread before her—at the white beach, at the shimmering molten silver, at the deep stillness of the sky where the great fair moon sailed.

"Oh," she said, and her voice had a little heart-wrung tone. "How can any one be so wicked? It must be a bad heart—a bad heart.' The words died upon her lips because she heard an approaching sound. It was the sound of slow footsteps on the terrace below. A man was coming toward her; a man who was tall and young, and who had square shoulders. If his head had not been bent he would have seen her; but his head was bent, as if he was depressed or in deep thought, and as he walked he dragged at his moustache with melancholy fierceness. Nell turned and fled into the arbour. Only a few steps, and she stood concealed and safe behind the leaves, but she stood with her hand at her side, her heart making little leaps.

It was Jack Hamilton.

He, too, had neglected an engagement on account of "severe headache," and he had come to dispel this ailment by promenading the terrace—or at least that part of it which lay at the foot of Mrs. Huntingdon's lawn—for the rest of the evening.

Nell could see his face quite plainly in the moonlight. And it had never been such a beautiful face in its brightest glow as it was in its sadness and pallor. And why was he there? Bad as he was there must be some strong feeling which impelled him to come to the place and haunt it so when there was nothing to be gained. It was what a man with a warm heart and—yes, a tender love filling it—might have done.

Nell leaned against the vine-covered trellis trembling, and soon on the leaves near where her cheek rested great drops fell and shone.

"Why are you not good?" she whispered brokenly. "Why are you not a gentleman—a man? I should—like you—then. I could not help it. Oh, I can scarcely help it now!"

And at that very instant, as though he had heard the words—though he had not—he stopped just below where she stood and looked up. And then he came up the steps and walked towards the arbour. There was nothing to be done. It was impossible to go away. There was no time. As she made her involuntary step towards the entrance—a step which brought her into the full moonlight—he reached her and they stood face to face. It was as if he had received an electric shock. A sharp tremor shook him for an instant. Nell looked up at him and then looked down.

"Will you let me pass?" she said, in a low voice.

"I—I can't," he said, with a desperate, miserable effort, "until you tell me why you did that heartless—that cruel thing to me this afternoon."

Nell could not speak. She put her hand upon the trellis to steady herself. This was too sudden.

"You ought to tell me," he persisted. "You must. Surely a woman would not do such a thing as that through caprice—a woman like you! I may not be a very attractive fellow—I may go wrong sometimes—I know I'm hot-headed and rash—and obstinate—and I have a deuce of a temper—and perhaps you have a right to dislike me, but you might have spared me that. *Why* did you do it?" passionately.

"You—you know why!" cried Nell. "Do not—*presume* to—ask me!" Yet the words were not spoken valiantly, and her voice was not so clear as she had intended it to be.

"I *don't* know why," he said. "I—Is *everything* going to turn against me? I have tried—I have tried to keep things straight—but it is no use—and you might have helped me—if you would——"

"I!" exclaimed Nell, with pride.

"Yes—*You!*" fiercely. "There have been women before this who have not felt themselves too good to help men who could be helped by their kindness. Even if you had not cared much for me—if you had been a little kind—but to *kill* a man at such a time as this! Do you think that I have not trouble enough? Do you think I don't feel the disgrace — and bitterness? I had tried—I gave the thing a fair trial—and I failed. I came back here more crushed than you know! I longed for a sight of your face—and a kind look. You have never given me one yet, but—it seemed as if now you might, perhaps. And you struck me down—when I was suffering most—*you*, the woman I love!"

Then Nell lifted her head.

"How *dare* you!" she said. "How *dare* you!"

"Dare!" he echoed, with a fire and defiance that almost overwhelmed her. "What daring is there in loving a woman? What man, if he is a man at all, cannot dare that much? A dog might love you—the worst fellow alive might love you. Perhaps, I am not quite the worst, and I tell you again I love you. *You* cannot help it—neither"—with a break—"neither can I."

"Let me pass," said Nell. "I wish to leave you. We have nothing to say to each other!"

She began to tremble. She did *not* wish to leave him. She wished to stay—to hear him cry out against her and arraign her—to hear him say anything. That was the worst of all—that was why she trembled.

But he only saw the tremor and agitation in her face. He stopped short a moment and looked at her as he had done that day on the lawn.

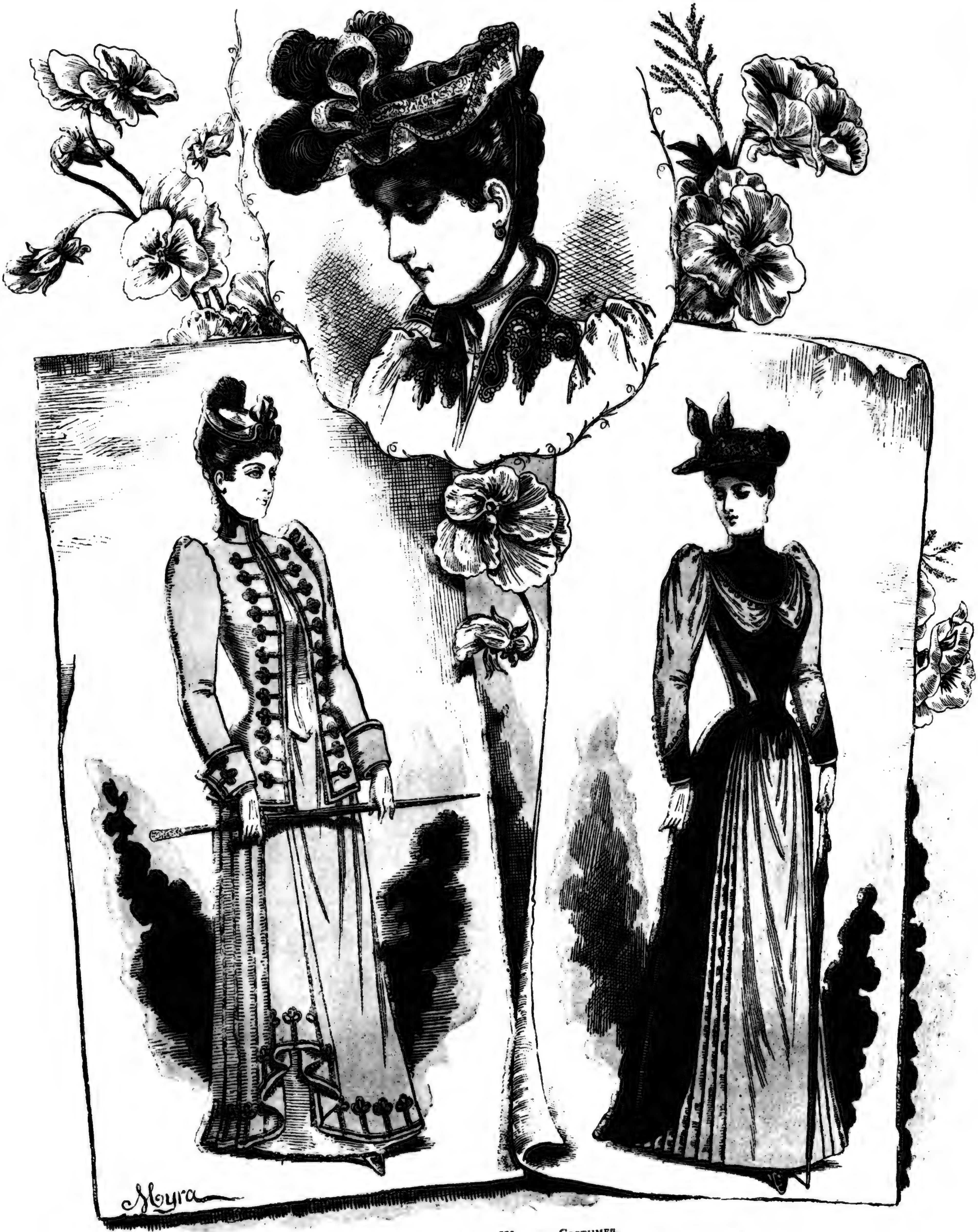
"Is this *only* dislike?" he said, as if wondering. "Is it *only* hatred, or is it something else?"

If he had had less power—if he had wrung her heart less when he spoke, she would have been more pitiful. As it was her safety lay in gathering her strength together in one merciless effort.

"It is more than dislike," she panted. "It is contempt! Will you let me pass *now?*"

"Yes," he answered. And he moved aside, and as she went he turned and stood still, staring blankly at the moonlit sea.

(To be continued.)



New Spring Walking Costumes.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Current * Fashions * for * Children.

RIBBON and lace form the prettiest and most suitable decorations for young girls' evening dresses, but on special occasions a few flowers are sometimes added, either in the shape of small sprays or bouquets of natural flowers, or in a more fanciful arrangement carried out with some of the smaller artificial flowers, to which florists are now devoting much attention.

Tulle dresses, elaborately trimmed with sprays and borders of flowers, are, happily, very rarely adopted for young girls' dresses, but some such light and pretty garniture as either of the following styles is often permissible. One set of ornaments consists of a side trimming for the skirt, formed of four bunches of white marguerites connected by double flexible stalks, and a similar ornament for the corsage, with bouquets of one or two flowers only, or else two larger detached bunches, one for the shoulder and the other for the front of the corsage. Epaulets of flowers are also pretty and fashionable; they are thick and full where they cross the shoulders, but fall in delicate sprays on either side of the arm. Floral collars and collarettes may also be worn by young girls, but many ladies disapprove of all such ornaments for their young daughters, and prefer to adorn their dresses only with silk or velvet ribbon, lace and embroidery, or the frills of crêpe lisse, that are equally pretty and girlish whether worn in white or colours.

Wherever such simple tastes prevail, the pretty and youthful looking dress, illustrated at fig. 1, will be liked; it is made of light pink mousseline de soie, embroidered with spots in a darker shade, and trimmed with plain silk muslin with a scalloped and embroidered edge and black ribbon velvet. The front is in polonaise or princess shape, draped in front on the chest and on the hips; the sides merge in these draperies, but the back is cut like a corsage and finished off with an added skirt. The polonaise fronts are cut very low over a pink silk bodice cut in V shape in front, and trimmed round the opening with a turned-back scalloped frill, fastened on the chest with an antique silver clasp enriched with Rhine pebbles.

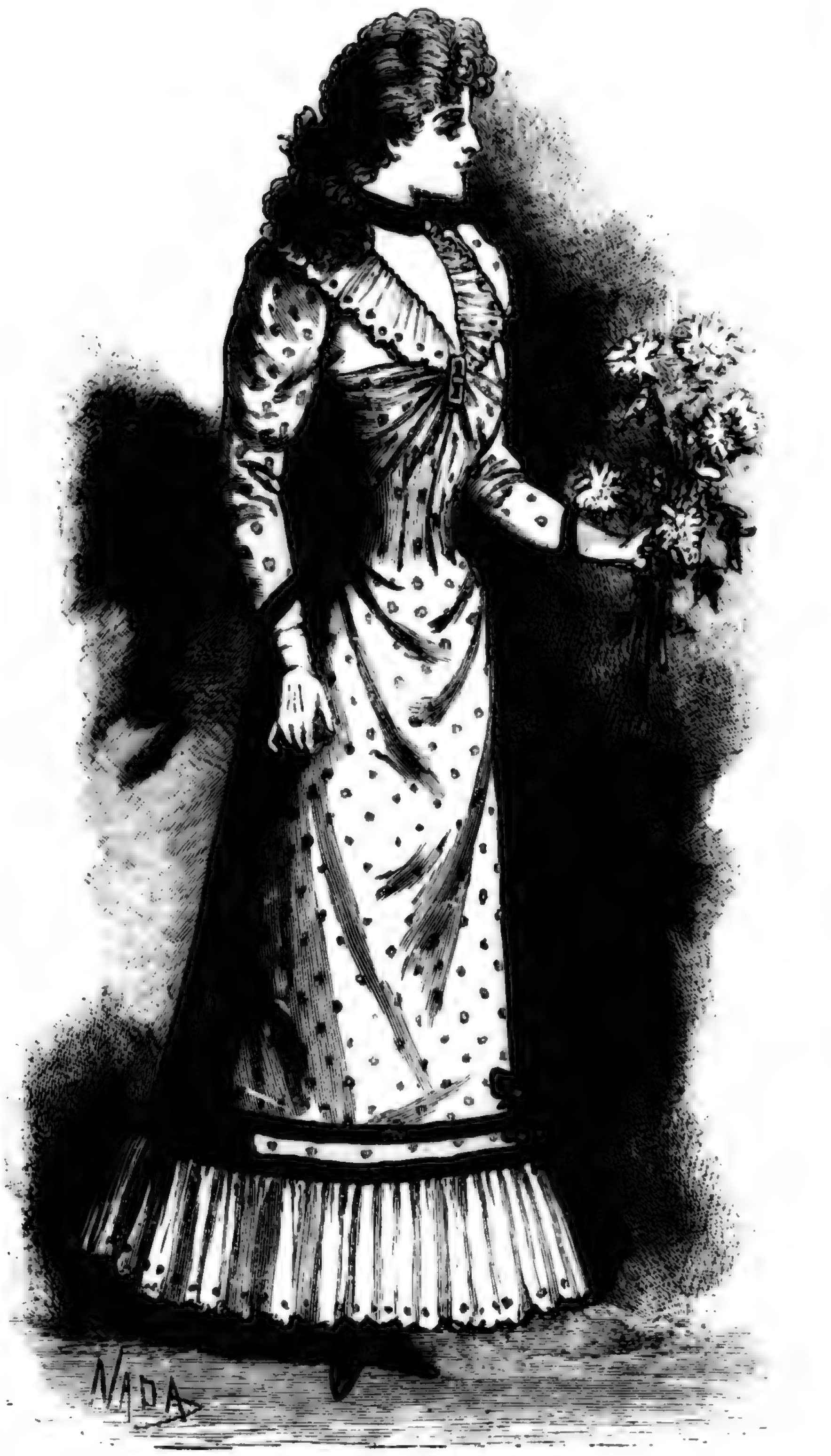


Fig. 1. Evening Dress for Young Girl.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

The skirt is bordered with a scalloped flounce of the plain material, headed by two bands of black velvet which terminate on the left side under velvet bows. The sleeves are gracefully draped, and finished off with a band of black velvet. A bow of black velvet on the hair, and a band to correspond round the neck complete the toilette.

The most absolute simplicity of style still prevails in the ordinary dresses worn by girls of from ten to fifteen years of age; the costume for a girl of twelve, illustrated at fig. 3, is a good example, and may be carried out in various colours and materials. The original model is made of pale nut brown cloth, and trimmed with narrow braid to match. The plain skirt, mounted with gathers at the waist, is trimmed above the hem with five rows of braid. The bodice is full at the waist, and drawn in with a few rows of gauging back and front, and ends under a band covered with braid, pointed in front, but straight and fastened under a cloth rosette at the back. The fastening is down the left shoulder and under the left arm, and a pointed yoke is simulated by bands of braid; the collar is covered with rows of braid, and the sleeves are trimmed with graduated rows of braid at the wrist, and puffed and raised at the shoulder.

The beige cloth dress, fig. 4, has the upper part of the skirt striped and the lower part embroidered with a band of the plain cloth, enriched with an embroidered border in a different design at the extreme edge. The bodice is made with pleats at the shoulders in front, providing a little fulness, which is gathered or pleated in at the waist; the back is cut without seams and gathered at the waist; the fastening is in front under an embroidered pleat, and a ribbon band round the waist has bows at the back and on the right side of the point in front. The high collar is curved out a little at the top, the sleeves are puffed and pleated at the shoulder, and open at the wrist over a point of the embroidered band.

Another pretty and very simple dress is illustrated at fig. 5. This is made of dust grey cloth, scalloped and embroidered with black silk. The plain skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce scalloped at the edge and headed by a band of embroidery. Similar bands ornament the cuffs and collar, and form bretelles on the front of the corsage. The bodice is fastened under the bretelle on one side, and gathered at the waist front and back. The bretelles are edged with a scalloped frill, which, together with the embroidered band, is carried round the neck at the back. The full sleeve is mounted on the buttoned cuff with a scalloped heading. The ribbon waistband is fastened at the back with a rosette.

Some of the new hats for young girls are more or less in the shape of sailor hats, always a becoming style to young faces. Fig. 2 is one of these models, and is made of black or coloured velvet stretched on the frame, and very simply trimmed in front with a velvet bow and a pair of wings; the hat is stylish in dark green velvet, with green wings speckled with gold; in beige velvet with speckled brown feathers, and in grey velvet with grey feathers. A hat, very similar to this, but with the brim a little wider in front and bent a little at the sides, is made of wood brown velvet stretched on the frame, and has a folded drapery of striped crêpe lisse round the crown, with a crest-like pleating of the lisse edged with lace standing up in front, and brown wings lying back from the bow on either side.

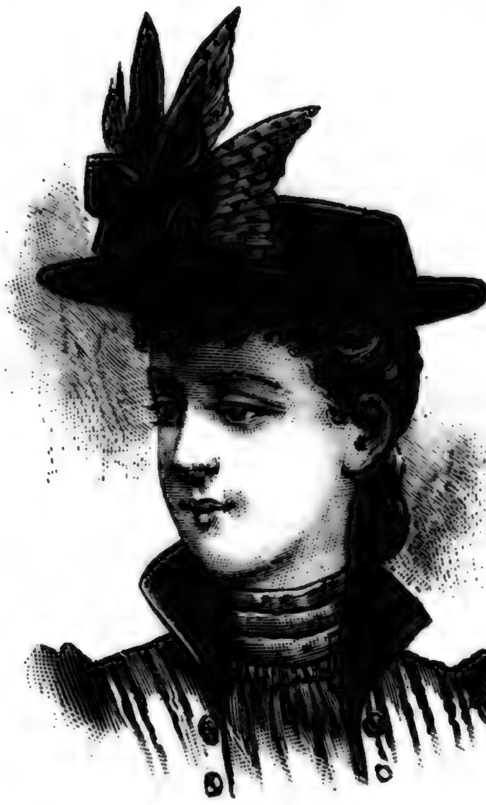


Fig. 2. The Lucienne Hat.

There is a pleasing absence of exaggeration in nearly all the dresses, mantles, and hats prepared for young girls, of which our illustrations give ample proof, and which may be considered a good augury for the future. Grey and beige cloth are much employed for girls' pardessus, which have no ornamentation beyond a few rows of stitching. A very good model is a redingote of grey cloth, with revers on either side of the front extending from the neck to the edge, but opening as far as the waist over a plain, pointed plastron, the fastening being invisible. There is a pèlerine over the arms, starting from under the revers at the top, and crossed at the back by the triple box pleat that supplies the fulness for the skirt. The sleeves are easy, and finished off with widely opened sabot cuffs.

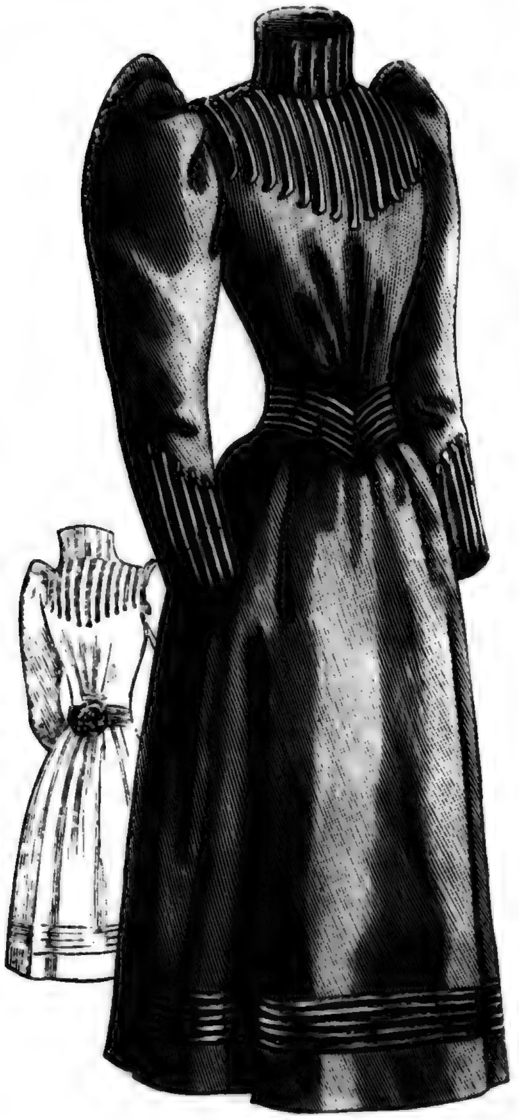


Fig. 3. Costume for Girl of Twelve.

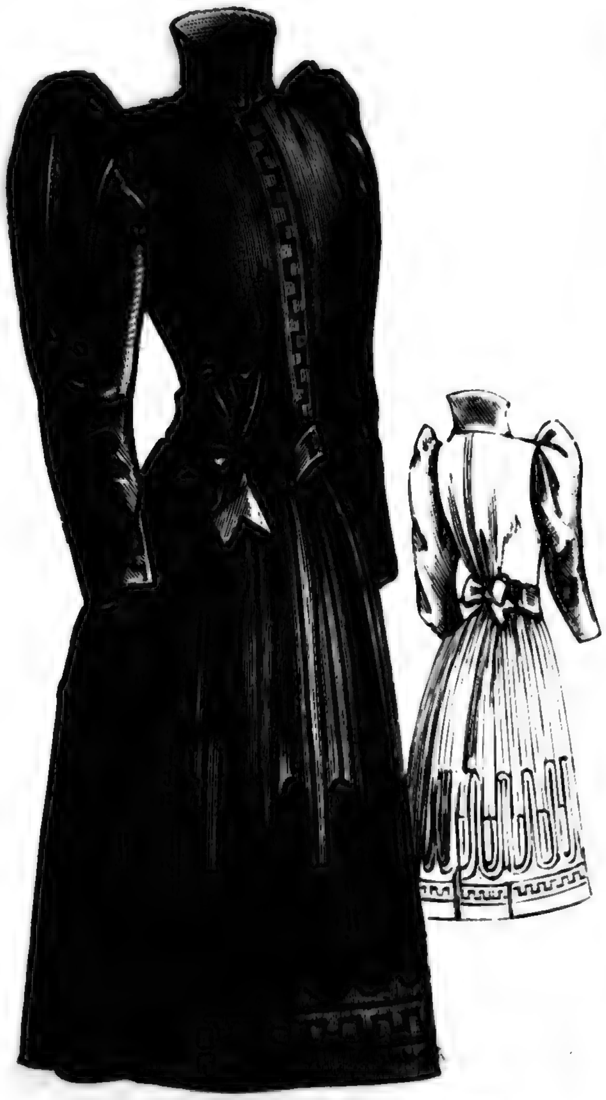


Fig. 4. Dress of Beige Woollen.

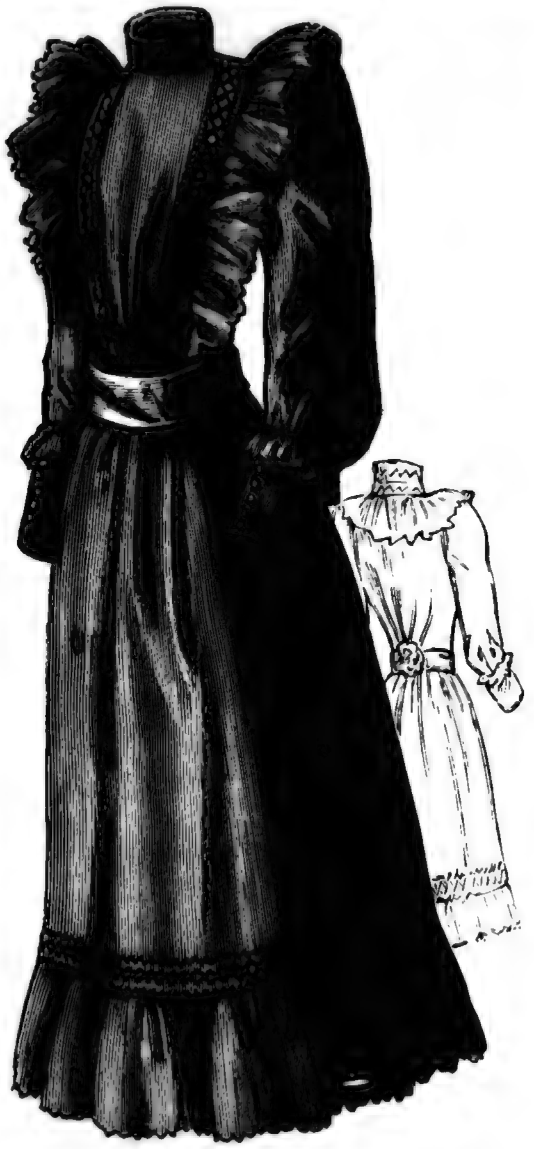


Fig. 5. Dress for Girl of Thirteen.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

More elaborate than this is a cloak of dark blue cloth; the long redingote fronts are crossed on the chest over a plastron of velvet in a darker shade, the right side crosses to the left hip, and the opening is then carried in a straight line to the edge of the skirt. At the back all the top part is of velvet, the pleated skirt being of cloth; a cape of cloth falls in a straight line from the shoulders in front, is gathered and raised at the shoulder, and the two sides meet at the waist, framing the pointed plastron of velvet, and then open to fall on either side of the pleated skirt. All the edges of the opening, of the cape, and of the coat sleeves underneath are trimmed with a very narrow black feather bordering; a similar band covers the gathers of the cape on the shoulders, and the high, sloped velvet collar is also trimmed with feathers.

For every-day wear there are convenient cloaks with full fronts drawn in by a girdle, long Russian sleeves, and, by way of garniture, a stand up collar and turned down collar reaching to the shoulders covered with pleated ruches of velvet, in one of the shades of the striped cloth.

Several pretty styles of capes are also suited for young girls, and will be worn by them as the season advances; some of these are pleated in to a straight collar, others are mounted on yokes.

Myra's Hints to Correspondents.

It is generally in the spring that changes in fashion may be chiefly looked for, and though these are never very abrupt or violent, some decided difference between the spring modes and those of the previous autumn may always be traced.

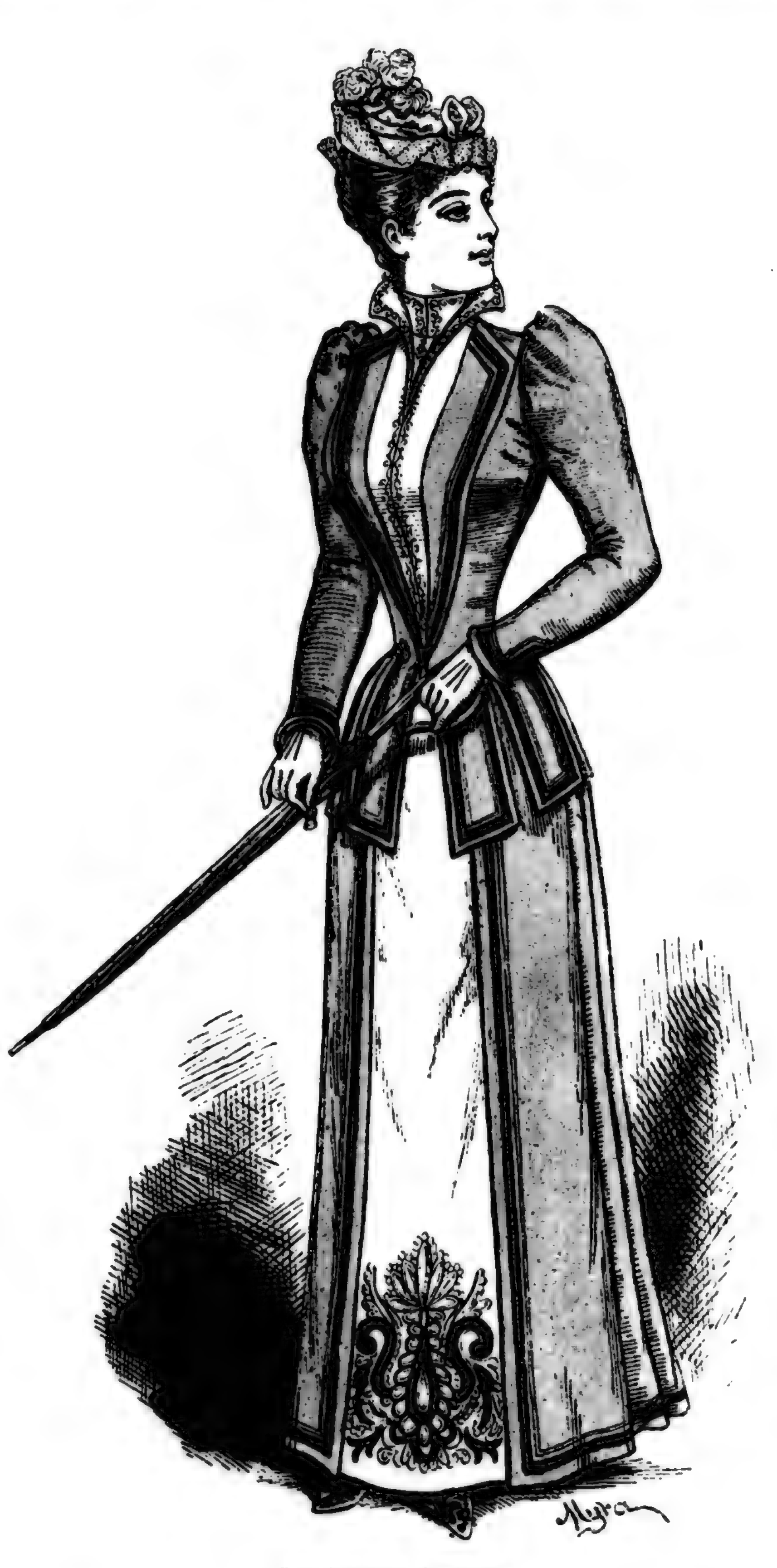
In one direction, that of plain skirts, for instance, as fashion has already reached the extreme limits of simplicity, a change in the other direction may be looked for with certainty, and those who desire to follow French modes must shortly abandon the very plain, clinging skirts so popular with slenderly built English women, and so very trying to most people.

The methods adopted for breaking the hitherto straight lines of skirts are of various kinds, but none of them are of a nature to destroy the symmetry of the figure. Small panier draperies are decidedly gaining ground, but chiefly for soft, flexible materials, such as crêpe, bengaline, lace, etc., and for dressy evening toilettes. A style of skirt that is coming into vogue for woollen dresses, is the plain skirt in which the paniers are formed by gathering it up in the centre and far back on each side for about twelve inches below the waist, the slight fulness causing a few natural folds round the hips that simulate a small panier. This style, either with added paniers, or with the paniers forming part of the skirt, can only be adopted with some variety of short bodice; if the fashionable long jacket be worn, some other style of drapery must be adopted. Of these the newest and most fashionable consists in draping the skirt a little on each side, by a few pleats held by a rosette, at about the level of the knees. Great skill and taste are required in carrying out this style of drapery, for unless well done the effect is anything but good.

As with draperies, so with other trimmings—the lower part of the skirt is the portion that is generally trimmed; rich embroidered borders, headed by bands or detached ornaments of feathers, zigzag arrangements of embroidered cloth or braid, forming a series of alternating upward and downward points, flounces, ruches, festoons and valance draperies, or square crenelated tabs everything is placed near the edge, and the trimming may be either wide or narrow, as taste and circumstances dictate.

Bodices with added basques are slowly gaining in favour, especially since dressmakers have hit upon the happy idea of dividing the basque into a series of deep, square cut tabs, that are much more becoming to the figure than the plain basque, of which the straight edge line cuts the figure in half. The divided basque may be worn by nearly everyone, the plain basque by a few only. Even full fronted bodices are finished off with an added basque, and the effect is by no means bad, especially when the basque is well opened in front. The full pleated basques sometimes adopted are anything but graceful and becoming, still a few votaries of fashion, who have more zeal than discretion, are prepared to follow even this very trying mode.

Princess dresses, both plain and draped, these last especially, are in very great favour, and when the figure is good a more elegant or graceful style of dress could not be desired. Evening dresses are very often made in this way, and we illustrate some charming models in both styles. Sometimes one side of the dress is quite plain, showing only the top and side of a low, square cut bodice, and the other side is draped across the figure in soft, close lying folds, and is fastened on the opposite hip and thence falls straight to the edge close beside the train. A band of gold or jewelled galon follows and marks the line of the side that is crossed over, and is continued to the edge of the skirt.



The Aveyron Costume.

Tablier of white cloth, richly embroidered at the edge with black and gold. Over-skirt of coloured cloth, flat at the sides, pleated at the back, and trimmed round the edge with black and gold braid. Corsage with deep basque cut in tabs and trimmed with braid, the fronts open with revers over a white cloth waistcoat, cut with the Medici collar and showing a plain collar underneath, both ornamented with black and gold embroidery. White cloth hat, trimmed with white and gold. Quantity of material required—white, 2 yards; coloured, 7 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

A very curious feature in many fashionable evening toilettes is the combination of cloth with the most magnificent brocades and similar fabrics. The cloth employed is very fine and glossy, and is used chiefly in white and cream, but to a certain extent also in very light shades of green, blue, pink, mauve, orange, etc. The idea is valuable for the renovation of evening dresses in brocade, velvet, or rich silk, and cloth is also combined with mousseline de soie, though with less good effect.

As a specimen dress, one may be mentioned, of which the whole of the princess front is of ivory white cloth. The corsage is cut off square on the chest, and this part and the edge of the skirt are richly ornamented with gold and emerald embroidery bordered with feather trimming—not the ordinary band of curled ostrich feathers, but small detached bunches of birds' feathers in metallic tints. The rest of the corsage and train are of ivory white brocade, cut in princess shape; the sides come well forward, and are turned back with revers of emerald green velvet. The short puffed sleeves are of mousseline de soie, with shoulder straps of emerald green velvet.

Gold and silver passementeries, both with and without jewels, are in great request for ornamenting ball and evening toilettes of all kinds, and these bought trimmings have the merit of being less costly than embroideries worked on the dress material. When the jewels are small, and employed with judicious moderation, the effect of the trimmings is very good, especially when turquoises or amethysts are the gems introduced; emeralds and rubies are less to be admired, and diamonds and moonstones least of all, especially as these last are often used in very large sizes, and are entirely without colour, or reflets.

Amongst evening dresses, one is of surah in a lovely tone of shell pink, the perfectly plain skirt bordered with a wide band of silver passementerie, studded with pearls and turquoises, this being continued as a panel up the left side. The bodice, cut V shape, is of the silk, in graceful folds rising from a pointed corselet of the passementerie, finished round the basque with a frilling of silver thread lace, which is also used to trim the neck and sleeves. A second beautiful model is of rich white sicillienne, made with Grecian draperies edged with narrow white ostrich feather ruching, the statuesque folds kept in place by means of clusters of white tips of various lengths. A combination of white moiré and net has the skirt front of pleated white net, on which are scattered single violets, looking exactly as though they had been accidentally thrown on the net. The back and side panels are of moiré, as is the low corsage.

Myra's * Answers * to * Correspondents.

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following Number.*

3. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

4. *In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employments for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects,* MYRA *will reply to enquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending enquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post,* 12 *postage stamps should be enclosed.*

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

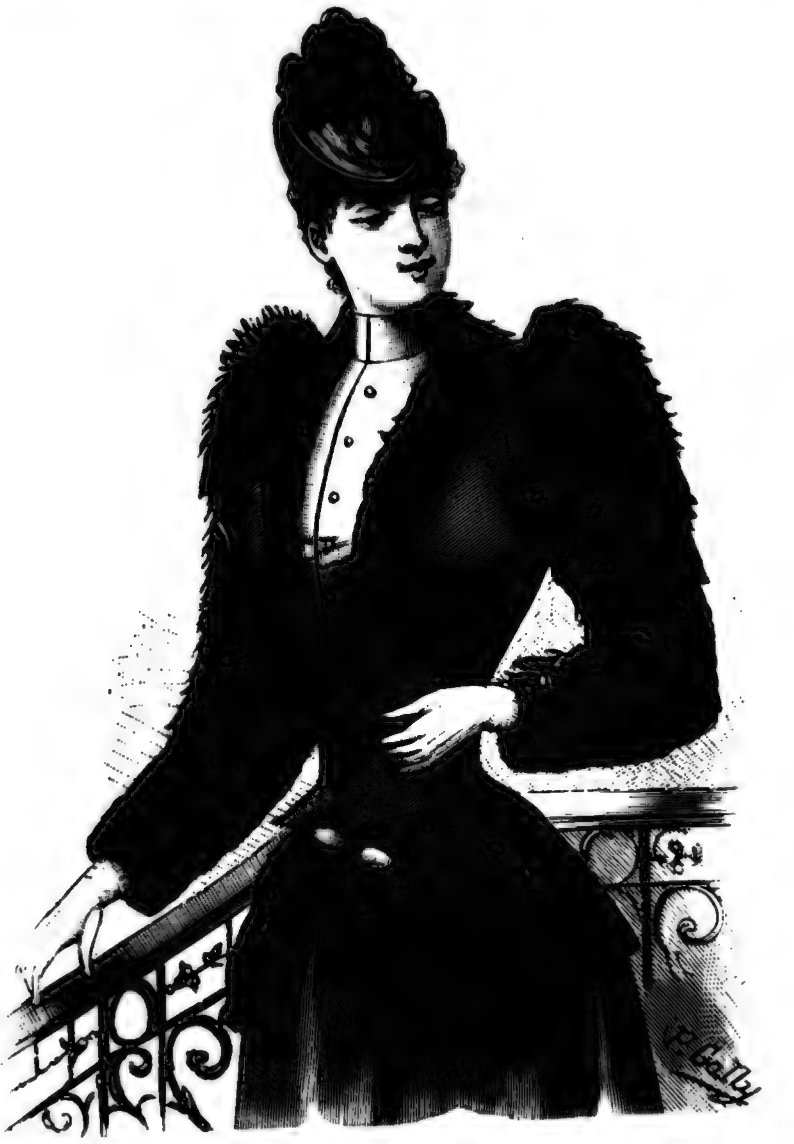
1. *Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

2. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*

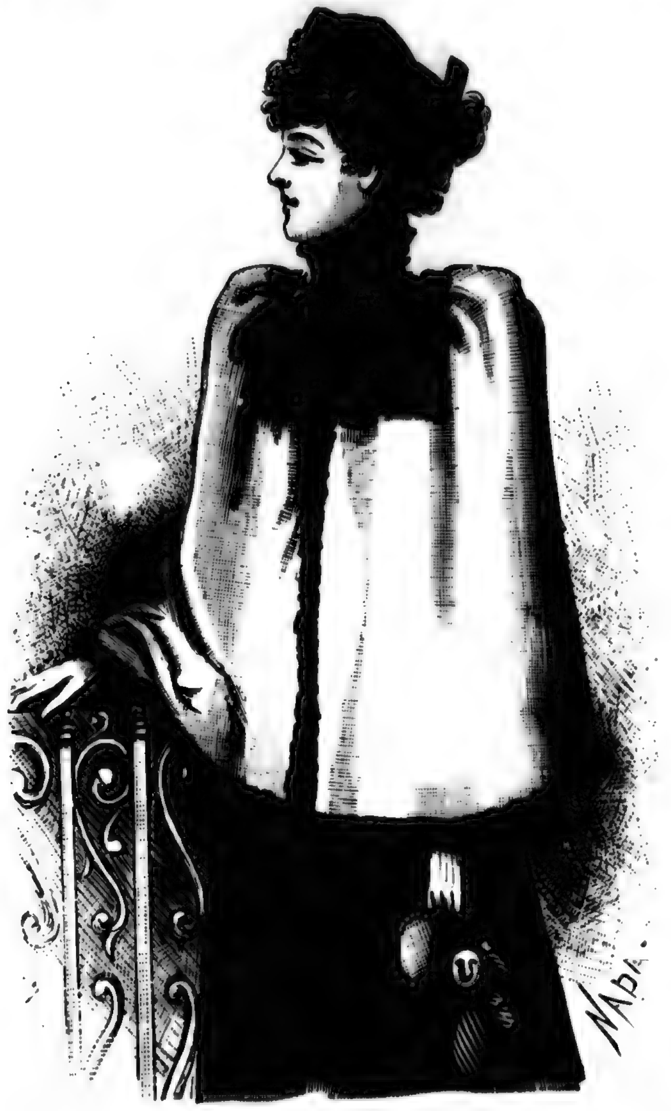
IRENE.—On no account cut the lace skirt; it would be a great pity to do so, and the extra length gives you the opportunity of making it up in a more fashionable style than a plain skirt. Mount it with gathers at the top, and drape the lower part about 12 or 14 inches above the edge in a series of festooned scallops. Wherever the pleats that form the festoons are caught together cover them either with a rosette of frayed-out ruched silk, a plume of feathers, or a spray of flowers; there should be five of these groups of pleats across the fronts and sides of your skirt. Make the corsage and back breadths of plain pale pink faille, with ornaments on the corsage corresponding with those on the lace front, and all in the same shade of pink as the faille. Mr. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, has a lovely faille in the exact shade of pink you require for your dress.

H. H.—1. The plan you suggest will do for the front of your dress, but the depth to be trimmed is so awkward that we should advise you to carry the trimming higher still, quite two-thirds of the full length. You will not be able to find a made trimming this depth, nor would it look very well; straight bands of an open silk passementerie, or gimp trimming, at regular intervals would be much better and less expensive (see the dress, fig. 2, on page 14); one row of the trimming must, of course, cover the join. The bodice must be cut off and a new one made. Any good draper will supply the trimming. 2. Velours du Nord wears very well; you would find it in all respects satisfactory. 3. Not exactly coronets, but raised in front (see the illustrations in this number). 4. The petticoats are not worn now, and we doubt whether you could procure them anywhere, but you might write to Mr. John Noble, 11, Piccadilly, Manchester. 5. We cannot promise models of caps, they are so little worn that there are scarcely any new models to illustrate. 6. You could either make the draped front of the skirt of woollen material and the bodice and back breadths of the moiré, or the front of skirt of moiré, the sides and back of woollen, and the bodice of woollen, with moiré waistcoat and other ornaments.

JEUNESSE.—We give with this number a pattern of a jacket with added basque, which will answer your purpose. Cut off the worn edge of the skirt, and use one of the back breadths for the front, which must not show a join, but add on enough at the top of the other breadths to give the requisite length. Cut the bodice shorter, and then add the deep basque to it; you will have to add the basque in the same way at the back; you must make the seam slant downwards towards the centre of the back, and it must be in an exact line with that joining on the side basque. Your bodice will give you the correct line for this seam.



THE VIVIANE JACKET.



THE SIGURD CAMAIL.

Jacket of grey cloth, open to the waist over a vest of white cloth, and ornamented with a turned down collar and revers of shaded green feathers; deep added basque, the front part of feathers. Sleeves of feathers. Black velvet hat, the crown draped with grey velvet; plume of feathers. Quantity of material required—cloth, 1½ yards; 1 feather garniture.

Cape of peau de Suède cloth, full over the shoulders, and mounted on a square yoke of passementerie with Medici collar to match, bordered with a piping of black feathers. Similar piping round the edges of the cape. Draped toque of black velvet, bordered with a string of jet beads; black velvet strings. Quantity of material required—1½ yards.

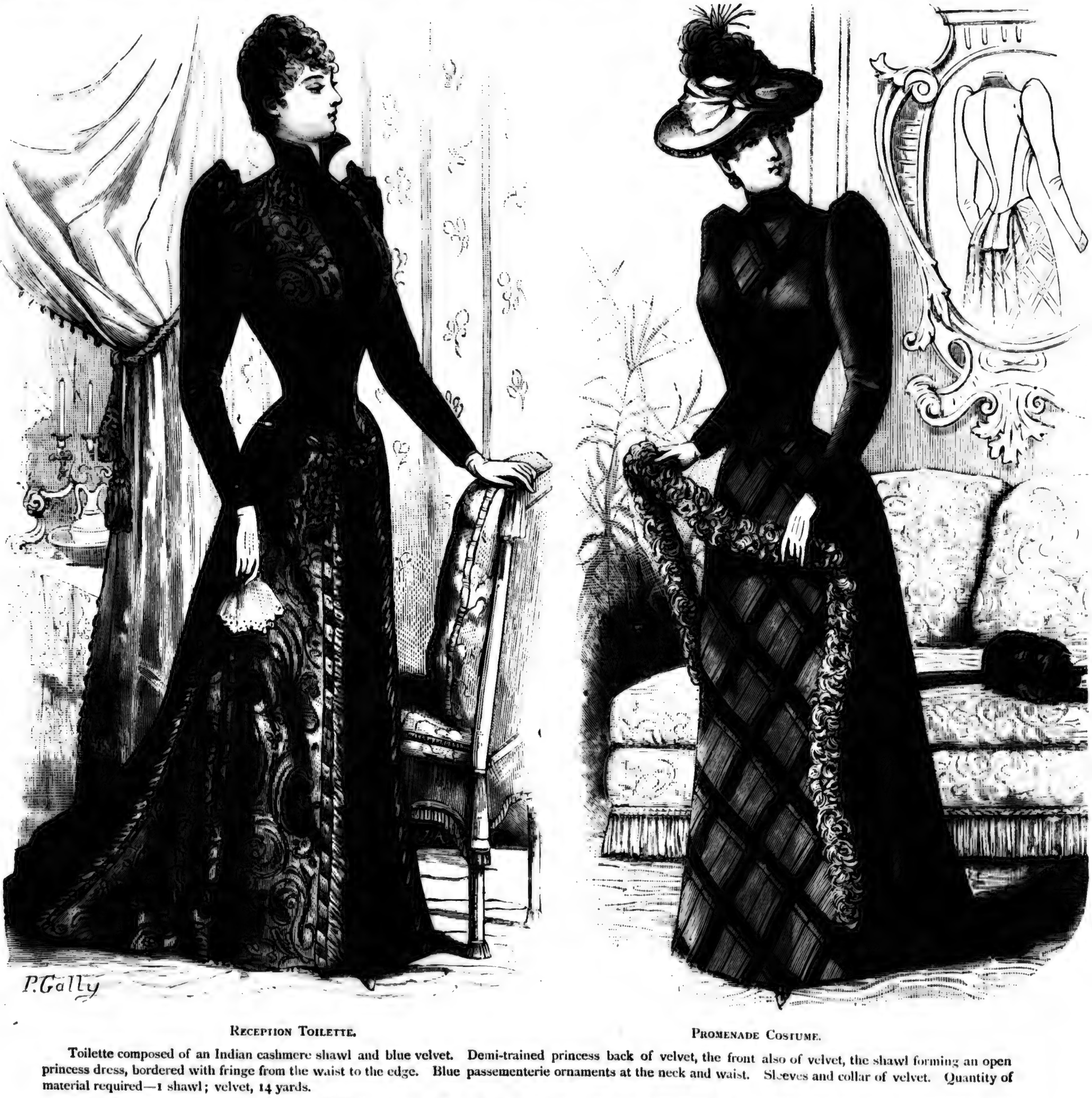
For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

To Amateur Dressmakers.—The Patent Shapely Skirt Association, 85, Cromwell Road, S.W., opposite Gloucester Road Station, supplies Foundation Skirts, complete, well made in latest Parisian style. Lining, 5s. 6d. Linen, Sateen, or Black Alpaca, 6s. 6d. Col. Alpaca or Poplin Cord, 7s. 6d. Silk, from 18s. 6d. Extra muslin stiffening, 6d. Carriage to Country, 6d. Send front length and size of waist.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON NEEDLEWORK.

Aneta.—The colours for the rug pattern given in the January number are as follows: black squares, gold coloured silk; black with diagonal line in white, dark blue; white with black pyramid, medium blue; white with upright black stroke, light blue; half black and half white, divided diagonally, dark pink; white squares crossed from sides, light pink; white square with T, dark réséda; white squares with black dot, light réséda; squares with H, dark brown; white squares with black pyramid, medium brown; white squares with black diagonal line, light brown; the ground, white squares, black or any dark colour harmonising with the work. For the pattern in the December number the original colours are: black squares, very dark, dull brown; black with white spots, medium Renaissance blue; half white half black, a lighter shade of blue; black with white stroke, dark pink; white crossed with black from the corners, medium pink; white with horizontal black stroke, light pink; white with diagonal stroke, very light pink; white with black dot, light wood brown; white with vertical black stroke, very light wood brown; white crossed from the sides, light green. The ground may be black or any light shade that harmonises with the colours. It would perhaps be better to send for patterns of wools in the shades required and then select for yourself. The choice of colours is very much a question of taste, and at any time it requires a good deal of discretion. We regret that the printers could not find room on the page for the key lines to these two designs; we are not surprised that you should be pleased with them, for they are very effective.

S. B.—There is a book on Stocking Knitting in the Silkworm Series. 2. Yes, 1s. 2d.. post free.



Reception Toilette.

Promenade Costume.

Toilette composed of an Indian cashmere shawl and blue velvet. Demi-trained princess back of velvet, the front also of velvet, the shawl forming an open princess dress, bordered with fringe from the waist to the edge. Blue passementerie ornaments at the neck and waist. Sleeves and collar of velvet. Quantity of material required—1 shawl; velvet, 14 yards.

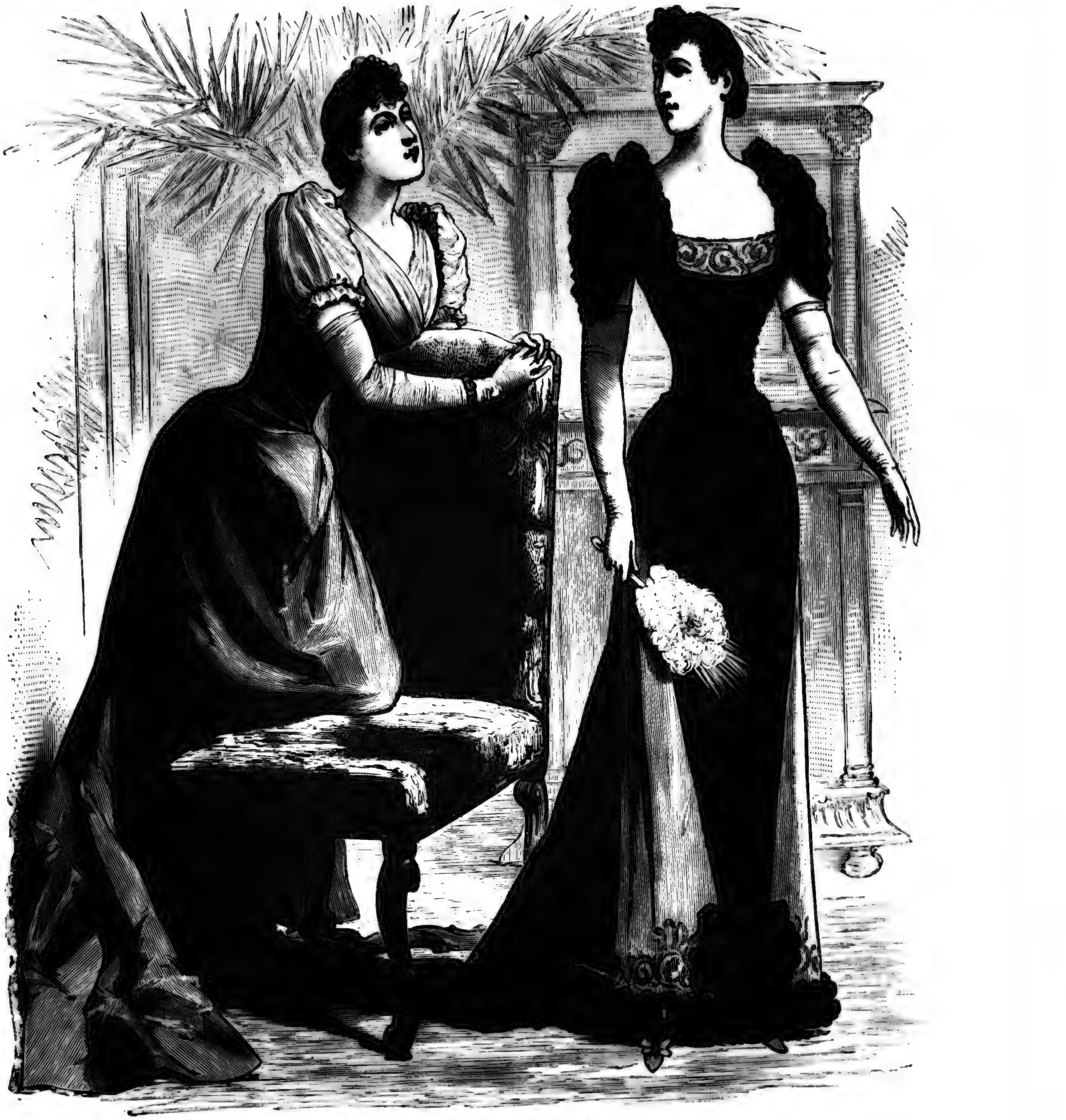
Dress of woollen plaid in beige, brown, dull blue and red. Plain skirt cut on the cross, and plastron of the plaid also cut on the cross, and bordered with brown velvet following the point. Short open jacket of brown cheviot, with added habit basque at the back; collar and small revers of velvet. Coat sleeve with velvet cuff. Beige felt hat, trimmed with cream velvet and brown feathers. Quantity of material required—plaid, 5 yards; plain, 2 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

ASPINALL'S EMAMEL.—This lovely invention becomes more and more popular year after year, and the sales are increasing all over the world. There has never been such a beautiful article brought out for preserving and rejuvenating old furniture, baths, &c., &c. It goes equally well on all surfaces, wood, metal, slate, or wicker. Sold everywhere, or post free, in tins, 7d., 1s. 6d., and 3s.; for baths, 9d., 1s. 9d., and 3s. 6d.; artists' tins, in box, 12 for 2s. 9d., from Works, London, S.E.

MISCELLANEA.

A very handsome piece of embroidery was received at the office of **Myra's Journal** shortly after Christmas, without any instructions or explanation of the purpose for which it was sent. We shall be very pleased to return the work on receipt of a correct description of it, and stamps to pay for the carriage of the parcel.



Fashionable Evening Toilettes.

Fig. 1. Princess dress of electric blue velvet, with slight drapery on the front of the corsage and on the hips. The bodice crosses from right to left over the draped, crossed fichu of pale blue crêpe de Chine; short, puffed sleeve of crêpe, and passementerie ornament round the armhole. Long, square train. Quantity of material required—velvet, 22 yards.

Fig. 2. Skirt of gold coloured satin, edged in front with gold embroidery and black feather bordering. Corsage of satin, cut square and embroidered across the chest. Draped princess front of black embroidered tulle, drawn in at the foot in front under a large bow of tulle. Demi-train of satin and corsage covered with tulle, the centre of the back of the bodice of embroidered satin, cut square at the top and ending in a point at the waist. Small figaro fronts of bouillonné tulle ending in the draperies on the hip. Short bouillonné sleeves without lining. Quantity of material required—satin, 12 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

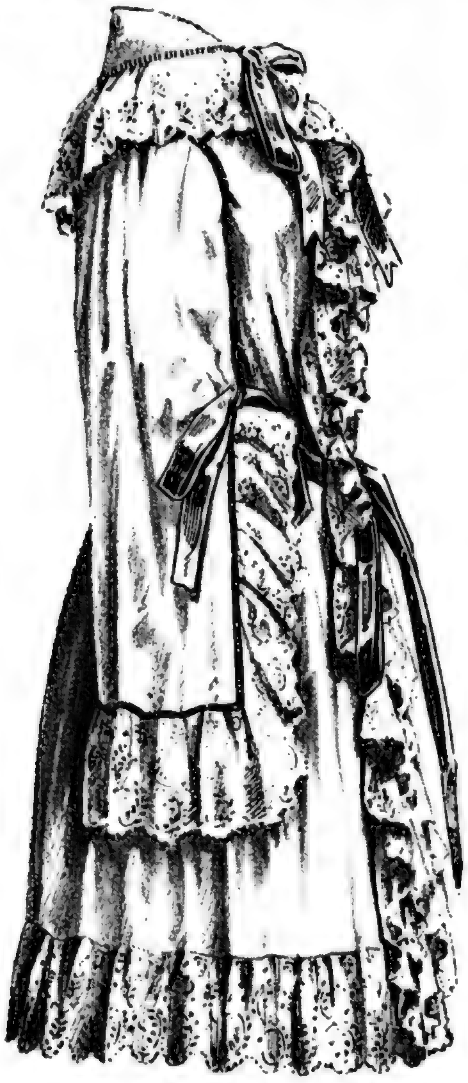
Aneta.—The small Waterbury watches will fit into some of the ordinary wristlets, but not into all, as they require a little more depth than most watches. They are excellent timekeepers, and the Company will send with the watch one of the leather wristlets specially made for their ladies' watches. The wristlets cost only 1s. each, and may be had in various colours. We can conscientiously recommend the watches.

President of India.—Bath, Clifton, Weston-super-Mare, Exeter, and the seaside places in the neighbourhood; Exmouth, Dawlish, etc., are all extremely pleasant towns to live in, and not very expensive. Sidmouth, Lyme Regis, and other places in South Devon, would be still less expensive, especially for residents. Rents in any of these places would be far less than in London; food is also cheaper, but servants' wages would be about the same, or perhaps a little less. If you do not object to the country, capital houses may often be had in Devon, Cornwall, or Somersetshire for very small rents, about £20 or so; living in these places is very inexpensive, but it is advisable to keep the store-room well supplied with the many articles needed in housekeeping that cannot be procured in country shops. All the places named are in the midst of very pretty scenery, and the climate as a rule is mild. There are charming villages in the neighbourhood of Bath and Clifton where you could have a very pretty house and garden for a moderate rent, but, before deciding, you should stay for a week or two in either place, and make excursions from thence.

Star-Succi.—1. No teacher of any standing will do what you require; you must apply either to an agent or to one of the large music publishing houses, such as Chappell's. Engagements are often procured through these. 2. It would be very much against your own interest to assume an Italian name, you would have a much better chance under your own, or, at any rate, an English name. Italian singers, unless they are extremely good operatic artistes, are not in demand; a great deal more is expected of Italian singers than of those of English birth.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

DOLLIE DAISY DIMPLE.—1. It would not injure the hair, but you would have to use a very weak solution of the gum, and the following preparation would be still better. Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic and half an ounce of moist sugar in three-quarters of a pint of hot water. Then dissolve six grains each of powdered corrosive sublimate and sal-ammoniac in two fluid ounces of rectified spirit, add this to the gum and water, and then add water till there is a pint of the mixture altogether, and perfume with eau de Cologne or other scent. Use this before putting the hair in papers or curling it round the fingers. 2. We have already given a recipe for a curling preparation made of wax; you will find it in the JOURNAL for December, in the reply to ZELMA.



THE GISELE MATINEE.

Matinée of pale blue surah, drawn in at the waist by a blue ribbon sash. Long square sleeves open in front, and deep collar. Trimming of lace and ribbon.

MADAME.—No; we do not think all cures for chilblains have this effect, but, at any rate, you can safely use the Pâte des Prélats, of the Parfumerie Exotique, 35, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris, which makes the skin very white and soft, and preserves the hands from chilblains and cracks.

MISS McC.—Impossible advertisements notwithstanding, we do not think it possible to prevent re-growth—at least, at once Depilatories will only remove existing superfluous hair, they will not prevent growth. Afterwards, however, an occasional application will prevent the new growth reaching visible proportions. We think they are much superior to the use of tweezers, provided always that you use a good depilatory. We recommend the one prepared by Mr. Mason, of Norwich, as it is thoroughly efficacious and economical, the price being only 2s., post free. In many cases by its use the growth gradually becomes weaker, and sometimes altogether ceases.

MABEL.—Heat and vitiated air cause the flushing and redness you experience upon entering crowded assemblies. This may be prevented by the use of Mason's Cream of Stephanotis, which is a creamy lotion, free from grease, pleasant to use, and, from its tonic properties, imparting a delightful sensation of freshness and well-being. Do not apply it too lavishly, and be careful to rub gently the parts to which it has been applied with some soft material, so that it may not show. For particulars as to price, see Mr. Mason's advertisement.

STAR-SUCCI.—The cold cream will do no harm whatever; on the contrary, it will keep the skin soft and smooth. After rubbing the cream in you should use a little good powder to prevent greasiness.

AUSTRIAN.—For a warm salt-water bath, dissolve, in ten gallons of water, as much coarse-grained table salt or bay-salt as will fill a large breakfast cup. The bath should be tepid, not very hot, unless in special cases.

PAULINA.—You keep your hair very much too dry, and should give up the constant washing, which will only make matters worse. Try the effect of Rowland's Macassar Oil; rubbed in at night, the oil will give the nourishment your hair evidently requires.

CLARIBEL.—1. Our office is now at 204, Regent Street. 2. Golden shades in the hair can be easily induced and rendered permanent by the use of peroxide of hydrogen, which is far preferable to, and safer than, the dyes sold for that purpose. Unfortunately, many makes of peroxide are very weak and unreliable, so we recommend our clients, who desire to avoid disappointment, to write direct to Mr. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, for a supply, enclosing Postal Order for 4s.

LADY MACBETH.—The genuine Duvet de Ninon is a hygienic rice powder that ensures the health as well as beauty of the skin, and gives it a velvety bloom and clear whiteness. But you must beware of imitations, and it would be safest for you to write direct to the Parfumerie Ninon (Leconte), 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. It can be sent to you by post.

DORA.—The probable cause is a decayed tooth. This you should get your dentist to see to. As a tooth powder we should recommend the Hollandsche Tandmiddelen, which you can procure from any good chemist at 6d. or 1s. per box. This will both cleanse the teeth and purify the breath; but if you prefer a paste, or think a stronger perfume necessary, try the tooth paste with clove flavour, of the same maker.

A MARTYR.—1. You should make your own tea, not leave it to the servants, and never allow it to stand more than three minutes. You will find it harmless, taken in this way, and it need not be weak. Strong tea does no harm; it is the tea that has been standing a long time that does mischief. 2. Scott's Emulsion, taken in small doses, three or four times a day. You will soon find that you are gaining weight.

MRS. JOHN P.—One of the most powerful hair tonics known is an extract of the Jaborandi plant, which is a native of Brazil. The discovery of its power as a hair stimulant is credited to a German physician. Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, now prepares from this plant a Jaborandi Hair Tonic, which he will send, post free, to any address for 3s. 6d.

ORANMORE.—1. Vinolia is undoubtedly the preparation you should use; the skin affection is a very slight form of eczema, for which Vinolia is an admirable remedy. 2. Yes, the same powder, in cream colour.

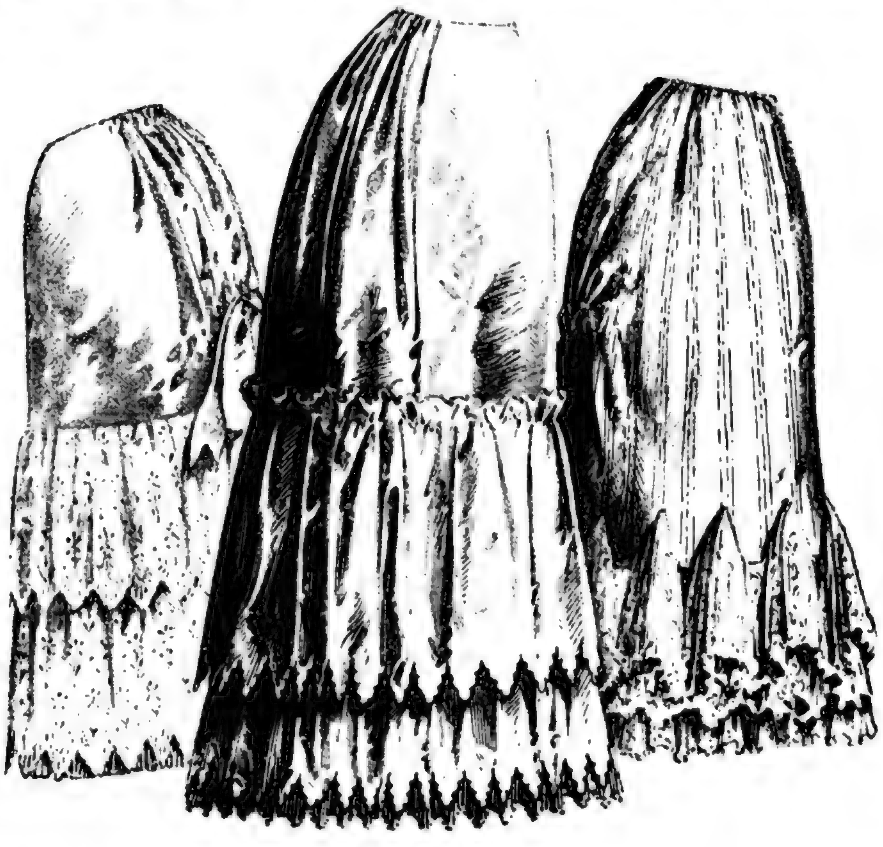
MATER.—White oil, a liniment for sprains and bruises, is thus prepared. Mix, in a large bottle, a quarter of a pint each of vinegar, turpentine, olive oil, and spirits of wine, add the yolks of three raw eggs, and shake well.

ONYX.—Mix one hundred and eighty grains of levigated oxide of tin with six grains of carmine and twenty drops of otto of lavender. This polish should be applied to the nails with the soft side of a bit of sheepskin.

HERON.—In your case we repeat our oft-expressed opinion that light golden and rich brown tints of hair require vegetable stains. Walnut juice is a useful and safe hair stain, but seems to want power and depth of colour on the hair. After many experiments, Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Norwich, has found that by making a combined extract of walnut juice and nutgalls, very deep and rich warm browns may be given to the hair. He will send you the Extract of Walnut Juice and Nutgalls, post free, for 3s. 6d. It is an absolutely harmless vegetable hair stain.

X. Y. Z.—1. Try hot water for sleeplessness, it has very often given the best results—even after long periods of insomnia and the trial of many other remedies. A pint of water, as warm as is pleasant, should be taken the last thing every night. 2. Rowland's Kalydor; you will find it very soothing and healing, and you should always apply it to your face night and morning, and before and after going out whenever the wind is cold enough to cause discomfort.

PAULA.—Your weight is far too great for your age and height. The best remedy for excessive obesity is the Extract of Sea-Wrack (Fucus Vesiculosus). Most satisfactory results have followed its use, and it is now generally recognised as the safest and most reliable remedy. Mr. Mason prepares it both as a liquid extract and as pills. The latter is the pleasantest form, and it is equally efficacious with the liquid. You will find it described in Mr. Mason's advertisement at the end of this JOURNAL.



STYLISH JUPONS.

Fig. 1. In shot pink silk, trimmed with a pleating of silk and two white lace flounces. Fig. 2. In thick gold coloured silk, trimmed with a scalloped pleating and two gathered scalloped flounces. Fig. 3. In Ophelia striped silk, cut in scallops over flounces of white lace mounted on the foundation.

CHILBLAINS are cured and Chapped Hands prevented by the use of the PATE DES PRELATS, which removes all disfigurements and restores to the hands their rosy whiteness. This invaluable remedy may be obtained at the Parfumerie Exotique (E. Senet), 35, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris, at 5 francs and 8 francs per pot, or post-free on receipt of Post Office order for 5 francs 50 cents, or 8 francs 50 cents.

TO THE FAIR SEX.—LADIES' HAIR COMBINGS forwarded by post, thoroughly disentangled by New Process, made up and returned in three days, for 2s. per oz. Tails of Pure Long Hair, 10s. 6d., suitable for New Style.—T. S. BROWN, Ladies' Hair Merchant, 3, Leece Street, Liverpool.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS,

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

EVENING TOILETTES.

Fig. 1. Dress for a young lady in pompadour crêpe, with blue flowers on a pink ground; jacket of light coral coloured velvet trimmed with gold embroidery. Plain skirt of crêpe. Front of corsage of plain pink crêpe, draped from left to right, laid over the lining of the fronts, which is fitted by pleats, and fastened down the centre Open jacket fronts of velvet, showing the draped corsage, lined with pink silk and ornamented with gold embroidery. Waistband, collar, and cuffs of embroidered velvet. Medici collar of gold passementerie. Gigot sleeve of pompadour crêpe. The sides and back of the jacket of velvet, with an embroidered motif on the back. Quantity of material required—crêpe 12 yards; velvet, 2½ yards; plain crêpe, 1½ yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of emerald green velvet and straw coloured satin trimmed with open gold embroidery. Plain tablier of satin, trimmed with three bands of velvet embroidered with gold. Front of corsage of satin, drawn in at the waist with gathers under a short band of embroidered velvet, and fastened in the centre. Open fronts of velvet, bordered with lace like gold embroidery. Velvet redingote panels joined on at the waist and embroidered with gold down the fronts. Velvet train cut in princess shape with the corsage, and pleated below the waist. Gigot sleeve embroidered with gold; Medici collar of gold passementerie. Quantity of material required—satin, 2 yards; velvet, 20 yards.

Fig. 3. Sortie-de-bal in lettuce green cloth, lined with pale pink silk. Plain circular cloak mounted with gathers on a rounded yoke of velvet, covered with open gold passementerie and edged with gold fringe. Passementerie round the edge of the cloak, and a piping of black feathers down the fronts and round the edge. Medici collar, covered with passementerie and lined with feathers, The cloak is open at the back from the waist. Quantity of material required—cloth, 3 yards.

DINNER AND BALL TOILETTES.

Fig. 1. Young lady's dress in black embroidered gauze over water green satin. Satin skirt edged with a narrow pleating, and plain over-skirt of embroidered gauze. Pointed corsage cut in a low V, and laced at the back and finished off with a bias band of the gauze. Draped berthe of plain gauze edged with a narrow pleating of embroidered gauze, and short puffed sleeve. Black feather trimming round the neck and sleeves. Quantity of material required—satin, 14 yards; gauze, 12 yards.

Fig. 2. Princess dinner dress of Edison blue silk, trimmed with black velvet and black feathers. Princess dress fastened in front under a Swiss belt of velvet with long points, the lower edge also cut in long points. The edge of the skirt ornamented with a series of graduated points of velvet. Trained princess back bordered with feather trimming. Coat sleeve with a velvet parement, and Medici collar of black and gold passementerie. Quantity of material required—silk, 18 yards; velvet, 2½ yards.

Fig. 3. Ball toilette in pompadour pekin, the ground sky blue striped with white satin with broché pink rosebuds. The front of the skirt plain with a coquillé of lace down the right side, and small panier draperies of lace. Long square train, untrimmed. Short-waisted sleeveless bodice cut in a low square, the right side of the front covered by a drapery of lace fastened on the left by a diamond clasp. Narrow lace flounce round the neck, except on the right side, where the drapery is. The corsage is laced at the back. Double velvet armlet on the right arm. Diamond ornaments. Quantity of material required—pekin, 18 yards.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of turquoise blue velvet and salmon coloured satin, embroidered with gold and turquoises. Skirt of satin, embroidered at the edge, showing like a panel under the draped front of velvet, caught up on each hip with a gathered heading. Trained princess back, laced down the centre. Cuirasse bodice, with a seam down the front and breast pleats, the draped front joined invisibly to the corsage; pleated side breadths joined on to the corsage with a gathered heading. Deep square yoke of embroidered satin. Gigot sleeve, finished off with a gathered heading at the shoulder, and embroidered at the wrist. Embroidered collar. Quantity of material required—velvet, 20 yards; satin, 2 yards.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES, quickly correct all irregularities, removes all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

TOILETTES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Fig. 1. Greek evening dress. Under-skirt of white faille, embroidered round the edge with gold. Tunic of green crêpe de Chine, falling in a long peplum point to the left of the front and ending in a long train at the back, the edge embroidered with a Greek key pattern and narrow scroll in gold. Bodice of crêpe de Chine, with Greek draperies embroidered with gold, and draped sleeves to correspond, caught up with gold clasps on the shoulders. Draped fichu of white lisse, corselet band of velvet embroidered with gold. Quantity of material required—faille, 6 yards; crêpe de Chine, 1 robe.

Fig. 2. Louis XV. jacket, of blue cloth, the deep basques ornamented with large silver buttons and simulated button holes in silver cord. The fronts open over a waistcoat of white cloth embroidered with silver, which opens again over an under-waistcoat of white silk, with high turned down collar of the same. White cloth revers, embroidered like the waistcoat with silver. White cloth cuffs, with silver buttons and silver cord button holes, and silver cord round the silk collar. Black felt hat, trimmed with feathers. Quantity of material required—cloth, 2 yards.

Fig. 3. Young lady's evening dress. Skirt of pale pink broché silk, cut in deep pointed scallops over an under-skirt, bordered with a deep pleating of pink chiffon. The points trimmed round with bronze green velvet and fine gold passementerie. Pleats of pink peau de soie at the back. Open corsage of peau de soie, embroidered with gold, and corselet of embroidered bronze green silk, cut in points at the top and bordered with velvet. The open corsage bordered with velvet, and straps and bands of velvet joining the fronts over the chemisette of pink chiffon. Folded collar and puffed sleeves of pink chiffon and pink bows on the shoulders. Quantity of material required—broché, 4 yards; peau de soie, 6 yards.

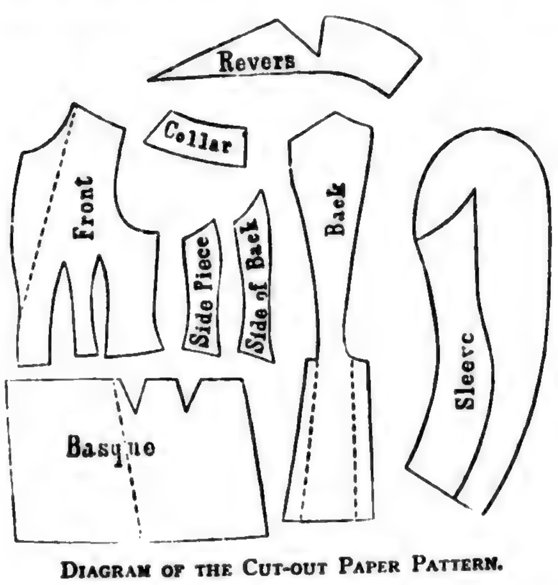


DIAGRAM OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERN.

THE VIVIANE JACKET.

NEW SPRING WALKING COSTUMES.

Fig. 1. Under-skirt of buff cloth; over-skirt of navy blue serge, caught up on the right side to form a box pleat, and trimmed round the edge with black braid. Open jacket, trimmed with braid, showing a plain waistcoat of buff cloth. Coat sleeves with deep cuffs, trimmed with braid. Plain high collar. Hat of buff cloth, trimmed with black velvet and feathers. Quantity of material required—serge, 8 yards.

Fig. 2. Black velvet hat, with full low crown and fluted brim, lined with gold coloured velvet, and bordered with fine gold passementerie. Band of gold braid round the crown, with loops of the same, and jewelled ornament in front, and plume of black feathers. Black velvet strings.

Fig. 3. Skirt of dull blue cloth, the front draped, the sides pleated. Over-skirt of dark blue velvet with flat panels at the sides, rounded off at the lower corners. Corsage of cloth with pointed front of velvet ornamented with a drapery of the cloth. Jet passementerie heading the drapery and corselet band, with drop fringe also of jet passementerie. Sleeves of cloth, with velvet parements and jet trimming. Black velvet hat trimmed with lace and jet. Quantity of material required—cloth, 6 yards; velvet, 7 yards.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

No. 1. WINDOW DRAPERY. The drapery is intended for keeping out draughts; the upper part is a flat cushion wadded and lined with flannel, and covered with embroidered cloth, or plush, edged with the crochet wool border (fig. 2); the lower part is of embroidered cloth, lined with flannel only and bordered with cord.

No. 2. CROCHET BORDER FOR DRAPERY. The edging is worked backwards and forwards. Make a chain the desired length, and on it work one row of single crochet; turn. 1st row: 5 chain, 1 single in 4th stitch, repeat. 2nd row: 1 single, 1 double, 2 treble, 2 chain, 2 treble, 1 double, 1 single in 5 chain, 1 single on single of last row. The heading is worked on the other side of the foundation chain; 1 treble, 1 chain, missing 1 stitch of foundation. The tassels are of wool: cut 8 or 10 lengths of wool of about 5 inches long, double them in the middle, and fasten tightly with a wool needle, attaching at the same time to the two chain-stitches of scallop. About half an inch from the top wind some wool round the tassel and fasten off securely This forms the head. In each case it is better to pass the needle, with the wool used in fastening, through the tassel, cutting the end even with the tassel.

No. 3. DETACHED SPRAY FOR DRAPERY. The designs are worked with wool in 4 shades of olive green, or of some other colour, at intervals on the lower part of the drapery.

Nos. 4 and 5. PATTERNS IN DARNED NET. These designs may be used for various purposes, and are very pretty darned with coloured or white silk on young ladies' tulle ball dresses.

No. 6. LACE IN CROCHET. This is worked in wool, and is particularly suitable for bordering petticoats, and may be worked on the petticoat:—1st row: 1 treble, 1 chain. 2nd row: between each treble work 5 treble drawn to 1, 1 chain. 3rd row: in the chain between the trebles, 1 double, 1 treble, 5 chain, 1 treble in 1st of 5 chain, 1 treble in treble; repeat.

No. 7. BORDER IN GUIPURE D'ART. The border may be used for edging d'oyleys and similar purposes; the stitches employed are linen-stitch, darning-stitch, and point d'esprit.

No. 8. BAND FOR CUSHION OF WINDOW DRAPERY. The ground material is dark bronze cloth, the applications are in lighter shades of the same colour, outlined first with thick brown silk, couched on with fine silk to match, and beyond this with a line of red silk or of gold cord. The drapery is suspended by cord loops from small brass-headed nails.

No. 9. BASSINETTE COVER IN CROCHET. This pattern is suitable for a bassinette or perambulator cover. It should be worked in two contrasting colours or shades of wool, one row of each. The wool must be fastened off at the end of each row:—1st row: chain. 2nd row: put the needle in the stitch and draw through the wool as though for double crochet, then pass the thread over the needle and again draw the wool through the same stitch as for treble crochet; draw the wool through the 3 loops on the needle, then through the 2 remaining loops. Miss one stitch of chain, and repeat. The next and succeeding rows are the same, but worked in each stitch of the row preceding. For the edge:—1st row: 2 treble, 5 chain, 2 treble in 1st stitch, miss 1 stitch, and repeat. 2nd row: 5 treble drawn to 1 in 5 chain, 1 single between the trebles over the missed stitch.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Tea gown of bengaline, trimmed at the edge with a gathered flounce pinked out at the upper and lower edges. The full fronts mounted on a rounded yoke of velvet, with collar of the same. A full drapery added

TO INVENTORS.—If you have an idea for a Patent, write to the Patent Editor, Patent Department, 38, Chancery Lane, London, who will supply full particulars and advice free.

NOVELTIES + IN + NEEDLEWORK.

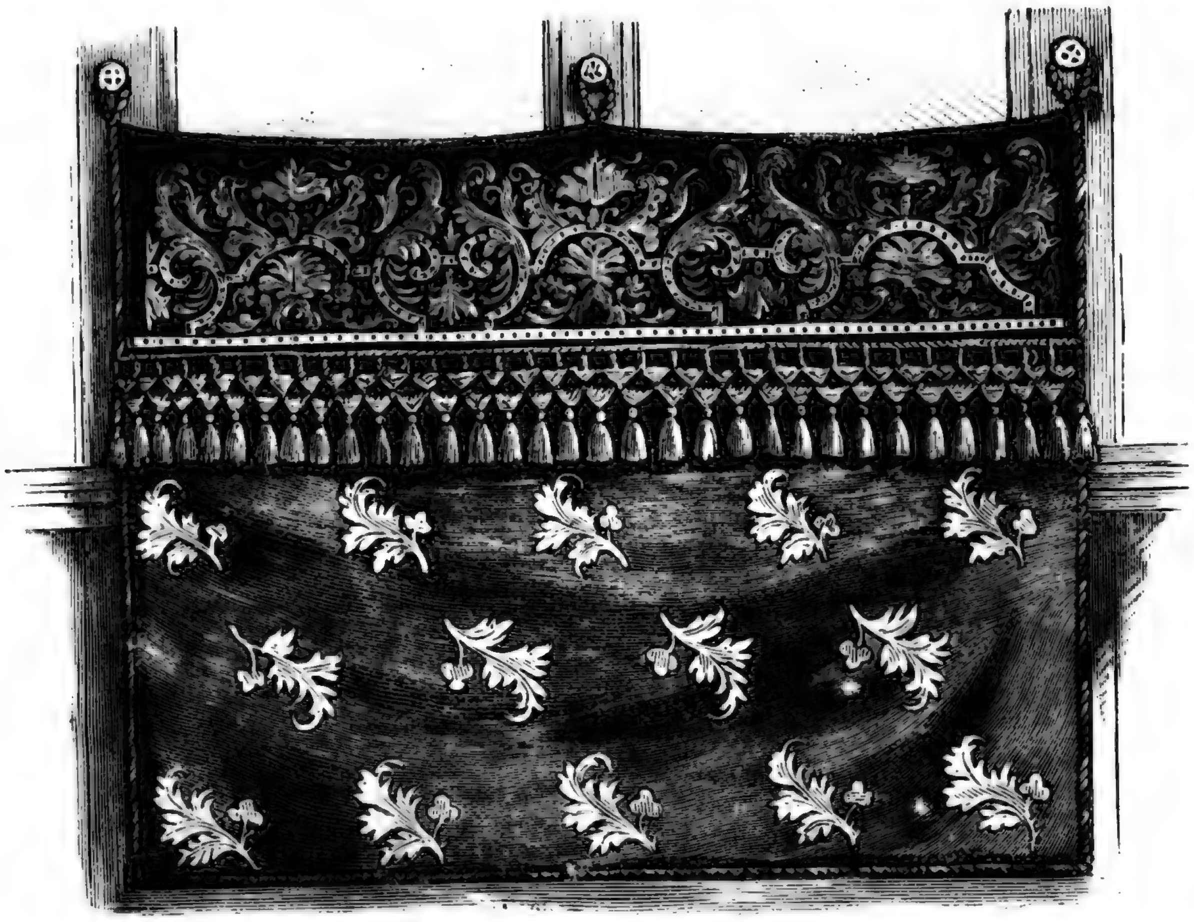


Fig. 1. Window Cushion and Drapery.

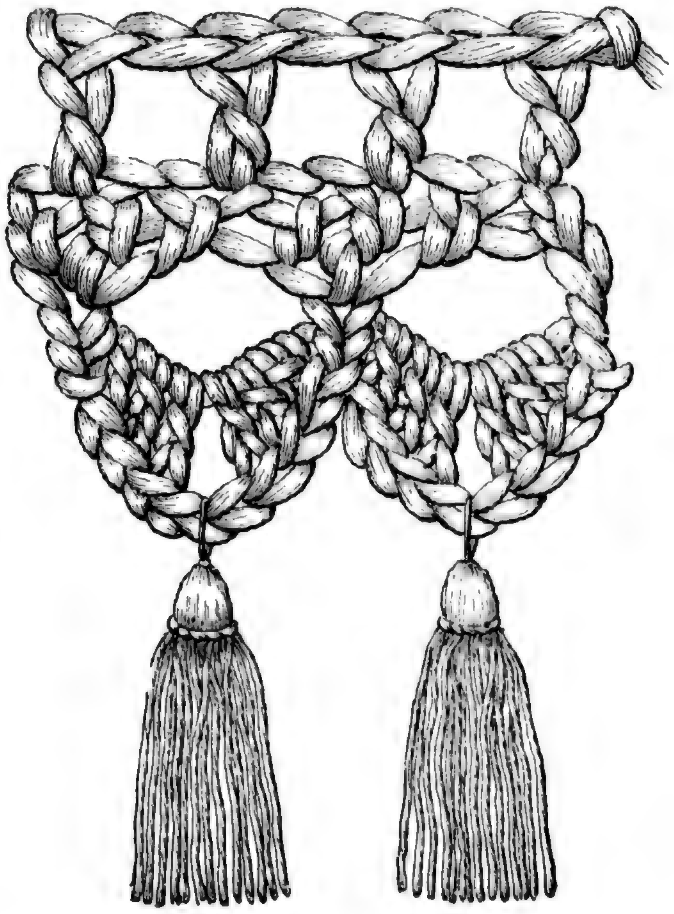
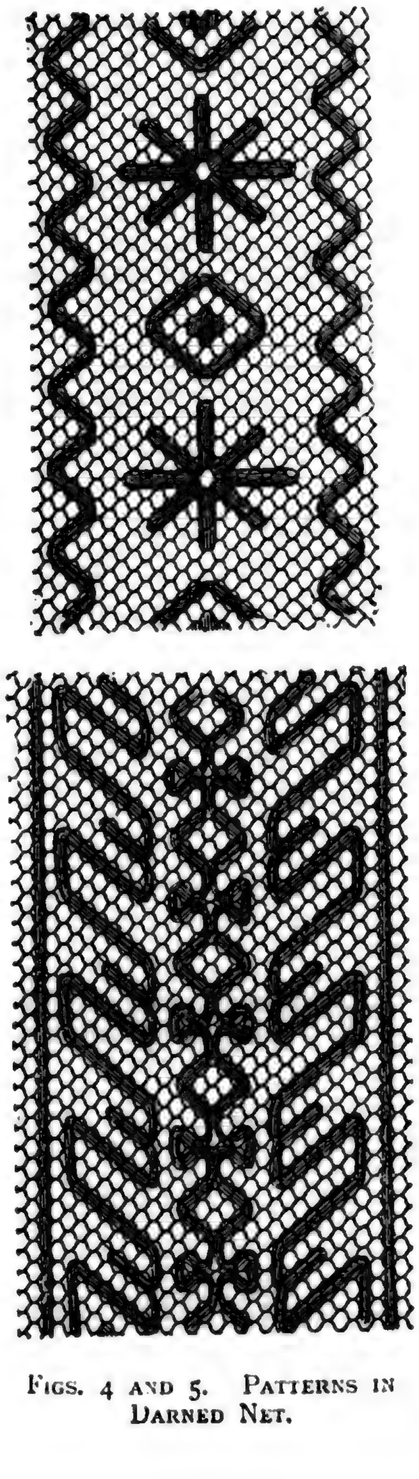


Fig. 2. Border of Drapery.



Figs. 4 and 5. Patterns in Darned Net.

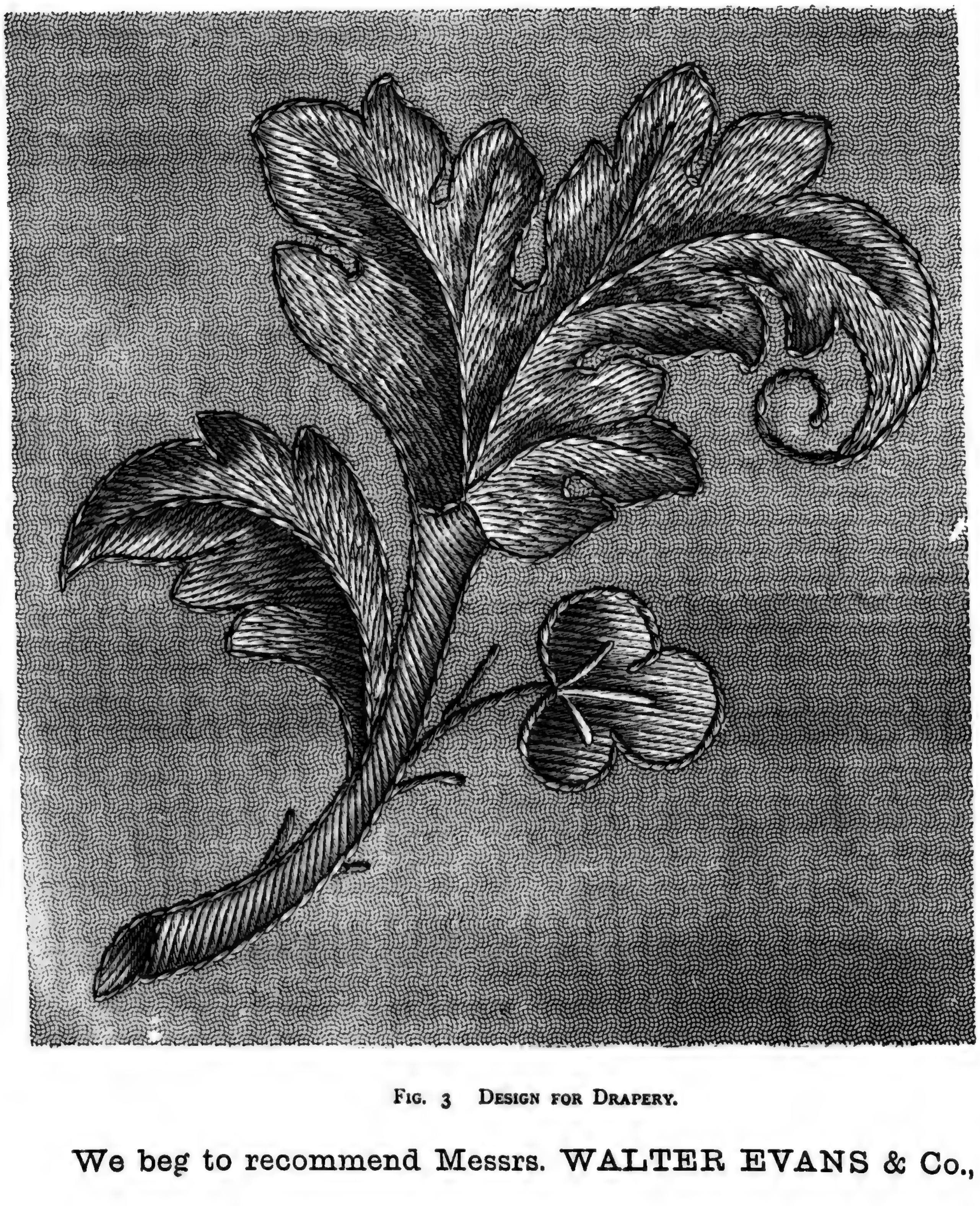


Fig. 3 Design for Drapery.

We beg to recommend Messrs. WALTER EVANS & Co., Derby, for every

NOVELTIES + IN + NEEDLEWORK.

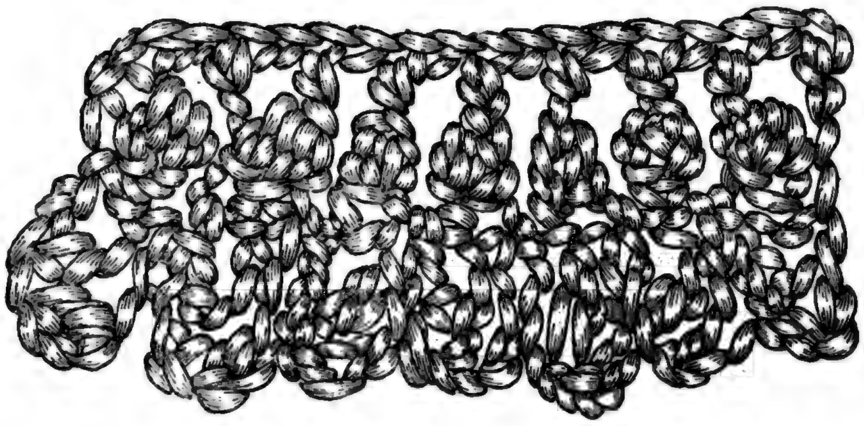


FIG. 6. LACE IN CROCHET.

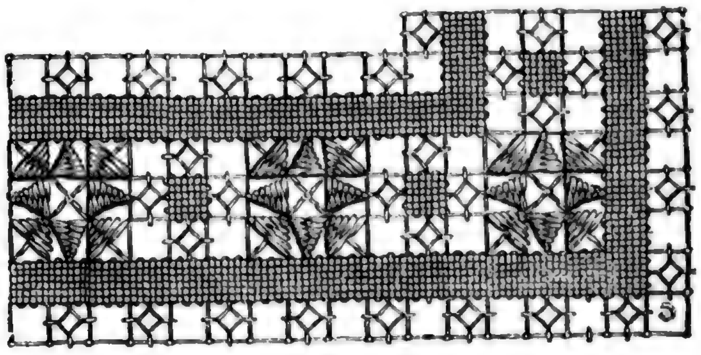


FIG. 7. BORDER IN GUIPURE D'ART.

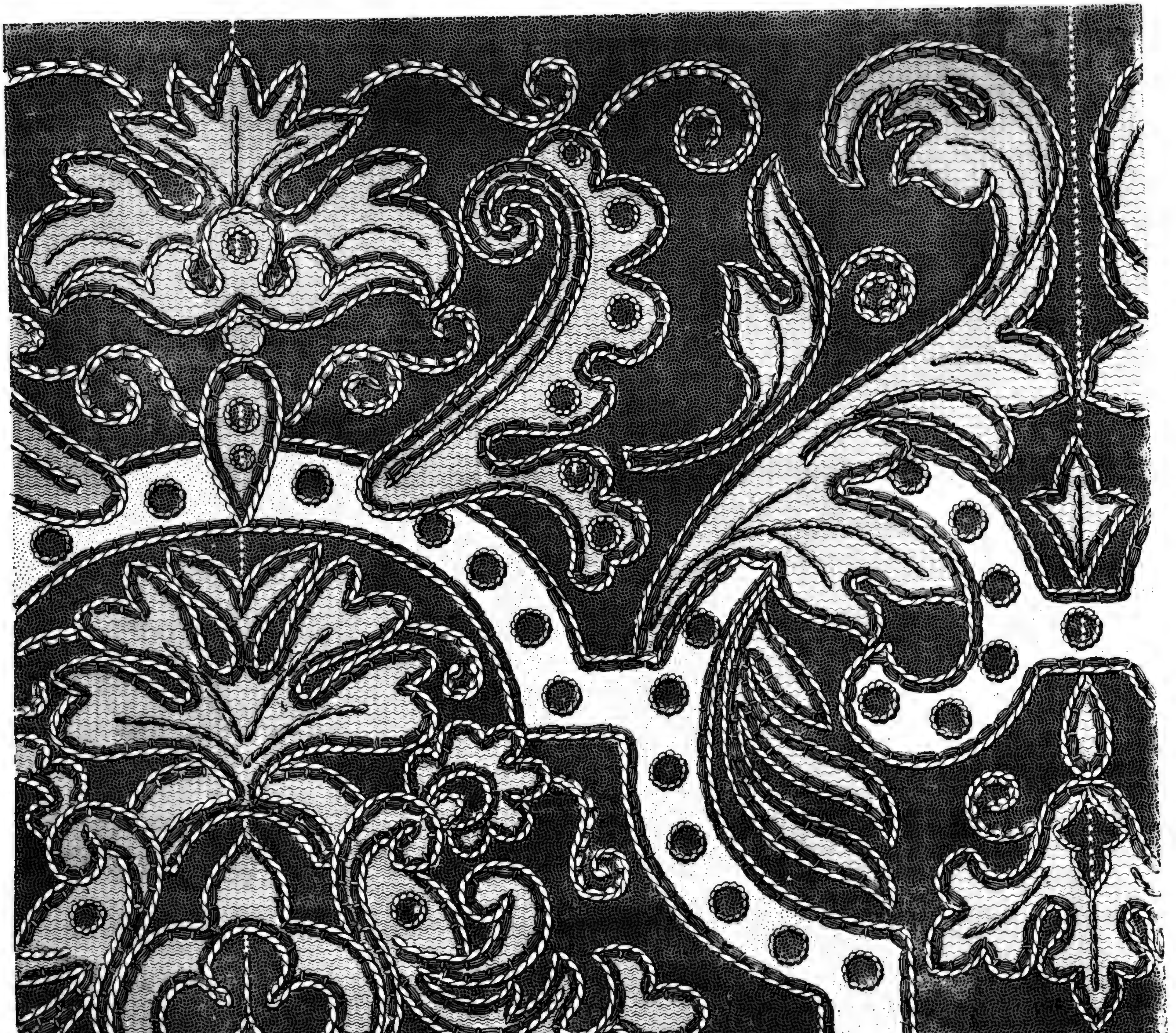


FIG. 8. BAND FOR CUSHION OF WINDOW DRAPERY.

kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery and Maltese Thread.

under the yoke in front, passed under the velvet waistband, and looped up and joined to the sleeve above the bend of the arm. Full open Italian sleeve pinked out round the edge, and gathered up under a velvet bow just above the bend of the arm. Plain princess back.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS.

No. 1. The Viviane Jacket, illustrated on page 29. The pattern consists of eight pieces: the front, sides of front and back, the added basque joined to these, the back, upright collar, turned down collar, with revers, and the sleeve. The front is cut like that of a bodice, with two breast pleats and a dotted line showing where the front opens over the waistcoat, which is joined on under the fronts on each side and finished off with an upright collar. The two side pieces are cut in the usual way; the added basque is fitted on the hips by two small pleats, which must be neatly stitched and ironed, and is joined to the corsage; the front part covered by the feather tissue is marked by a dotted line. The back is cut the full length with the basque, which is open in the centre like a tailor-made jacket, and has a piece turned under to form a pleat, where it joins the added basque. The sleeve has a very narrow under part, and is eased at the elbow. The jacket is suitable for making in cloth only. Quantity of material required—1¾ yards, 54 inches wide.

No. 2. Lady's Drawers. The drawers are made of long-cloth or cambric, and are mounted at the waist on a straight band buttoned at the back. The front part is marked by a pricked line. The legs are left straight and finished off with a hem and tucks, or other trimming, or they may be mounted on bands to form knickerbockers. Quantity of material required—2 yards for one pair.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

No. 1. Mantle for Early Spring in Black Velours du Nord, richly trimmed with passementerie on the sleeves and figaro fronts. Pleated front of lace, tied in at the waist by a silk sash tipped with tassels.

No. 2. Walking Costume in Habit Cloth.—Plain skirt with stitched hem. Jacket with long fronts, the basques shorter at the sides and back. Velvet collar and cloth revers; coat sleeves with large cuffs. The edges trimmed with braid. Vest and collar of Beaufort check.

No. 3. Stylish Cape of Cloth, mounted on a pointed yoke of braided cloth, ending in a Medici collar. Feather trimming on the collar and framing the yoke.

No. 4. Tailor-made Walking Costume.—The plain skirt ornamented with two tucks above the hem. The bodice pointed and completed by an added basque; roll collar of velvet ending on one side where the bodice is fastened. White cloth collar and waistcoat.

No. 5. Redingote in Dark Blue Cheviot Cloth, the right side crossing over diagonally; the bodice opening over a small vest of buff embroidered cloth, and panel to match on the left side of the skirt. Full sleeves with deep cuffs. Collar of feathers or fur, and trimming to match down the fronts and on the sleeves.

No. 6. Mantle of Pale Fawn Cloth, with richly ornamented plastron in gold and brown passementerie. Medici collar and girdle to correspond. Long sleeves of dark brown cloth, with ornament on the shoulder of light cloth and passementerie.

Address: Madame MYRA, 204, Regent Street, W.

To prevent any possibility of mistake by Ladies inexperienced in the use of Paper Patterns,

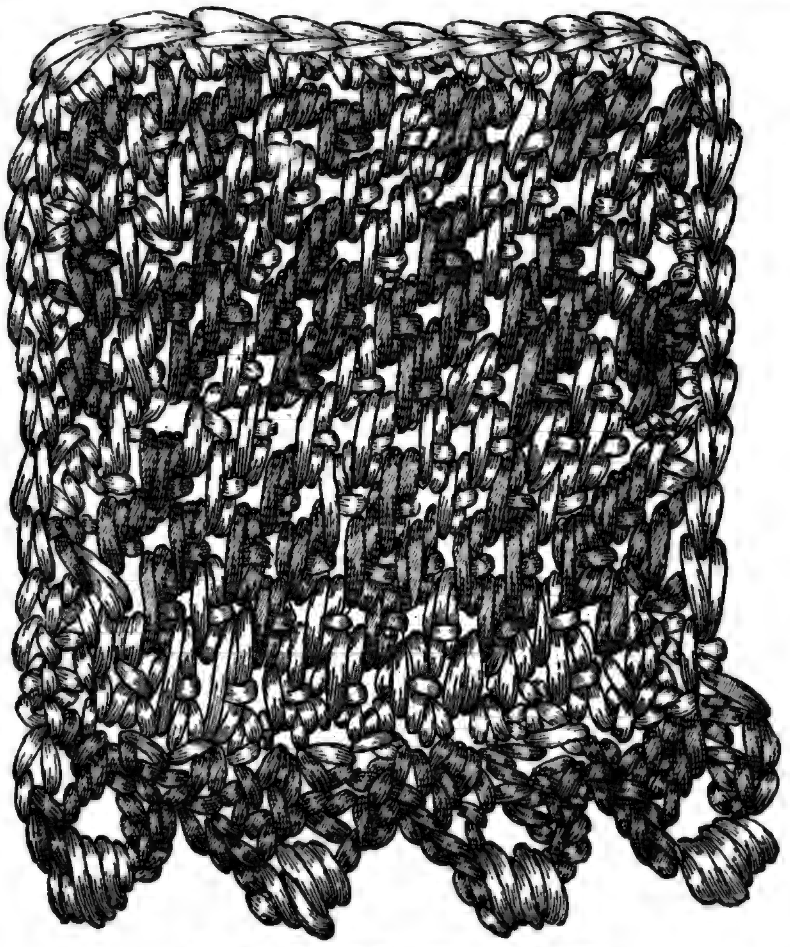
Every Part of the Pattern is Stamped.

⁂ MYRA'S ⁂

RELIABLE PAPER PATTERNS.

:o:

FLAT PATTERNS (Stock Size 24 in. Waist and 36 in. Bust) of any Costumes, Mantles, Lingerie, Underclothing, or Draperies, illustrated in Myra's Journal and The Lady's Magazine		6d.
FLAT PATTERNS cut from Illustrations or Designs appearing elsewhere than in Myra's Publications		1/-
FLAT PATTERNS cut to Ladies' own Measurements (a Measurement form will be sent by return on receipt of stamped address)		1/6
MADE-UP MODELS OF LADIES' DRESSES, TEA GOWNS, Etc.—	These are cut to measure or not, as required	
Untrimmed		2/6
Trimmed		5/6
MADE-UP MODELS OF LONG MANTLES—		
Untrimmed		2/3
Trimmed		4/6
MADE-UP MODELS OF VISITES, JACKETS, Etc.—		
Untrimmed		1/9
Trimmed		3/6
MADE-UP MODELS OF COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN UNDER 10 YEARS—		
Untrimmed		1/9
Trimmed		3/6



No. 9. Bassinette Cover in Crochet.

MADE-UP MODELS OF COSTUMES FOR GIRLS from 10 to 16 YEARS—	
Untrimmed	2/3
Trimmed	4/6
MADE-UP MODELS OF DRESSING GOWNS—	
Untrimmed	2/3
Trimmed	4/6

N.B.—In order to ensure perfect accuracy in the fit and set of the Dress, &c., Madame Myra encloses with each Made-up Model all the Flat Patterns necessary to cut out by.

These can be cut equally from illustrations appearing in Myra's Publications or elsewhere, and are especially recommended as doing away with the difficulties sometimes met with by inexperienced hands in using stock-size Patterns.

MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

......Size of Waist.
......Bust under Arms.
......Size round Shoulders.
......Size across Chest.
......Size across Back.
......Length of Back.
......Length of Neck to Waist.
......Length under Arm.
......Length of Shoulder.
......Length of Arm, Shoulder to Elbow.
......Elbow to Wrist.
......Length inside Arm.
......Size of Neck.
......Size round Hips.

With a view to simplifying the difficulties of Cutting-Out, no Turnings are allowed for in MYRA'S PAPER PATTERNS, in order that ladies may use their own discretion in allowing for the Turning according to the Material on which they are working. For instance, Serges and Soft Woollens require double the Turnings necessary for Silks, Velvets, &c. As a great assistance in tracing the Patterns on the Lining, we recommend the use of our Tracing Wheels.

HOW TO USE THE TRACING WHEEL.

Place the Paper Pattern on the lining, and then run the Wheel along the edge of the Pattern you wish to transfer. The teeth of the Wheel prick through into the lining and form a perfect tracing. Turnings must be allowed for according to the character of the material beyond the tracing; Silks, Velvets, Cottons and Firm Cloths requiring about half an inch; and Serges, Woollens, and loosely woven materials, about an inch.

In consequence of Madame Myra's large correspondence, she is obliged to request **Payment in Advance** for all Patterns ordered.

SALES AND EXCHANGES.

[*The charge for inserting Advertisements in this column is* SIXPENCE PER LINE OF EIGHT WORDS. *Copy should be accompanied with remittance in stamps or P.O.O.*]

Gentlemen's Knitted Socks, from 1s. 6d. a pair; Stockings, from 4s. B. S., Heydon House, Royston, Cambridge.

Black Net Ball Skirt, Moiré Sash, white flowers, 12s. 6d.—Handsome Crimson Broché Opera Mantle, trimmed brown fur, £1.—No. 555.

Beautiful Handwork Embroidery Strips, 1¼ yards, 2d.; wider, 4d. and 6d. Approval free. Miss Frost, Wincanton, Bath.

Good opening for lady as sleeping partner on projected advertising medium; active participation if of literary, musical, or commercial experience. Circulating 100,000. Care of Athol Ross & Co., Publishers, 30, Langdon Road, London, N.

30 beautiful crochet patterns, 6d. Lovely edging from 2d. a yard. School, Isle Brewers, Taunton.

"Myments" new pocket-book for ladies or gifts, 6d., post free, from 30, Langdon Road, London, N.

Lady has for disposal two very superior natural wool combinations; would accept 15s. 6d.; also two woven white merino ones for 11s. 6d. Quite new. Approval. No. 479, Myra's Journal Office, 204, Regent Street, W.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. Taught by correspondence. Course, 5s. Secretary, 79, London Road, Ipswich.

Dressmakers who will make up Ladies' own materials:—

Madame Ashley, 272, St. Paul's Road, Highbury, N.; Mrs. Wallace, 24, Oakley Street, Waterloo Road, S.E.; Mrs. and the Misses Ward, 66, Colebrooke Row, Islington, N.; Miss E. Faithfull, 17, Mortimer St., Regent St., W.; Madame Buridant, 180, Brompton Rd., S.W.; Madame W. Wood, 2, Guildford Street, S.E.; Madame Jules, 8, Great Woodstock Street, Baker Street, W.; Mrs. M. Jones, 322, Uxbridge Road, W.; Miss K. Brown, 87, Mortimer Street, W.; Miss L. Andrews, 7, Kelvin Road, Highbury Park, N.; Mrs. Casey, 3, Western Terrace, Notting Hill, W.; Madame Olivia, 9, Overton Road, Brixton; Miss Nicklinson, 7, Wellington Street, Upper Street, Islington; Mrs. Casey, 19, Western Terrace, Notting Hill; Madame Constance, 12, Pembroke Square, High Street, Kensington; Mrs. Foster, 51, Salisbury Street, Edgware Road, N.W.; Miss Norman, 2, Pownall Road, Lillie Road, West Kensington, S.W.; M. D., 11, Armadale Road, Walham Green, S.W.; Miss Ada Sedgewick, 7, York St., London Road, S.E.; Mesdames Raynham, 102, Denbigh Street, South Belgravia, S.W.; Mrs. Matthews, 5, Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove; Miss Baker, 23, Epirus Road, North End Road, Fulham; Miss Stroud, 7, Aberdeen Place, Maida Hill, N.W. Miss Elise Kochem, 36, Delamere Crescent, Westbourne Square; Mrs. Bignell, 94, Anerley Road Upper Norwood, S.E; Miss Wooster, 61, Arthur Road, Mostyn Rd., Brixton, S.W.; Miss Gurney, 88, Calabra Rd., Highbury, N.; Miss Brock, 30, Warriner Gardens, Battersea Park, S.W.; Miss Bath, 60, Branksome Rd., Acre Lane, Brixton; Miss G. E. Farmer, 98, Finsbury Park Road, N.; Mrs. Grinyer and Miss Gould, 26, Alexandra Road, Selhurst, South Norwood, S.E.; Miss E. Burridge, 28, Victoria Road, Kilburn; Misses Knight, 23, Paternoster Square, Newgate Street, City; Adelaide Groom, 15, King's Square, Goswell Rd., E.C.; Mrs. Dolman, 2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.; Mrs. Duke, 93, Down's Park Road, Clapton, N.E.; Mrs. Green, 76, St. Stephen's Avenue, Uxbridge Road, W.; Mrs. Osborne, 29, Greek Street, Soho Square, W.; Mrs. Vivian, 64, High Street, Notting Hill Gate; Mrs. Gordon, 13, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington, W.; Miss Mills, 47, Richmond Gardens, West Kensington Park; Miss Beaumont, 30, Vernon Street, West Kensington.

Addresses of Dressmakers who go out by the day or month:—

Miss Liversage, 92, St. Paul's Street, Islington, N.; Miss L. M. Norman, 2, Pownall Rd., Lillie Rd., West Kensington, S.W.; Miss de Belin, 50, St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.; Miss Howard, 71, Listner Park, Stamford Hill, Stoke Newington; Miss L. Andrews, 31, Conewood Street, Avenel Road, Highbury, N.; Miss Francis, 22, Canterbury Terrace, Maida Vale; Mrs. Casey, 3, Western Terrace, Notting Hill, W.; Miss Evans, 484, Caledonian Road, Holloway, N.; Mrs. Casey, 19, Western Terrace, Notting Hill; Madame Constance, 12, Pembroke Square, High Street, Kensington; M. D., 11, Armadale Road, Walham Green, S.W.; Miss Wilcocks, 42, Fortess Road, Kentish Town, N.W.; Miss Baker, 23, Epirus Road, North End Road, Fulham; Mrs. T. Atkinson, 21, Giesbach Rd., Upper Holloway; Madame Buridant, 180, Brompton Road, S.W.; Miss Stevens, 26, Homer Street, Marylebone Road; Mrs. Smith, 28, Limerston Street, Fulham Road, S.W.; Miss Barnard, 64, High Street, Notting Hill Gate; Mrs. Morris, 112, Northwold Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.; Miss Berry, Knaresbro, Thorpes Road, Kingston-on-Thames; Miss Hayward, 4, Hindon Street, Victoria Station; Mrs. Morris, 49, Clarance Road, Lower Clapton.

Ladies who will go out by the day to make or mend Children's clothing:—

Mrs. Edward Trodd, 84, Walton Street, Brompton Road, S.W.

Ladies who undertake all kinds of fancy work crochet, knitting, &c.:—

Miss Brooks, 74, High Street, Ramsgate.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

IT is with much pleasure that we again announce a very successful Prize Competition for the embroidered slippers, the design for which was given in our December Number.

The First Prize, a Silver Medal or 30s., is awarded to Mrs. Rust, of St. Magnus, Kew Gardens; the pansies are beautifully worked in a variety of natural shades of purple and yellow on white cloth. Miss Attenbrow, of 3, High Street, Margate, to whom the Second Prize of 15s. is awarded, has also worked the pansies in very similar shades on dark green velvet; and Miss Sandbrook, of 280, Harrow Road, who takes the Third Prize, 10s. or a Bronze Medal, has also worked the flowers in natural, but rather duller shades, on dark claret coloured cloth. We are very pleased to welcome three such skilled new workers amongst the competitors for these prizes, and hope we shall receive some more specimens of their work.

Much of the work sent in deserves warm commendation for its excellence. The black velvet slippers embroidered in purple and yellow, and sent by Miss Jessie M. Fraser, of Dundee, are very effectively shaded. Miss Fowler, of Combe Down, Bath, sends a clever representation of a fancy variety of pansy worked on black cloth. The slippers worked by Mrs. Wilson, of Notting Hill, are also very good, while those embroidered by Miss Bichhoffner, of Hammersmith, and by Miss Herbert, of Ramsgate, although less fine, are still well worked and in well-selected colours.

Will Miss Pilcher, to whom the third prize, a bronze medal, was awarded in November last, for a cushion, kindly send us her present address? The bronze medal was sent to the address she gave at Ockley, Dorking, and forwarded thence to a firm in Cannon Street, who declined to pay the postage, and the medal has now been returned to us.

MYRA'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—(*Continued.*)

MRS. E. M. (Brighton).—It is a great pity you did not send your full name and address, as we could have answered your questions much more fully privately, besides sending you a sketch or two that would have helped you, and you have deferred writing until so late in the month that it is only by a mere chance that we are able to insert the reply at all. In the first place, do not attempt to do anything to *yourself*, and, secondly, wear a dress made in tea gown fashion, and over this one of the new capes, with fronts longer than the back, and falling in pleats. For the dress, any rich, plain silk or brocade, in a becoming but not very light colour, will be suitable; the back must be trained, the loose straight fronts open to show an under-dress of black net with large round spots over a lining of lighter silk. Mount this full front on a square yoke covered with rich passementerie, and let it fall perfectly straight to the feet; put a flounce of the net at the edge, if you find it necessary, to prevent it from falling in, and trim this with velvet or other trimming. Do not attempt to make the dress tight fitting, but let it follow the natural lines of the figure at the back. You can have double sleeves if you like; hanging over-sleeves of the silk or brocade, and puffed under-sleeves of net over silk. We can send you a pretty pattern of a pèlerine, with straight pleats from the neck in front falling almost to the knees; the back is made in the same way, but drawn in at the waist. If you will write again, immediately on receipt of the JOURNAL, giving full name and address, we may be able to send you some further hints that will be useful.

A DISTRESSED ONE.—Your letter also reached us considerably after the 4th of the month, which is the latest date on which we can promise replies in the next Number. With regard to the grey hair, see a paragraph in Spinnings in Town, on page 11, where you will find two remedies mentioned, and instructions as to how they should be used. For the wrinkles you should use Mr. Mason's Crême Froide aux Concombres, or his thick Emulsine of Cucumbers. Rub a little of either of these preparations into the wrinkles every night and morning, taking care always to rub across the wrinkles, not in the same direction.

ANSWERS ON FURNISHING.—(*Continued.*)

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

BOOK-WORM.—I regret you allow me only this opportunity of acknowledging a kind and far too flattering letter, one result of which was to cause me to hunt up an old note-book for a rough sketch of a corner bookcase, of which I picked up the idea in Cairo, and an illustration of which I hope to produce in the April Number of MYRA. The great response one of my "Queen" illustrations—(some three years ago)—"A Recess for Books and China," met with from all sides, proved that you are not alone in your desire for a really quaint and pretty home for pet books!

HOUSE MOTHER.—How curious that you have only just found me again! I began in the August Number of MYRA. I quite understand your plan of the quaintly shaped room. I fear Eastern carpets will be *very* expensive where so much space has to be covered. Of course, there *are* moderate priced Indian carpets, but then the colouring—and perchance the *wear*—is not always a joy! I would rather, I think, have bordered squares, made of artistic coloured Royal Axminster, to fit, within one foot all round, the two rooms. I have not seen the new spring patterns yet, but if you will write again on seeing this, I shall have done so, and can also tell you approximate cost of Eastern carpets. With such a number of curtains on one side of the larger room, you will have to choose a material which does *not* absorb artificial light, and, I think, as you limit me to price, gold *embossed* plushette. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford St., W., would tell you what made-up curtains would cost per pair. I like your proposals for the thin curtains—quite sufficient. I own I much dislike venetian blinds; they are troublesome, and great harbourers of dust and dirt, and the washing thereof is *indeed* a business! I have never, save in the tiny windows of our Aldershot hut, tried the "blindless window" plan, so really do not know how it would answer in the lofty windows of your big house. Why not write to Mrs. Panton, the clever originator of the plan? It *is* a drawback "not being able to paper new walls for two years." If, however, it must be so, I should use Chambers' Patent Corossos instead of ordinary distemper; it is inexpensive, *stands well* on new walls, and, above all, does not rub off on one's gowns! T. F. Chambers, 32, High Street, Hull, will send you a little book about it and a colour card. I cannot fall in, to be honest, with the notion of *yellow* distemper as a background to a number of pictures. Not only will your gilt frames have a greenish look, but the pictures will not look their best; and, with all the dark, subdued old furniture and Eastern treasures, I think a rich, warm terra cotta or soft greeny blue would be far more harmonious. As to the frieze, a *paper* one would stand no better than on the walls! Why not put up one of a bold patterned anaglypta, and have it bronzed or painted in a paler shade than the walls? This frieze, being put up with adhesive cement, would *endure*, and be all ready to be handsomely decorated when you paper the room. Mr. Knowles, 166, King's Road, Chelsea, would let you see a bit of anaglypta (a sort of material with pattern in high relief), and quote price thereof. If you still cling to your yellow walls, you could, of course, have the coveted blue curtains, *but choose them in the yellow room*, as blue looks *far* brighter when midst a mass of yellow, and so what you choose at a distance might be too bright to use! Your idea for the recess is capital. No one would manage it more economically for you than Emerson & Co., 224, Regent Street, W. There is just such a little arch in their illustrated Catalogue.

ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.—I should *like*, for your north bedroom, to recommend a warm terra cotta paper, but not knowing the exact shade of the pine furniture, it is, perhaps, safer to have a greeny blue paper, which is *sure* to make a good background for your belongings. Knowles' greeny blue Windsor, 1s. 6d., or his Egerton, 1s. 6d., will please you, I feel sure. Would Burnet's (42, King Street, Covent Garden) wide width, printed twilled sheeting, 2s. 6d. the yard, be too expensive for the curtains? It wants no lining, and, in two shades of brown, is charming with a blue paper. I wish you could have Shoolbred's lovely "Golden Brown Daisy" Brussels carpet, 3s. 9d. the yard; it would wear out several Kidderminsters! Alas! I do *not* know what would renovate the shabby pine furniture, and fear you must consult a "polisher." I ought to have said, have *all* woodwork painted to match the paper; have a frill of the sheeting along the mantelpiece. I think a soft blue serge curtain will look best in the arch leading to dressing-room. I should certainly—as economy is such an object—have the same paper and paint in the dressing-room. You do not give *size* of the room, but, from your sketch, it is a pretty shape and well lighted.

GREEK.—I wish you had quoted *about* the price you would give for the papers. Essex's "Bamborough silk effect" (2s. 9d.), in a salmony tone looks charming with your handsome brocade. I therefore recommend it, with a neat yellow and white ceiling paper, for the drawing room. I would have nut brown paint and rich brown and gold leather paper panelling. Knowles, 166, King's Road, Chelsea, would send you patterns. The carpet must be very good in colour, judging by the piece you send. As to bedroom No. 1, it is very hard to give you a paper which will suit the terra cotta hangings without knowing what *shade* they are! but, as a rule, Knowles' soft terra cotta and cream "Boston" paper, 2s. the piece, accommodates itself to such colouring. Paint to match the pinky tone, and ivory and gold panelling. Knowles' yellow and white Diana ceiling paper, 1s. 9d. Bedroom No. 2.—I would have Essex's gold Danottar, at 2s. 3d., or, if too expensive, his buff May Wreath, at 1s. 6d. The paint should match the darker shade in the paper, ivory and gold or red and gold panelling. For No. 3 bedroom I had much difficulty in finding a paper to harmonise with the pattern of hangings, but I finally decide on Knowles' quaint little "Hundreds and Thousands" (I do not know the right name, but it reminds me somehow of this phrase of my youth!), at 1s. 6d. the piece. I should, as the cretonne has so many shades, have nut brown paint and gold panelling. You left your queries so late in the month, that no more space can be had. Please, therefore, repeat queries about curtains, bedspreads, etc., when you see this, and I will answer in the April Number. Please do *not* use foreign paper next time!

MESSRS. HADDON'S NOVELTIES.

FROM rough, loosely woven and apparently coarse woollens, fashion has veered in the direction of materials of the finest and most supple description. The great qualities of purity and perfection of weaving remain, but it is long since such fine and delicate woollen fabrics as those of which Messrs. Haddon and Sons, of Wellington, Somerset, send patterns have been in vogue. There are many degrees of fineness, and a few of the tweeds and woollen brochés are moderately thick in texture. The colours are all that a refined taste could wish for—very light and spring-like, as a rule, but with a mixture of darker shades for those who cannot wear very light colours.

The novelties for the spring comprise tweeds, differing largely from each other as to colour, texture, and pattern; broché cloths, of various kinds; serges, both plain and figured, some of them being striped or checked with fine lines in silk; fancy materials in stripes and checks; plain cloths, beiges and cashmeres, and some new patterns in the cricketing and tennis dress flannels that are so invaluable for these purposes, being made of pure wool and thoroughly shrunk.

In plain tweeds the Monteviot, at 4s. 6d. per yard, stands first for softness and beauty of texture; it has a hairy surface, and is made in light shades of beige and grey. The Hazelgrove Tweed, at 2s. 11d. per yard, is also beautifully soft, and is in a larger variety of colours, either plain or with a small figure. The Arundel Tweed, at 2s. 9d., has a diagonal line, and is figured with large, round, shaded spots in a darker colour. The Wantage Tweed has a crêpe-like effect and hairy surface, and is in softly mixed colours; the price is 3s. 6d. per yard. The Hampden Tweed, at 2s. 9d. per yard, is a most useful material for spring wear, and is in plain colours with a narrow stripe in a darker shade; the colourings and texture are charming.

More tweed-like materials, although far finer than the majority of tweeds, are the Farleigh, at 3s. 11d.; the Elmhurst and Canford Tweeds, at 2s. 11d., and the Sandown Tweed, at 4s. 6d. These are all striped or checked, and in useful colours for daily wear. Extremely fine tweeds, also in patterns of checks or stripes, and very novel and pretty, are the Rowena, at 2s. 3½d.; the Romney, at 2s. 9d.; the Holmesdale, at 3s. 6d; the Genesta, at 3s. 9d., and the Luton Tweed, at 4s. 6d. per yard.

A very effective broché cloth, with a chiné pattern on a ground covered with long hairs, is the Ponsonby Cloth, at 3s. 6d. per yard. A self-coloured broché cloth, in several new colourings, is the same price, and a very effective broché, black on red or red on black, is sold at 52s. the dress length; the pattern is a kind of lined spot in long hairs, that give it a clouded appearance, and the ground is a fine diagonal.

The serges are remarkably good and varied; the Belvoir, at 1s. 9d., and the Holnicote, at 2s. 9d. per yard, are in plain colours, and the last especially are noticeable for the long range of beautiful and artistic colours in which they can be had. Kimla Serge, 1s 9½d. per yard, is an extremely fine diagonal, flecked with colour; and Kimla Cloth, at 2s. 9d. per yard, is a similar, but still finer woollen, without the diagonal twill that marks the serge. The Compton, at 3s. 3d., checked with fine silk lines, and a similar fabric at 3s. 9d., striped with silk, are two admirable specimens of the very fine woollens that will be in vogue this year; they are charming materials in novel and fashionable colourings. The Clumber Serge is a decided novelty, and has a quaint broché pattern in a darker shade of the same colour as the faintly striped ground. This is sold in dress lengths at 37s. 6d., and will make very stylish costumes. The Roxburgh Plaid, a checked serge in navy blue and white, is sold in dress lengths at 28s. 6d.

Amongst the prettiest of the fine fancy woollens are the Cameron Check, a fine, soft twill, at 1s. 11½d. per yard; the Colville Check Beige, a delightful material, at the same price; the Cadogan Cloth, also at 1s. 11½d. per yard, in plain colours crossed with fine lines in white, and as light and fine as a zephyr; the Suttra Cloth, at 2s. 9d., still finer, if possible, and striped with colour; the Helsbury Check, a more serviceable but still fine woollen, at the same price, and the Carnarvon Cloth, at 3s. 9d. per yard, in various arrangements of stripes and checks in grey, white, and black for half mourning. A very charming grey material for the same purpose, striped with satin, costs 52s. per dress length. All these materials are double width, measuring from 42 inches wide upwards.

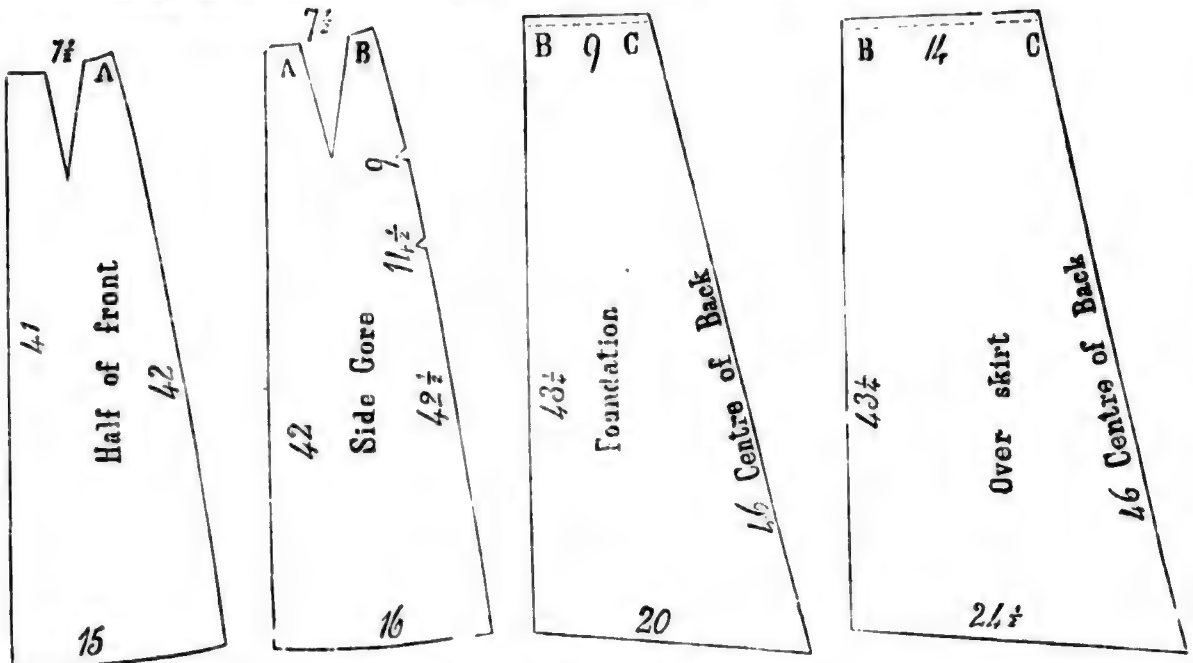
Wearers of plain woollens will find these to perfection, in the Sandhurst Beiges, at 1s. 9½d. per yard; this popular material appears in a number of new colours in light and dark shades. A thicker and warmer, though still light weight woollen, is the Wolverton Cloth, at 3s. 6d. per yard. The Albany Cashmeres, at 1s. 11½d. per yard, are to be had in an immense variety of colours, including new shades of dahlia an vieux rose, tawny reds, greens, and greys, as lovely as they are artistic. The Cricketing Flannels, in plain white or grey, and in pretty stripes, combining grey and white, or different shades of grey, the prices vary from 2s. 9d. to 4s. 6d. per yard.

THE SILKWORM.

Our Lesson in Dressmaking: No. 55.

GORED SKIRTS.

AMONGST new revivals of old fashions is that of gored skirts, which are coming into vogue for day as well as for evening wear. There is a considerable difference in the methods of cutting short and trained gored skirts, as will be seen by reference to the diagrams we give, which illustrate the latest Parisian styles for cutting these skirts.



No. 1. Short Gored Skirt.

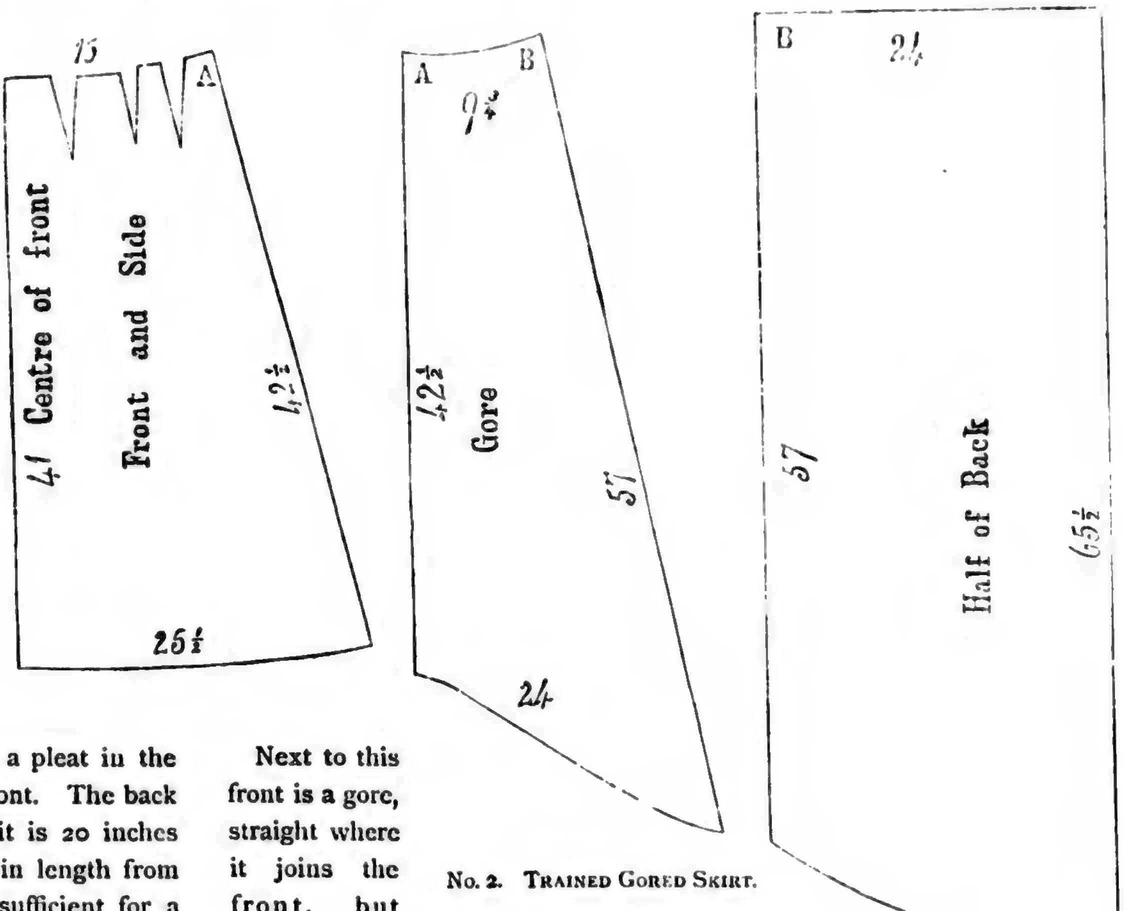
No. 1 is an ordinary walking length gored skirt, giving the gradual flow from the waist at the back, which makes the skirt stand out at the edge instead of falling straight to the ground, as it does when the back breadths are plain and straight. This slanting line is graceful and effective, even in walking dresses, but the back must be long enough to rest on the ground, without, however, being in any way trained.

The foundation skirt consists of five breadths, the diagram giving half the skirt; the front, of which half is given, is 30 inches wide at the edge, and sloped off on each side to 15 inches across the top; this width is again reduced by a pleat on each side, about 2½ inches from the centre, and carried down about 8 inches. Care must be taken in cutting the slope to give it an outward curve or bowed line; if cut in a straight line from top to foot it will not set over the figure, and will stand out in an awkward angle at the foot.

The side gore, of which there is one on each side of the front, is straight where it joins the front, and sloped, also in a bowed line, towards the back; it is 16 inches wide at the foot and 7½ inches at the top, with a pleat in the centre to round it over the hips in the same way as the front. The back breadth is more sharply gored, and in a straighter line; it is 20 inches wide at the edge, 9 at the top, and measures 46 inches in length from top to foot down the centre of the back; this is quite sufficient for a walking dress, but not too much, as it only touches the ground and is easily raised in bad weather.

The front and side gores of the over-skirt are cut in the same way as the foundation, but a little more fulness is required in the back breadth, which is therefore made 24½ inches wide at the edge and 14 inches wide at the top. The corresponding letters show how the breadths are joined, and in running the seams the sloped side must be slightly eased on to the straight side; the back breadths, both of the foundation and over-skirts, are gathered at the top from B to C. The front part is drawn back by tapes sewn on at the notches in the side gore; the first tape is 9 inches from the waist, the second one 14½ inches from the waist. The pleats fitting the front and side gores should not be cut until the skirt has been tried on, and it has been ascertained that they are in the right place and of the proper length and depth to suit the figure.

The front and side of the trained gored skirt form one breadth only, a straight seam being made on each side wherever the width of the material may make it necessary, in order to give the full width at the edge. If a plain reversible silk, 24 inches wide, without up and down pattern, be used, two breadths will be sufficient—one for the centre of the front, the other forming the two gores joined to this on either side. The seam will come at about the place of the pleat at the top nearest the sides; the gores are, of course, joined to the front on the straight or selvedge sides. The full width of the front breadth is 51 inches at the foot, and this is sloped off to 30 inches at the top, and fitted to the figure by a series of pleats, which must not be cut until the skirt is tried on. If the material has an up and down pattern, or right and wrong sides, the gores completing the front must be cut from two separate breadths, and the material left over employed for sleeves or other parts of the dress.

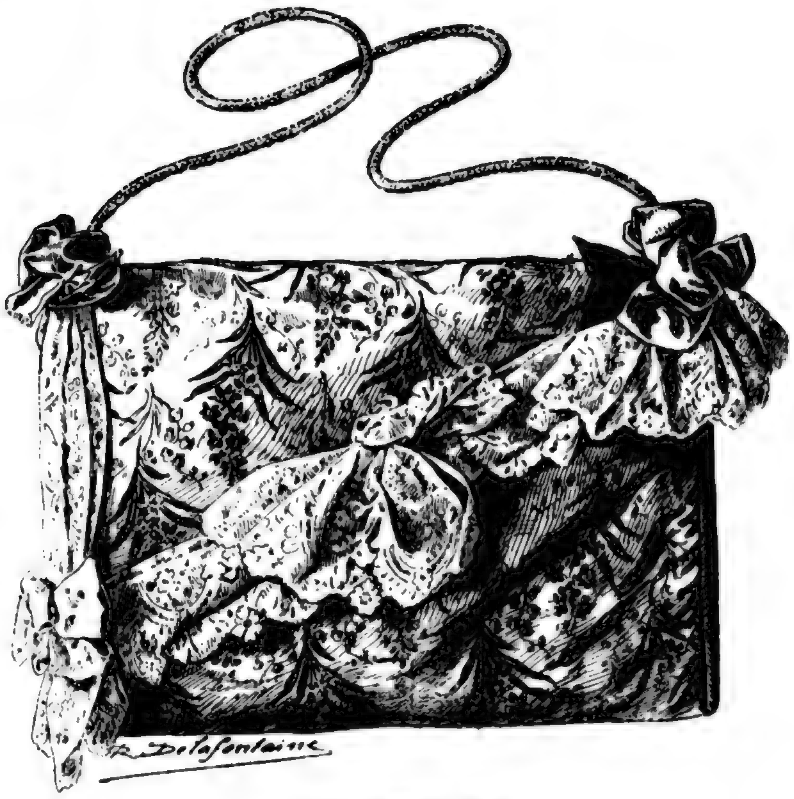


No. 2. Trained Gored Skirt.

Next to this front is a gore, straight where it joins the front, but sharply gored and trained at the top; this is cut from a breadth of silk, the full width at the edge and sloped off to 9¾ inches at the back; the edge is cut in a slightly curved line, and this is continued to the centre of the back, forming a rounded train. Two full breadths are required for the back, and they are 65 to 66 inches long where they are joined down the centre, and 57 inches long at the sides, where they are joined to the gores.

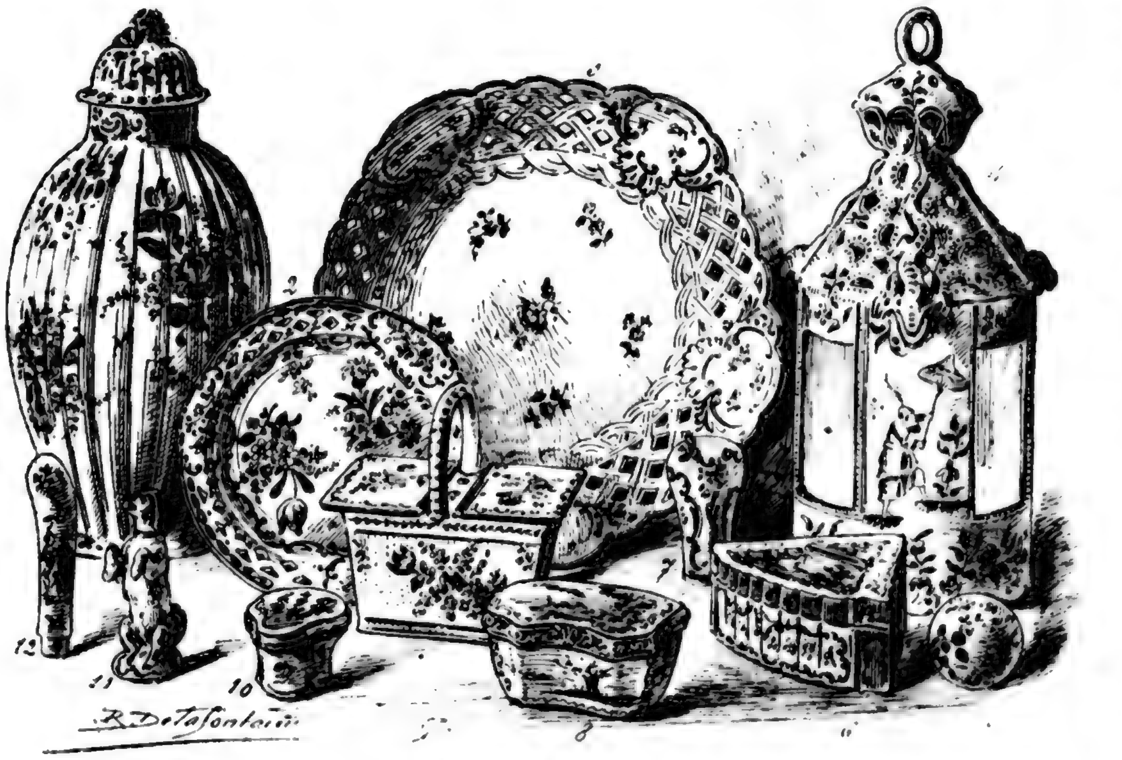
Notes on News.

ENDLESS uses can be found for odd pieces of silk and brocade in making up bags, sachets, and other receptacles for the storage of work, handkerchiefs, pieces of lace, and all the light and easily mislaid trifles that can never be found when they are most wanted. The night dress case illustrated is both elegant and practical; it is composed of a piece of Chartreuse green satin brocade, with a pattern of flowers in antique shades of colour, lined with pale pink satin. The case opens obliquely under a prettily arranged drapery of lace, and one side is ornamented with a few straight folds of lace caught down with bows of ribbon. The upper fold of the case is made to slip under the trimmed part, so that the opening is entirely disguised and the contents of the case remain invisible. The cord loop, which is not essential, is of green silk cord, and similar cord is used to finish off the side opposite the lace drapery.



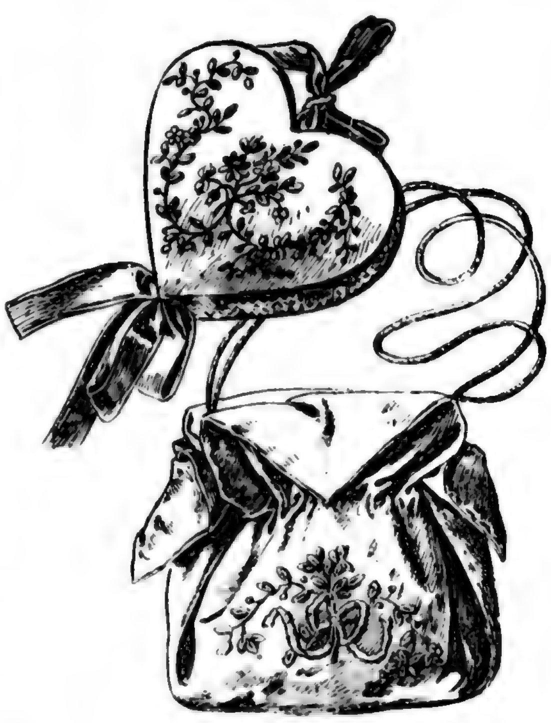
Night Dress Case.

The pretty little heart-shaped needlecase may be made of two very tiny pieces of brocade stretched over cardboard, or of plain satin with a little embroidered design. The two sides are fastened together at the top with ribbon, and the points, where the needlecase opens, are also tied with ribbon. The inside is fitted with a few pieces of flannel pinked out round the edge, and the covers are well padded and covered with silk to give the necessary thickness and firmness. The bag for an opera glass is charming in eau de Nil granité silk, lined with the palest pink surah. It is a mere square or oblong piece of material, with a casing for the silk cord strings, arranged so as to leave the corners to fall over when the strings are drawn up. One side has a little design of a bow and flowers embroidered in gold; but a monogram may be substituted for this with good effect.



Ornaments in Dresden China.

The artistic ornaments in Dresden china, illustrated at the foot of the page, are the following:—1. A pot-pourri jar with fluted sides. 2. A dessert plate with open gilt border in relief. 3. A larger plate, to be used as a dessert dish, in similar style. 4. A châtelaine lantern in old monastic style. 5. Ball top for parasol handle. 6. Fan-shaped *Bonbonnière*. 7. Umbrella handle. 8. Du Barry *Bonbonnière*. 9. *Galant Jardinier* basket for flowers. 10. Lilliput *Bonbonnière*. 11. *Azor* flacon. 12. Knife handle. All these charming objects are intended for presentation, and make very acceptable offerings for the host of admirers of dainty trifles.



Needle Case and Lorgnette Bag.

Mr. Harold Copping and Mr. Percy Short have once more been successful in passing all the lady students who went up for examination from their studio into the Royal Academy Schools. They sent up five students, all of whom passed, the only other school that equalled them being that of St. John's Wood, from which the same number of students were admitted. Such a record as this is the surest testimony that the instruction given to lady students by these gentlemen at the Leigh Studio, 38, Great Ormond Street, is of the best and most thorough description, and in fact the intellligent and individual instruction given to every pupil is of the greatest advantage to earnest students who love their art and whose ambition it is to do good work in their turn. A new course of study has been started for teaching the different processes of book illustration in black and white, Mr. Copping having had considerable experience in this branch of art.

Current ◆ Fashions ◆ in ◆ London.

It is almost an annual custom to commence the article on spring fashions, with a parody of the words: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," running, "In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of dress," and as the parody certainly has the merit of being true we may as well make use of it.

With the coming of spring we invariably do turn our attention to new garments, therefore a few suggestions will probably be of service to our readers. A grey cloth costume, suitable either for indoor or outdoor wear, has five rows of crimson velvet in graduated widths round the skirt, which is slightly frilled into the band all round. The bodice of plain cloth rises from a corselet of crimson velvet, fastened invisibly under the left arm. The collar is of the velvet. The sleeves are of cloth, with turned-back cuffs of velvet. A navy blue serge is made quite plainly, the skirt having a deep hem turned up on the right side, and finished with several rows of machine stitching. The bodice, which is cut with a round basque, is trimmed only with handsome silver epaulettes on each shoulder, and a heavy silver cord carried from the left shoulder to the right side, just below the waist; this arrangement is particularly effective.

A black cashmere toilette has a broad band of pistachio green silk bordering the skirt and covered over with black lace, the back of the skirt falling in organ flutings. The bodice, which fastens slantwise across the front, is in two distinct halves, one side being of black cashmere, and the other of the green silk covered with lace, and finished with a waterfall of lace down the front. The sleeves are of lace, arranged very fully over silk and finished off with cuffs of black velvet.

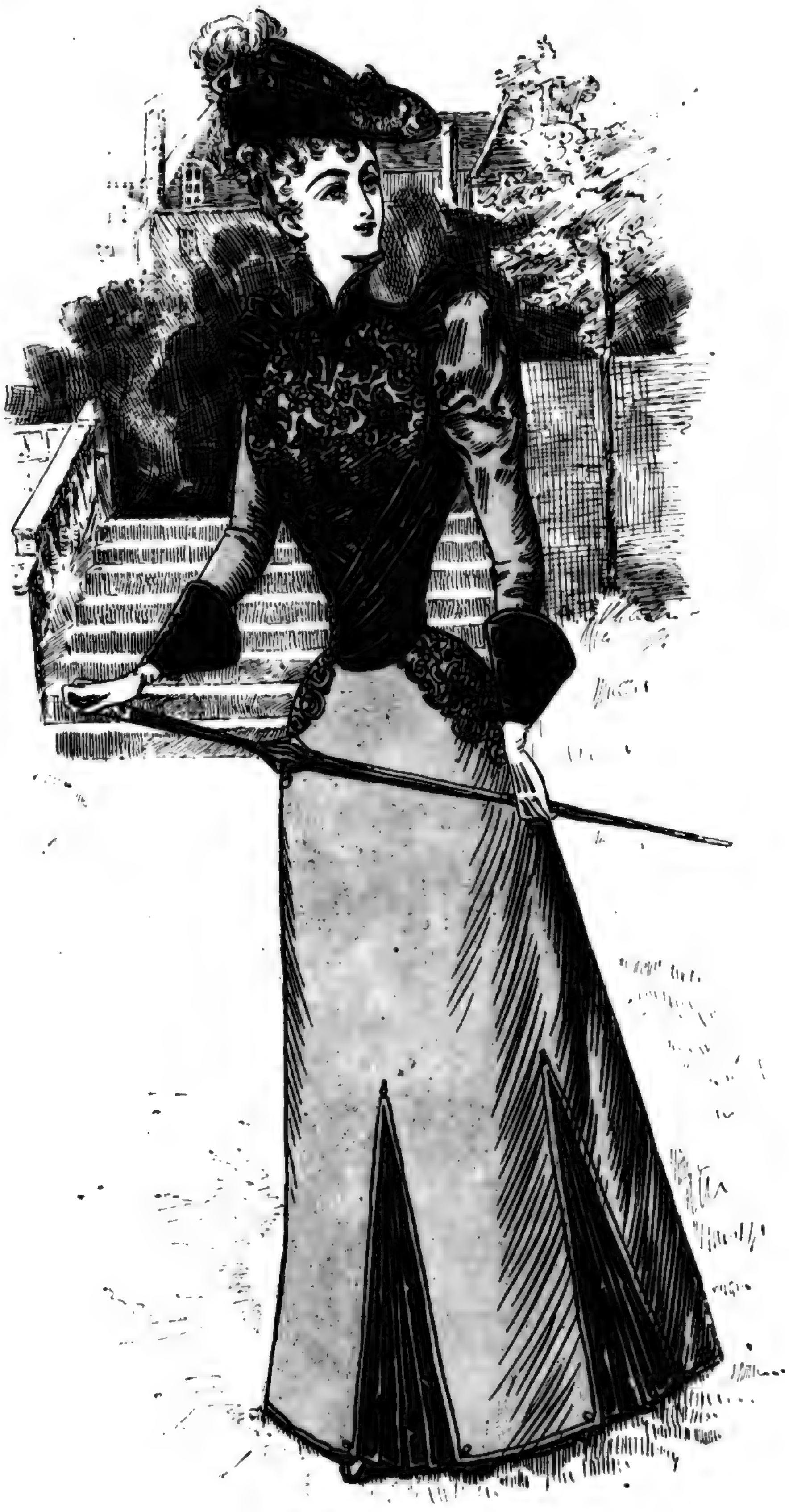
A lighter costume is composed of fawn box cloth, bordered round the edge with brown cord passementerie outlined with gold; this trimming is also carried up to form a panel on one side. The bodice, which has a rounded basque, is of the cloth with a shaped waistcoat braided in brown and gold, the sleeves, which fit rather closely to the arm, being entirely covered with braiding to match. To complete this is a smart cut-away coat of the same cloth, left open so as to show the waistcoat, the revers and roll collar being of fawn velvet, and a small rather flat hat of fawn velvet, with brown and gold passementerie laid on the edge of the brim, and fawn wing standing up at the back.

A particularly tasteful dress is of parma violet Indian cashmere in a rather pale shade, and the skirt, which is pleated into the band in front, being covered with a design of pansies in natural colourings in thick silk embroidery. In the bodice, which is of plain cloth, the embroidery is introduced as a small plastron reaching only to the waist, and having on either side lapels of violet moiré, which is also used for sleeves and collar.

A costume of vieux rose twilled cloth has a plain skirt with fan pleatings of silk one tone darker, let in at intervals all round the edge. Two long sash ends, each being above a quarter of a yard wide, of the vieux rose silk fringed at the ends, are placed on the left side, falling straight from under the corsage of the bodice to the hem of the skirt. The bodice, which is cut very plainly, with a point back and front, has a wide piece of silk let into the left shoulder and carried slantwise across the front to the right hip, where the fringed end is drawn through a bronze buckle. The sleeves of cloth have miniature sashes tied round the wrists to form cuffs.

There is, at present, a rumour that polonaises and bunched-up draperies are to be revived, but excepting that one or two of the Parisian models are made in this style we have no indication of the fashion becoming general to the detriment of the simpler plain skirts now in vogue. One of the latest designs shown us is of grey green vicuna and black velvet. The plain petticoat is of the latter and the polonaise of the cloth, draped high on either side with rosettes of grey green faille, so that the skirt is visible all round. At the back, the cloth is draped slightly, the sides, which are faced with the faille, being turned backwards over the drapery at the top.

Myra.



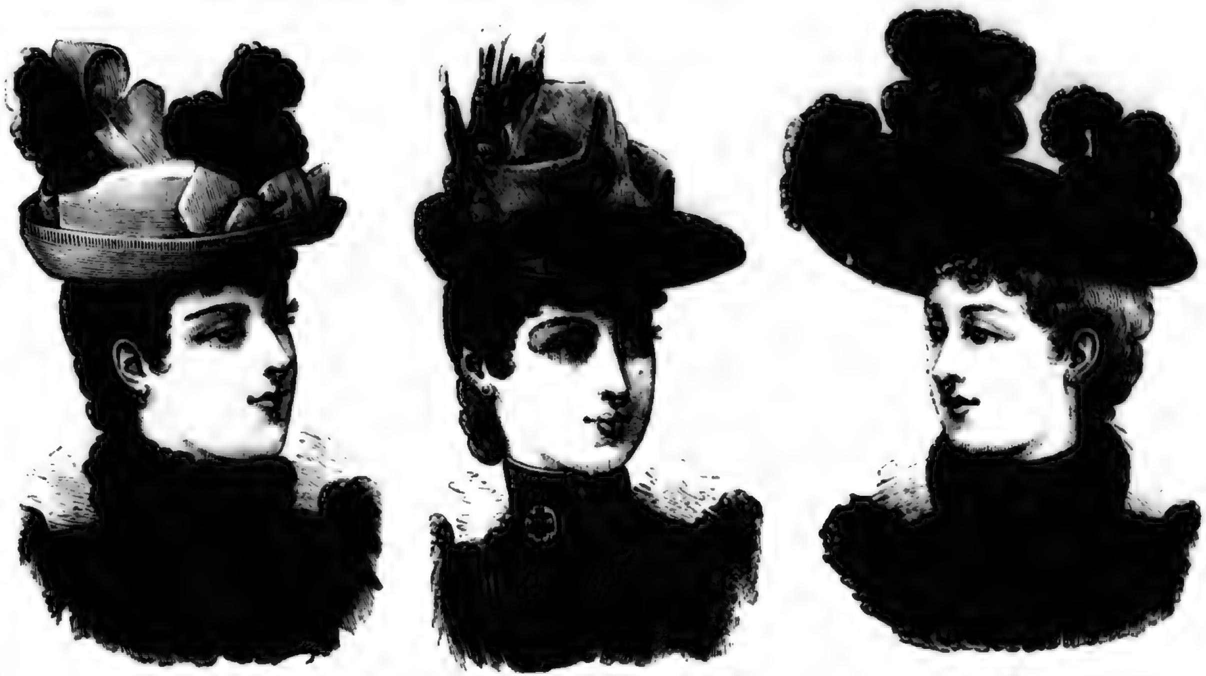
The Saint Gall Costume.

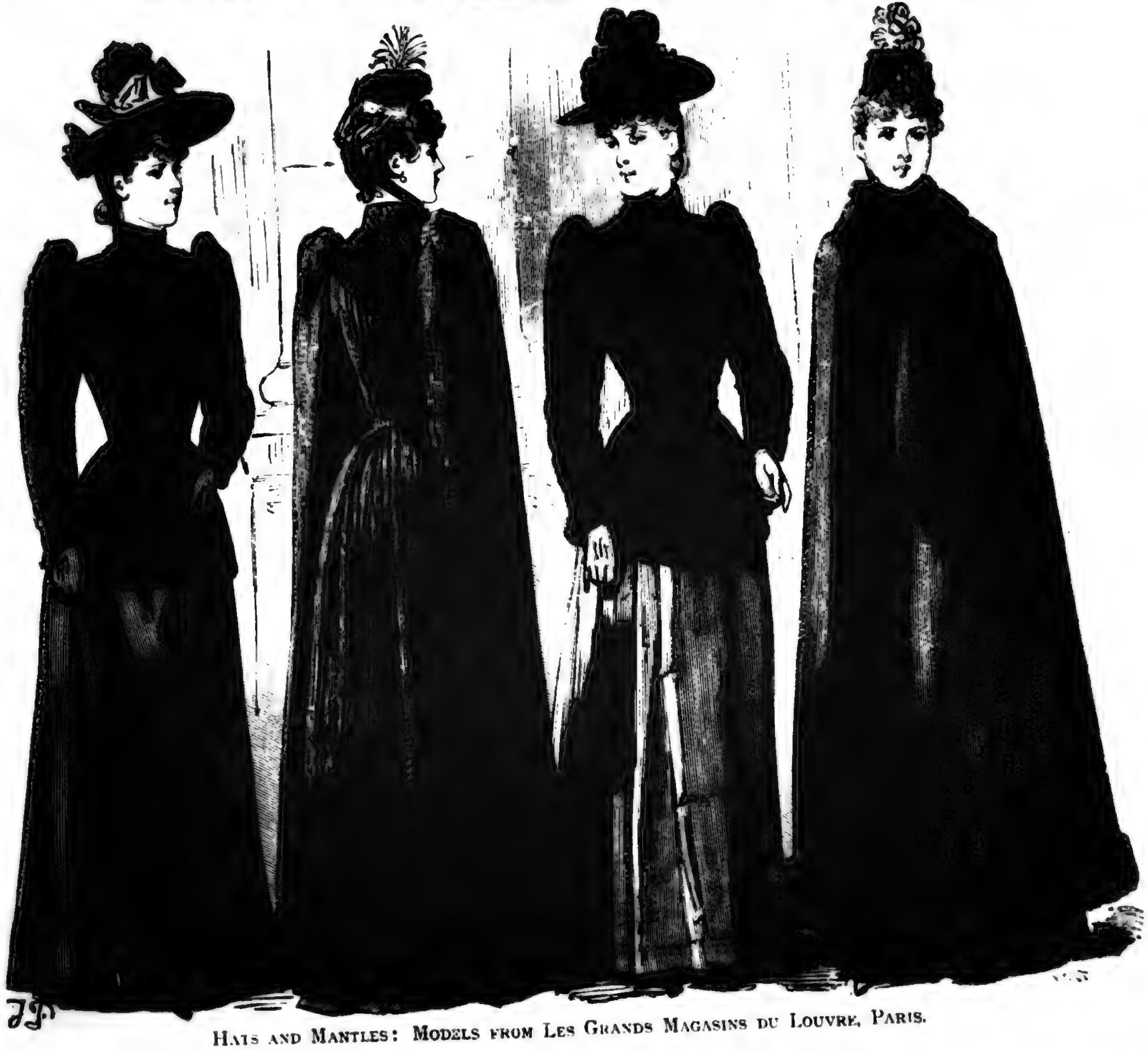
Skirt of anemone cloth, the edge cut in wide crenelations trimmed round with narrow black braid, the openings filled in with fan pleatings of velvet in a darker shade. Black passementerie ornaments on the hips; plain pleats at the back. Corsage of cloth, the front covered with fine black passementerie; draped crossed corselet of velvet. Sleeves of cloth, the cuffs, pleated epaulets, and collar of velvet. Velvet hat trimmed with pale yellow feathers. Quantity of material required—cloth, 7 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Novelties at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

Much to my regret it was found at the last moment that there was no room in the February number of the Journal for the illustrations and notes on the novelties for the early spring at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, and our readers would very likely prefer to have the descriptions of the illustrations repeated here, instead of referring to the last number.





Hats and Mantles: Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

The first hat illustrated is in felt, with a trimming of ostrich feathers and ribbon velvet, and the price, including all costs of carriage, etc., is one guinea. The second hat has a draped crown of coloured velvet, and brim and bow of black velvet; the trimming at the back consists of three swallows; the price is £1 10s. 6d. The third model is a very becoming broad brimmed hat in black felt, with a wreath of black feathers round the brim, and a plume front and back; the price is £1 14s. 6d.

The stylish jacket with braided fronts, the first model in the next illustration, is made in black and coloured cloth, at £1 10s.; the long cloak next to it, an admirable travelling wrap, is of fancy cloth in various colours, and costs only £1 5s. 6d. It is getting a little too late in the season for jackets in imitation astrakan, but the model is also made in cheviot cloth at the very low price of 14s.; the circular cloaks, with fur collar and border, are always useful as theatre wraps, and these may be had in three sizes, and in various qualities, the cheapest being in cashmere lined with silk, and costing, in the smallest size, only 11s.

The new spring hats for young ladies shown this season in the *Comptoir des Modes* at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, are remarkably picturesque and becoming head-gear. The wide brim throws a softening shade over the face in front, and is smartly turned up at the back under a bow; a plume of feathers fastened in between the raised brim and the back of the crown, and a handsome group of satin ribbon bows in front form the trimming in one model, which is in beige and other colours.

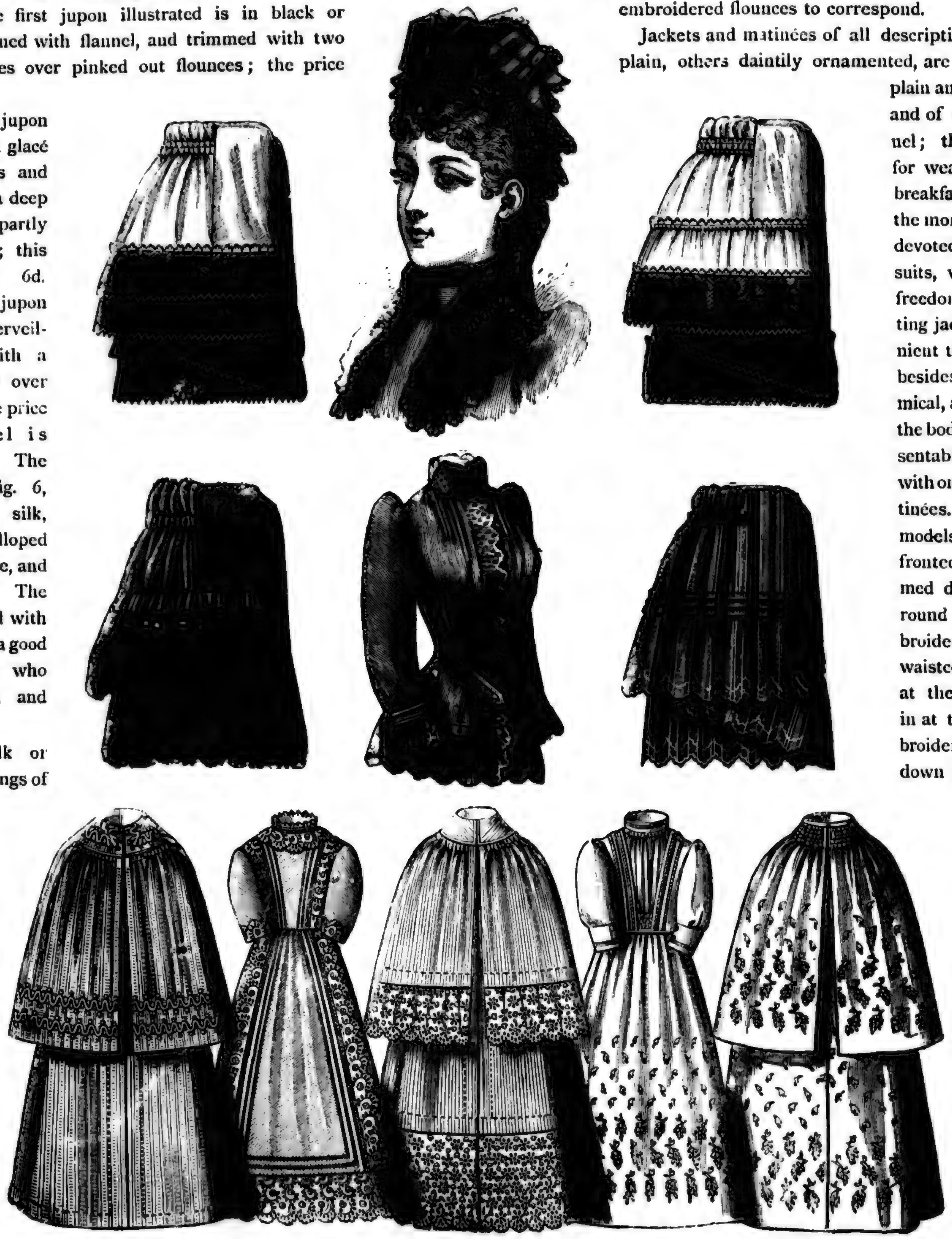
Wide brimmed velvet hats, in black, bronze, and other colours, are quite exceptionally elegant with their lovely trimmings of feather plumes and bows of satin or velvet ribbon; these, of course, are more expensive, but the prevailing prices for bonnets and hats are extremely moderate, and any of them can be procured from Paris through our intermission for our readers and subscribers.

Smaller hats with narrower brims, made of felt and trimmed with wings, combined with velvet or satin ribbon are very inexpensive and practical chapeaux for young girls; some of these cost as little as 12s. 6d.

or 14s., including all expenses of packing and carriage, and they can be had in a great variety of colours.

Our illustrations include some coquettish models of jupons for ladies' wear; far more attention is paid in Paris to these unseen details of the toilette than is customary with English women, the Parisienne being quite as careful in the choice of her jupons as she is in that of the dress that conceals them. It is a refinement of the toilette that is too much overlooked with us, but possibly these charming models may suggest to our readers the advisability of making an improvement in this direction. The first jupon illustrated is in black or coloured surah, lined with flannel, and trimmed with two black lace flounces over pinked out flounces; the price is 18s.

The similar jupon opposite this is in glacé silk in all shades and is bordered with a deep flounce of silk partly veiled with lace; this costs £1 11s. 6d. Fig. 4 illustrates a jupon in black satin merveilleux trimmed with a deep lace flounce over coloured silk; the price of this model is £1 13s. 6d. The striped jupon, fig. 6, is in bayadère silk, edged with a scalloped flounce of the same, and costs one guinea. The lace cap, trimmed with ribbon and jet, is a good model for ladies who wear lace caps, and costs 8s.



Ladies' Jupons, Clothing for Infants, etc.: Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

Jupons of silk or satin, with trimmings of lace flounces, cannot, of course, be recommended for constant wear, especially in bad weather. For such occasions there are more serviceable, yet still coquettish-looking skirts, of different fabrics. A very useful and handsome skirt is made of black striped moiré silk; this has no flounce but is drawn in at the back, throwing the fulness well to the rear of the figure. Skirts are also made of *satin de laine*, a material that has a surface almost as smooth as silk, and over which the dress falls without clinging, as it does to an ordinary woollen skirt. These jupons are either trimmed at the edge with an embroidered flounce, or else they are wadded and quilted for a considerate depth, and bordered with a fine pleating. Jupons are also made in cloth and in cashmere, lined with flannel, and prettily trimmed with embroidery and pleatings. The black satin quilted petticoats are the perfection of comfort, both for warmth and for the manner in which the dress falls and sets over them.

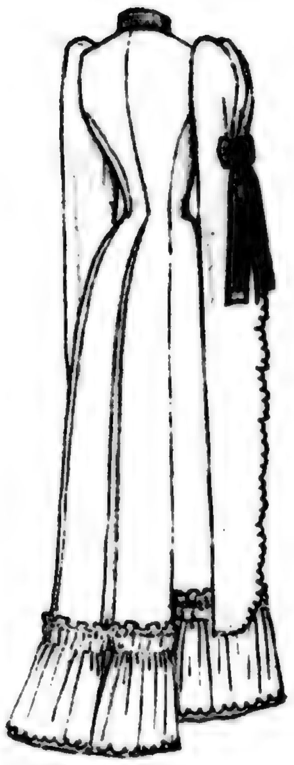
Amongst the under-jupons there are some excellent models in soft, warm jersey material, with a scalloped border edging the hem. These are very light, yet beautifully warm, and are made in white, sky blue, pale brown, and purple, and in several sizes. The flannel jupons are made in a great variety of colours, and are trimmed with embroidered flounces to correspond.

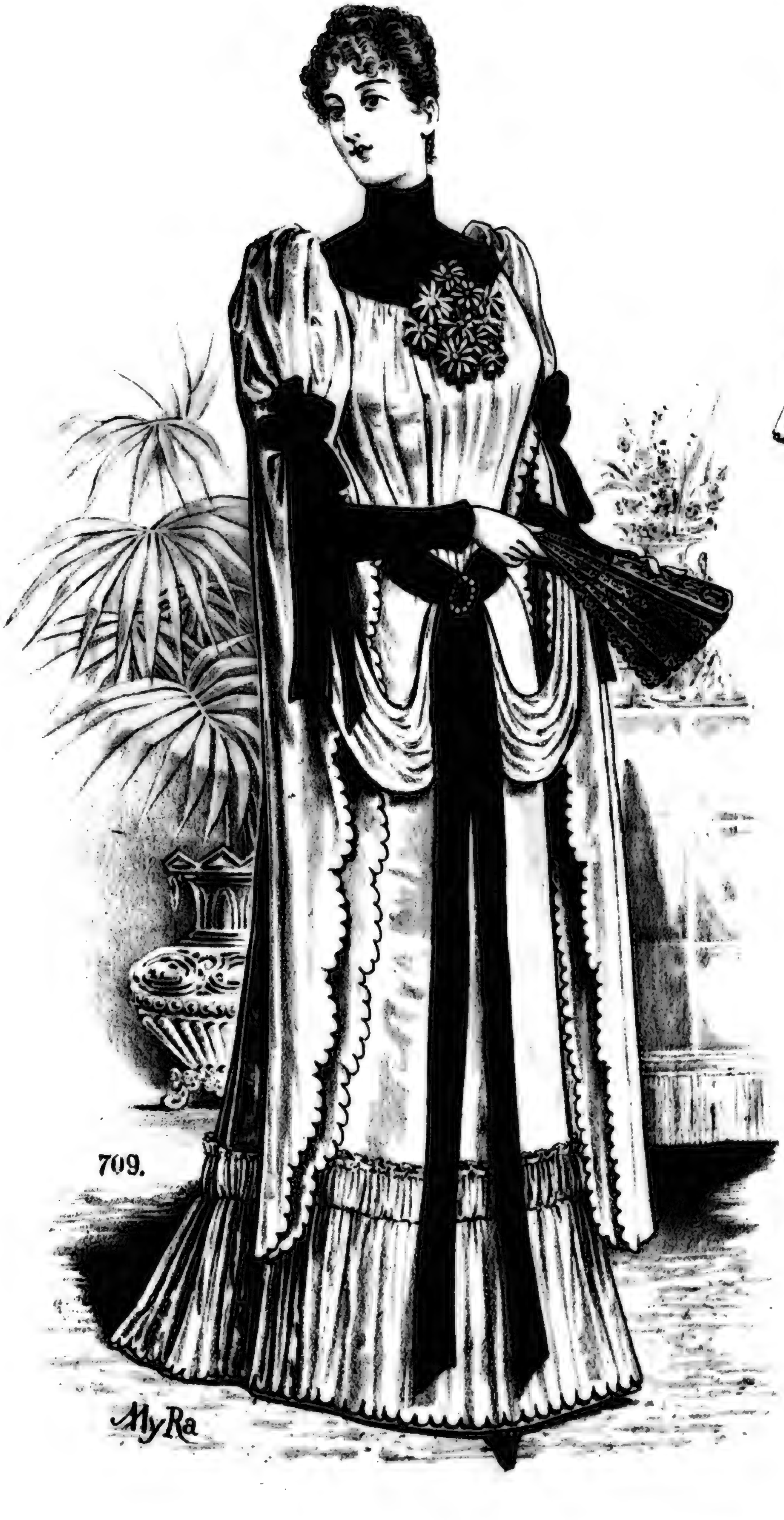
Jackets and matinées of all descriptions, some perfectly plain, others daintily ornamented, are made of cloth, of plain and striped molleton, and of fine coloured flannel; these are intended for wearing at the early breakfast table, and during the morning hours that are devoted to domestic pursuits, when the ease and freedom of the easily fitting jacket is more convenient than a dress bodice, besides being more economical, as any skirt of which the bodice is no longer presentable may be worn out with one of these pretty matinées. One of the best models is an open straight-fronted jacket of cloth, trimmed down the fronts and round the basque with embroidery; the loose blouse waistcoat is finely pleated at the neck, and drawn in at the waist by an embroidered band; the turned down collar and cuffs are trimmed with embroidery to match. The matinées in plain and striped molleton have the basque cut out in scallops, and embroidered round the edge, or else the basque is finished off with a stitched hem.

The model illustrated is of flannel, trimmed with an embroidered flounce, and the price is 7s. 6d.

All young mothers would certainly find the department devoted to layettes, and costumes for babies from one to three years old, extremely enticing, for not only are there innumerable little garments in the choicest styles, but they are at the same time to be obtained at such a variety of different prices as to suit all purses. Some of the christening robes are most exquisitely trimmed with finely embroidered edging and insertion, or with real valenciennes lace.

Myra.





709.

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Myra's Journal

Supplement Presented with "Myra's Journal," March 1, 18

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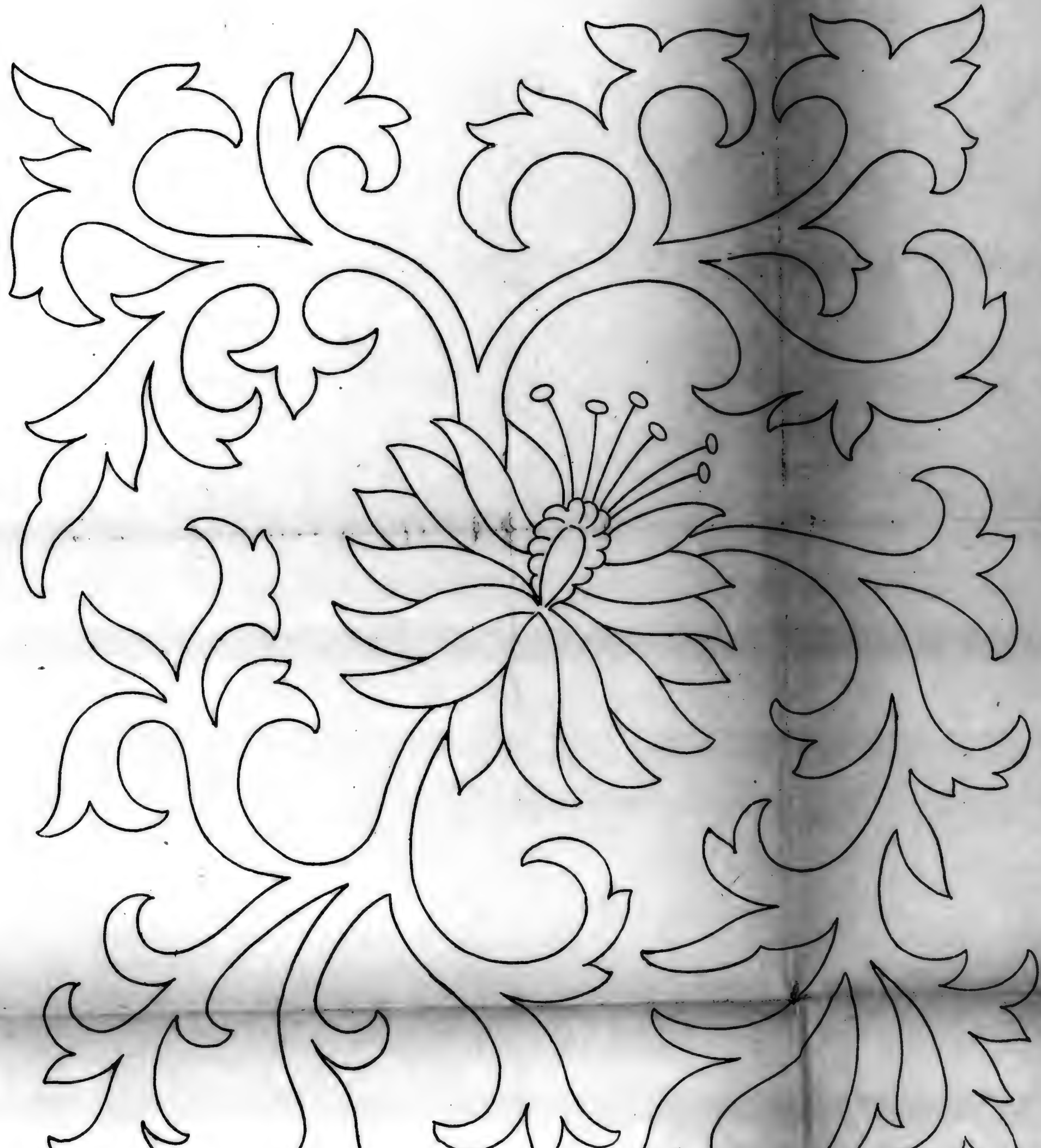

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CAUTION.—The Initials B. & M. are printed on every 5 yards.

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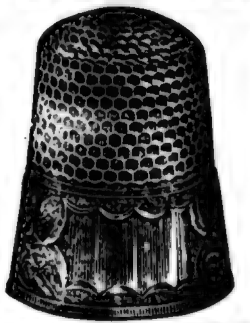

The Queen, May 8th, says:—"The 'Dorcas' Thimble is more durable than the generality of these almost indispensable worktable implements. It is made in three parts, the inner and the outer being Silver, and the intermediate Steel; these three are all struck up together, forming a resisting power not obtained in silver only. What is more uncomfortable than sewing with a thimble that has seen service to such an extent that it has holes in its sides? With the 'Dorcas' Thimble this annoyance vanishes"

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Eczema
Eczema
Eczema
Eczema
Eczema

"Vinolia Powder"

Unequalled for Toilet Purposes.

Acne
Acne
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Acne
Acne

"Superseding the old toilet powders, which are apt to cause acne spots on the face by blocking up the pores of the skin."—*Lady's Pictorial.*

"Vinola Powder is an impalpable rose dusting powder, soluble, of remarkable fineness, and well adapted for the nursery, toilet, 'weeping" surfaces, and sweating feet."—*British Medical Journal.*

For Toilet
For Toilet
For Toilet
For Toilet
For Toilet

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Prices: Vinolia and Vinolia Powder, 1/9, 3/6 and 6/- each per box; Vinolia Soap, Floral, 6d., Balsamic, 8d., and Otto of Roses, 10d.; Shaving Sticks, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6.

Samples forwarded Post Free on Receipt of Three Penny Stamps.

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RYLAND ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

The MERMAID SKIRT

15/6

With Material for Bodice.

Forms a most artistic and elegant Costume.

In Fancy and Plain Meltons, neutral tints, 15/6. In Serges, Cheviots, and Homespuns, in Black and Artistic Shades, 22/6. In Fine and Heavy Serges, Foules, Checks and Plaids, Cashmeres, in Black and Colors, 30/- Including Material for Bodice

Send for Patterns and Designs.

Supplied Direct from the Mills of
The Craven Manufacturing Compy.,
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NEVER BUY
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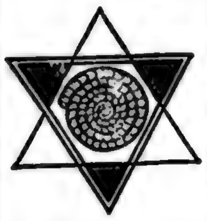
That do not bear this registered TRADE MARK.



All Articles bearing this Trade Mark and marked A1 quality are of the **FINEST ENGLISH HARD JET** from the Whitby Mines. Without it you are liable to be defrauded into paying an exorbitant price for a comparatively worthless article made from Foreign Soft Jet.

Wholesale only from the Manufacturer,

I. LANGDALE,
Standard Jet Works, Whitby, Yorks.

Of all Jewellers, or if any difficulty in obtaining, write to Manufacturer for name of nearest Jeweller keeping them.

DIRECT FROM THE MILL.

POST FREE.

SOCKS Gentlemen's Full Size in Stripes or Self-Color.

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ONE SHILLING

KNEE CAPS. Ladies' and Gentlemen's. In Scarlet, Grey, and Pink.

MUFFLERS For Children, in great variety.

GLOVES For Ladies & Gentlemen.

All guaranteed Pure Wool.
Also Boys' Jersey Caps, Striped or Self-color, 1s.
Send P.O. or Stamps to
FLEMING, REID & Co.
The Worsted Mills, Greenock,

100 Patterns of Knitting Wools (which need not be returned) sent Post Free.

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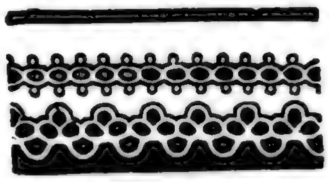
CHEAP and DURABLE.

For Ladies' Underclothing and Children's Garments, Guaranteed to outwear the Garment.

EMBROIDERY TRIMMING.

All Genuine Goods are stamped on every card. Beware of Cheap imitations which do not retain the shape after washing.

Ask your Draper for the Lion Embroidery Trimming.



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Philips' Dutch Linen Tapes & "SUPERFINE" Webs

THEIR TAPES ARE OF WORLD WIDE REPUTATION FOR LADIES & CHILDRENS' UNDERWEAR, AND ARE SOFT, RICH, & DURABLE.

Their webs are renowned for… Beauty of finish & adapted for… Skirt Bands and all classes of work where strength & durability are required.

CAUTION! SEE THAT "J. & N. PHILIPS & Co. TEAN HALL" IS ON EVERY PARCEL.

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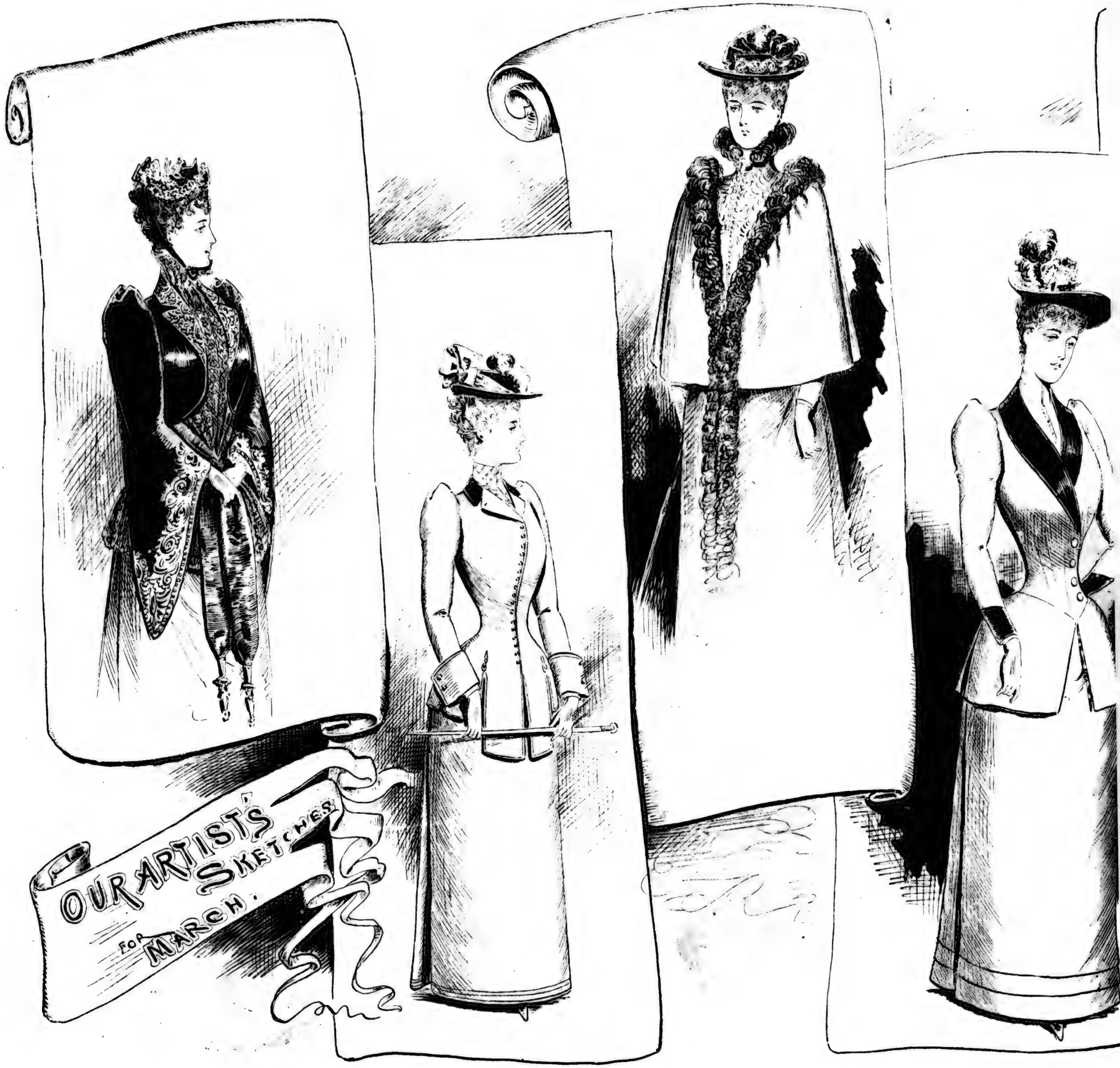
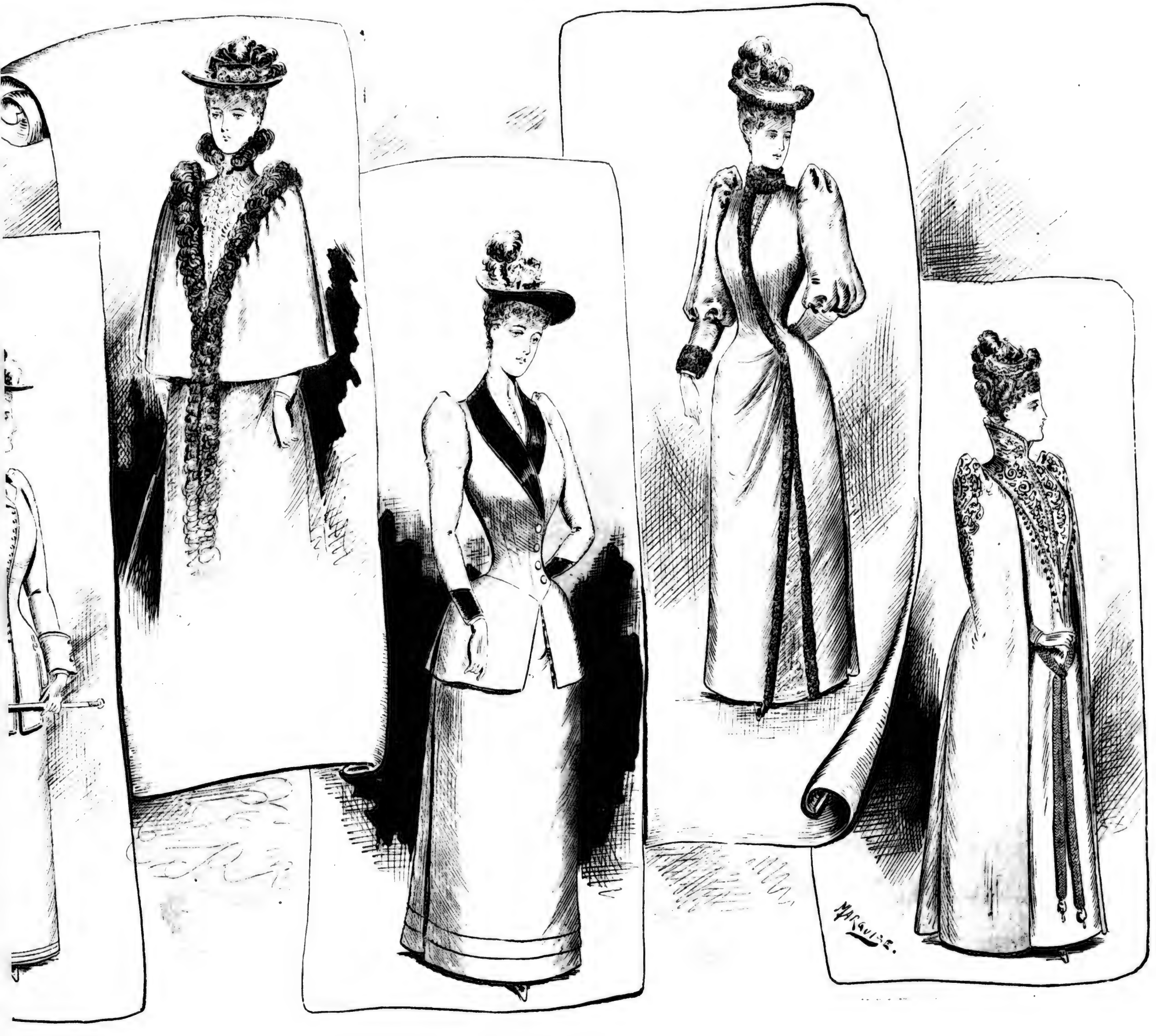

OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES FOR MARCH.

SUPPLEMENT TO "MYRA'S JOURNAL," MARCH 1, 1891.



To be obtained from leading Drapers. **Trade Mark: "The Varnished Board."**

PRIESTLEY'S
DRESS FABRICS
"FOR GENTLEWOMEN."

The "QUEEN," Feb. 8, 1890, says:—"To connoisseurs in matters of Dress it is a veritable pleasure to examine the materials which are produced by the great firm of Messrs. PRIESTLEY & SONS. Nothing ever leaves the manufactory that is not of the highest quality and finish . . . . *The durability of Messrs. PRIESTLEY'S Goods is so well known as to call for no further remark."*

COLD BLIGHTS THE FAIREST FLOWERS,
AND BLOSSOMS FADE BEFORE IT.

THE cold winds, damp or frosty weather, are subversive of personal comfort and attraction to Ladies in causing an unseemly roughness and redness of the complexion and skin, and, with the lips, to become tender and chapped. As a preventative and a relief in all such cases, the application of

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

will prove peculiarly grateful. This unique Botanical preparation allays all irritation and tenderness of the skin, removes cutaneous disfigurements, freckles and tan, and imparts a healthy and blooming appearance to the complexion, and a delicacy and softness to the neck, hands, and arms. Its purifying and refreshing properties have obtained its selection by Royalty and the Several Courts throughout Europe, together with the *élite* of the Aristocracy. Sold in two sizes, **4/6** and **2/3**, by Chemist and Perfumers.

Ask for ROWLAND'S KALYDOR.

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPY.

INDIAN CRYSTALS
(REGISTERED).

The latest and now perfect Substitute for **Old Indian** and **Brazilian Diamonds.**

HIGHEST AWARD,

PARIS 1889.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST
CONTAINING THE
Choicest and Newest Designs in Gem Work, post free.

248, Regent Street;
35, Piccadilly Circus;

AVIS.

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY *beg to announce that, owing to their business having entirely outgrown the premises in Regent Street, they have purchased the business of* THE FRENCH JEWELLERY COMPANY *in Piccadilly Circus. They have also opened an additional branch in the Burlington Arcade, while negotiating for more spacious accommodation in Bond Street. The present London addresses, therefore, are:—*

248, REGENT STREET,
35, PICCADILLY CIRCUS,
43, BURLINGTON ARCADE.

Extensive additions to the workshops both in Paris and in London are also being vigorously pushed forward, which, when completed, will greatly facilitate the execution of important orders.

SPECIAL SALE.

The entire stock of The French Jewellery Company, at Piccadilly Circus, is being cleared at a reduction of 50 per cent. off the original prices.

SPECIALITÉ
Matchless Imitation of Finest
Oriental Pearls,
In Necklaces, Pendants, Brooches, Earrings, Studs, Pins, &c.

HIGHEST AWARD,

PARIS 1889.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST
post free on application.

43, Burlington Arcade;
AND IN PARIS.

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☛ *The Publishers earnestly request the co operation of Advertisers in the matter of sending in their "Copy" early, and revising Proofs promptly.* ☛ *In future, any new Copy or alteration of Copy* **should be sent in by the 5th of the Month, and in no case later than the 10th.** *Otherwise* ☛ *the submitting and correction of Proofs cannot be guaranteed.*

HONEST SOAP.

FROM

Dr. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., &c.

(Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.)

"Being authorised by Messrs. Pears to purchase at any and all times, and of any dealers, samples of their Transparent Soap (thus ensuring such samples being of exactly the same quality as is supplied to the general public, and to submit the same to the strictest chemical analysis, I am enabled to guarantee the invariable purity of this Soap.

"The proportion of alkalies to fats is absolutely chemically correct. In a perfect Toilet Soap neither preponderates—a characteristic the immense importance of which the public have not yet been 'educated up' to realising; an excess of alkali or an excess of fat being alike very injurious and even dangerous to a sensitive skin.

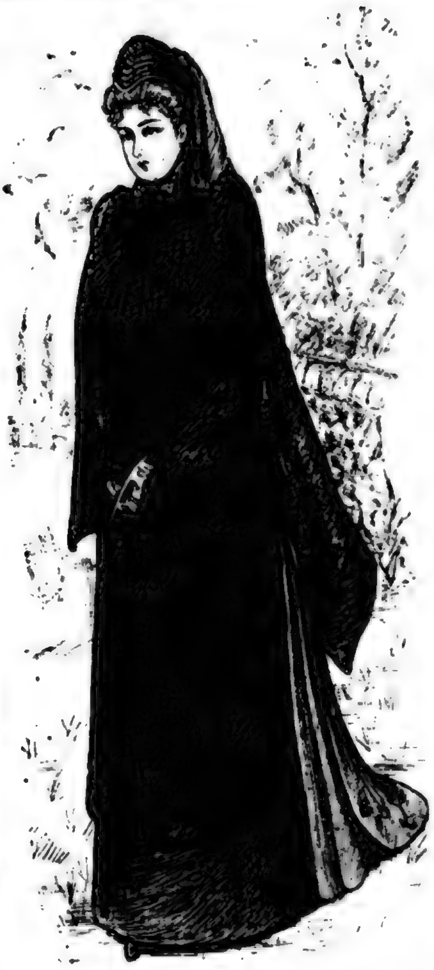
"It is also free from any admixture of artificial coloring, its well-known dark amber tint being entirely due to the natural color of the materials used in its manufacture.

"The perfumes introduced are pure, agreeable, and perfectly harmless.

"No water has been added. Water is quite commonly added in the manufacture of soaps to increase their weight (some containing as much as 30 or 40 per cent.), but PEARS' SOAP is entirely free from any such admixture, and thus, being all soap instead of soap and water, it is remarkably lasting—that is to say, that whilst producing an abundant lather it is not quickly worn away in use, and wears down to the smallest possible piece; there being consequently no waste, it is really a remarkably cheap article.

"My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a very lengthy period—nearly fifty years—during which time I have never come across another Toilet Soap which so closely realises my ideal of perfection; its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—even that of a new-born baby."

T Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.



PETER ROBINSON,

BLACK GOODS and

GENERAL MOURNING

WAREHOUSE,

256 to 262, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

FUNERALS FURNISHED.

MOURNING ORDERS.

On receipt of letter or telegram, experienced Assistants are always in readiness to take a full assortment of Mourning Goods to any address in TOWN or COUNTRY, at the same reasonable prices as if purchased in the Warehouse, and travelling expenses are not charged, whatever the distance

Ladies who wear from choice black or neutral colors, will find at this Establishment a full Assortment of the

LATEST CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN

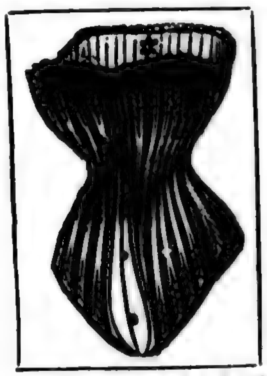
MANTLES AND GOWNS.

Telegraphic Address, "Peter Robinson, London." Telephone No. 3557.

BROWN'S PATENT

"DERMATHISTIC" CORSET.

"The actual wearing-out of such a Corset as this becomes an absolute impossibility."—*Lady's Pictorial.*



ELEGANCE!

COMFORT!!

DURABILITY!!!

SPECIALITÉ:—

Bones, Busks and Steels, protected by Leather.

Price 5/11 all Colors.

The Registered "Coach Spring Busk" with which these Corsets are now fitted are WARRANTED UNBREAKABLE.

"It seems indeed as though one pair would last a wearer the whole course of her natural life."—*Sylvia.*
"An ingenious method of ensuring durability."—MYRA.

Every Lady should try them. Order at once from your Draper.

CAUTION.—Do not take a substitute. Beware of worthless imitations.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED FOR SUPERIORITY

THE

Leeds Manufacturing Company

Are the Sole Makers of the

PRIZE MEDAL DRESS CLOTH,

And send, Carriage Paid, to any address

A FULL DRESS LENGTH FOR 12s.

This consists of 6 yards, 50 to 52 inches wide; or any length can be had at factory prices, 2s per yard, in all colors, also black and greys.

"The Queen" says: "It is a handsome and serviceable cloth."

The "Lady's Pictorial" says: "An excellent fabric, of the habit cloth kind, made of pure Australian Wool."

LADIES, WRITE FOR PATTERNS, which need not be returned.

SEALETTE, or Silk Seal Plush.—This is the handsomest substitute for Sealskin, and more healthy to wear. Makes lovely Jackets and Mantles. Ladies, write for Patterns to

The LEEDS MANUFACTURING CO., St. Paul's Street, S.G., Leeds, Yorkshire.

SPECIAL.—We make the finest unshrinkable Flannel in the world, Astrachans, Mantle and Jacket Cloths, Ulster Cloths, the Cravenette Waterproofs for Ladies' Cloaks, Serges, Dress Fabrics, &c.

GOLD MEDAL—
PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.

DIPLOMA OF HONOR
(Highest possible Award)
EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.

MACHINES FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SEWING.

Ten per cent. discount for Cash, or ON HIRE,

Per 2/6 Week.

WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE

INSTRUCTION FREE.

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ANNUAL SALE—

700,000 MACHINES!

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CHEAPSIDE,
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NOVELTIES IN NEEDLEWORK AND WOOLS.

Novelty Catalogue Price List Now Ready, "Free" on application to any part of the World.

"NOVELTIES" IN PLUSH EMBROIDERY.

Traced or Depressed—Commenced or Uncommenced.
New Designs—"HEARTSEASE," "BUTTERFLY," "PINES," "AUTUMN LEAF," and "CELESTIAL," all of our latest introductions.
In Mantel Borders, Table Covers, Table Centres, Sideboards, Antimacassars, Scarf Antimacassars, Curtain Loops, Bands, &c., &c.

NOVELTIES IN WIDE-HEMMED OR FRILLED PONGEE SILK EMBROIDERY.

In Table Covers,
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Table Runners,
Toilet Sets,
Table Centres,
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Bed Spreads,
Nightdress Sachets,
Pillow Shams,
Duchess Covers,
Antimacassars,
Duchess Sets,
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Or with Wide Hems. Traced Mont Mellick, and many other new designs upon Fine, Medium, or Heavy Linen, and Soft Sateen Materials, in

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Pillow Cases,
Duchess Covers,
Antimacassars,
Pillow Shams,
Table Covers,
Sideboards Covers,
Toilet Covers,
Tray Cloths,
Table Runners,
Nightdress Sachets,
Serviettes,
Tea Cosies,
Comb Bags,
Carving Cloths,
Splash Screens.

Novelties in White Cotton Embroidery. Novelties in Felt and Art Serge Embroidery. Novelties in Satin de Luxe Embroidery.

Endless Novelties for Bazaars and Sales of Work,
IN SEVERAL HUNDRED TOTALLY DISTINCT & USEFUL ARTICLES, ALL MADE UP SO AS TO BE QUICKLY FINISHED.

All the Newest Designs in BED SPREADS, PILLOW CASES, and PILLOW SHAMS.

WOOLS AND KNITTING YARN AT THE REDUCED PRICES.
Every Requisite in Silks, Cords, Metal Threads, Spangles, Beads, &c., &c., for Art Work.

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HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL DIAPERS
MEDICAL PROFESSION

HARTMANN'S HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL. DIAPERS.

By Royal Letters Patent,

INVALUABLE AT HOME and INDISPENSABLE to LADIES' TRAVELLING.

1/- and 2/- per Dozen, which is the Actual Cost of Washing.

CAN BY OBTAINED FROM ALL LADIES' OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENTS, DRAPERS, AND CHEMISTS.
Sample Packets of one dozen at 1/3 and 2/3, or 6 dozen at 6/6 and 12/6., Post Free, with descriptive circular containing testimonials from all the principal Hospitals and Leading Members of the Medical Profession.
Address—"The Manageress," The SANITARY WOOD WOOL COMPANY (Lim.), 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
☞ See that you get HARTMANN'S DIAPERS. ☜

CHILDREN NEVER CRY UNLESS THEY ARE IN PAIN.

WOODWARD'S "Gripe Water."

SAFE, SIMPLE
PALATABLE,
EFFICACIOUS.

ANDREW WILSON, Esq., F.R.S.—"It is an excellent family remedy. NO NURSERY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT."

GORDON STABLES, Esq., M.D.—"*It is the only safe medicine for infants.*"

Is the ONLY really SAFE remedy for all disorders of Infants and Children, it assists *difficult* TEETHING and prevents *Convulsions.*

"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," of Cassell's Magazine—"It is the only medicine of its kind I would feel justified in recommending."

A BELFAST PHYSICIAN (name given privately) says:—"It is a Pharmacological preparation of great value. Knowing its exact composition, I can with confidence recommend it."

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For Cleansing the Teeth and Perfuming the Breath.

Tooth Elixir, 2/6 per bottle
Tooth Powder, 6d. & 1/- per box
Tooth Paste, Clove Flavor, 2/6 per pot
Peppermint Flavor, 3/- per pot

PREPARED BY

A. FRIEDERICH,

Purveyor to H.M. the King of Holland.

SOLE AGENTS: **R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.**

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Modals, Paris, 1889.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Children's Bordered	1/3	HEM-STITCHED:	
Ladies'	2/4½	Ladies'	2/11½
Gent's	3/6	Gent's	3/11

PER DOZ.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1/- to 60/- each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/3 per dozen. Dinner Napkins, 4/6 per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/9; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/4 per dozen. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/2½ each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

Samples and ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS of any of the above, Post Free to any part of the World.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany,
BELFAST. *(Please name this publication).*

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND MATCHLESS SHIRTS.

"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*

Collars.—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, **3/6** per doz; Gent.'s 4-fold **4/11** to **5/11** per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies Gentlemen and Children, from **5/11** per doz.

Shirts.—Best quality longcloth with 4-fold finest Linen Fronts, **35/6** per half dozen; to measure or pattern, **2/-** extra.

Old Shirts made as good as new, with best materials in Neck-bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for **14/-** the half dozen.

Price Lists and Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
BELFAST.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR"

As Dean Swift half-cynically, half-tenderly, inscribed a lock of hair from the tresses of the tender, devoted Stella. Only a woman's hair, and yet what poems, what romances have been inspired by the loveliness of a woman's hair. It is the crowning glory of her beauty, and yet she rarely displays it to advantage. The caprices and exigences of fashion are always at work among her tresses, whether piling them up in towers, or rolling them in masses about the brows, or curling them in ringlets, or diffusing them in a frizzy mass over brow and neck, or in a hundred ways differing widely from the simple *chevelure* of Mother Eve. Anyhow, as Milton pictures it:

> She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
> As the vine curls her tendrils.

But, whether fair or dark, there is no aid to beauty more potent than an abundant, luxurious growth of hair, which may be obtained by using **EDWARDS' "HARLENE,"** the only Hair Producer and Restorer, so scientific in its discovery, or so effectual in its operation; and she who possesses long and beautiful tresses can afford to disregard the latest extravagance of fashion.

* * *

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Thoroughly Restores Premature Grey Hair to its Natural Color.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Imparts a Healthy Vigor to the Root Tissues.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Is Cooling and Refreshing to the Head.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Is Perfectly Hamless and Pleasant to Use.

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Imparts Softness and Purity to the Hair.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Quickly Produces a Splendid Growth of Whiskers and Moustachios.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Positively Stops the Hair from Falling.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Is Unrivalled for its Strengthening Properties, and Unsurpassed as a Dressing.

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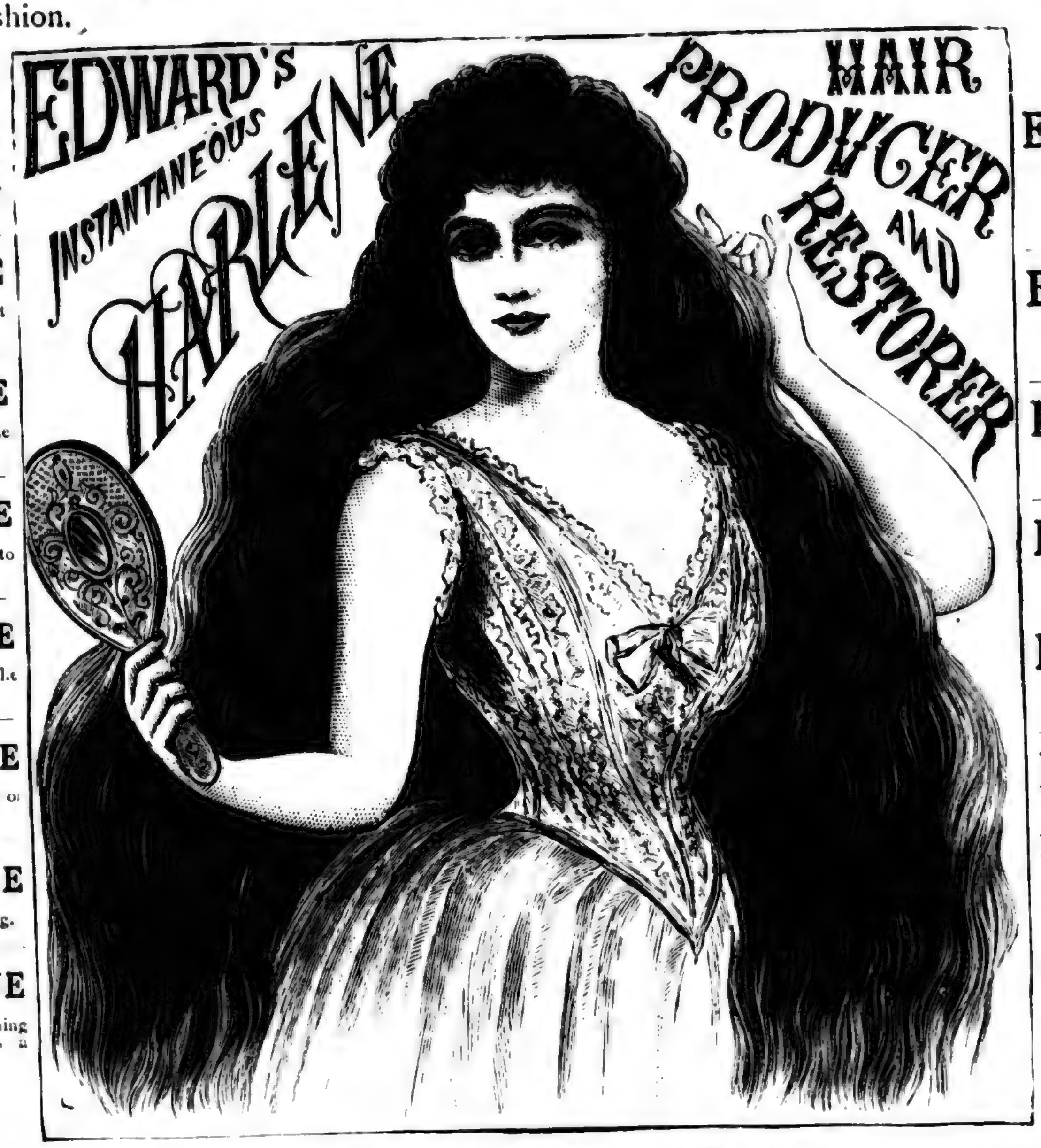

* * *

EDWARDS' HARLENE
WORLD RENOWNED
Hair Producer and Restorer,
Is a Phenomenal Success.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
For Curing Baldness.
Acts at Once.
Try it To-Day

EDWARDS' HARLENE
For Curing Scanty Partings. Of all Chemists.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes. Never Fails.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Quickly Removes and Prevents Dandruff. Of all Perfumers.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Positively Produces Long Flowing Hair

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Is not a Dye and does not stain the Skin. Of all Hairdressers.

EDWARDS' HARLENE
Prevents Premature Decay and Falls off of the Hair.

* * *

EDWARDS' HARLENE IS POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.

PHYSICIANS AND ANALYSTS PRONOUNCE IT TO BE PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND DEVOID OF ANY METALLIC OR OTHER INJURIOUS INGREDIENT.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d. and 6s. Postal Orders Preferred.

Testimonials, also a valuable Treatise on the Cultivation of Hair and some extraordinary facts of the efficaciousness of the "HARLENE," forwarded free on application.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

G. R. EDWARDS & CO.,
5, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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Special Offer to Readers of "MYRA'S JOURNAL."

A

5/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3/-

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of "Myra's Journal" who sends us this Coupon with a Postal Order for **3s.** and **6d.** to cover Postage, package, &c., one regular **5s. 6d.** Bottle of EDWARDS' HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our specialité more widely known without spending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupon. Dated March 1st., 1891.

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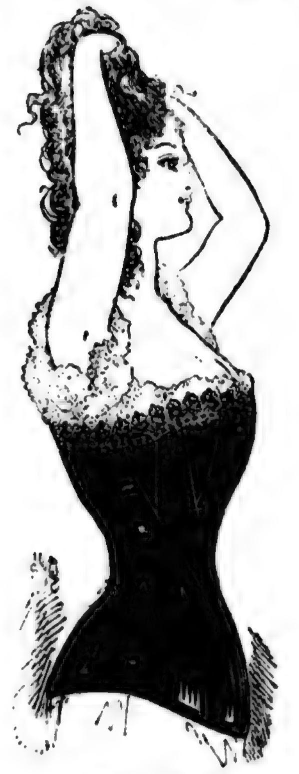


[Reg. No. 10,438.]

The "SPÉCIALITÉ Corset" (Regd.)

TYPE 1.—Long waist, in Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, **18/6** complete; in Black Satin, **27/6**; in Cardinal Satin, **27/6**; in White Satin, **27/6**

THE "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" (Regd.)

Can be procured only of DICKINS & JONES, 232, Regent Street.

The "Spécialité Corset" is manufactured under scientific supervision, the cut and make being perfect; each bone is placed in the position requiring support, without impeding or checking the proper exercise of the muscles, allowing perfect freedom of action to the whole frame; all these advantages are obtained, with an additional elegance of form, as the illustrations will show.

Ladies preferring a long, graceful waist, will find Models 1 and 2 a perfect and most comfortable shape. For medium long waist, Model 3 will be found becoming, graceful, and comfortable.

The "Spécialité Corset" is made of best materials and fitted throughout with REAL WHALEBONE (Busks and side Steels excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "Spécialité Corset" will be found 25 per cent. better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

The "Specialite Corset" is our own exclusive property, and cannot be procured elsewhere.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are a few of the numerous Spontaneous and Unsolicited Testimonials which are received daily bearing on the excellence of the "SPECIALITE CORSETS" (Regd.)

"2, Oakley-villas, Cirencester, July 12, 1890.

"Mrs. Lindsell would be obliged if Messrs. Dickins and Jones would send by return a pair of their "Specialite Corsets" (Type 2), in White Coutille. She has much pleasure in saying that she finds them the most comfortable corset she has ever worn.

"Oak Grove, Basingstoke, Hants, July 17, 1890.

"Mrs. Heathcote will feel obliged by Messrs. Dickins and Jones sending her a strong silk lace, such as they put in their "Specialite Corsets," which Mrs. Heathcote has worn for the last few months, and has found them most comfortable and satisfactory, and is indeed very much pleased with them."

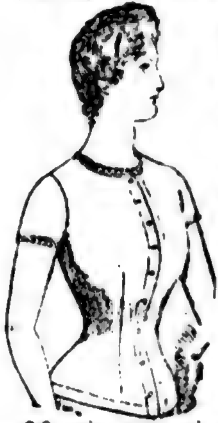
"8, Hyde Park Mansions, Sept. 19, 1890.

"Miss L. R. Humfrey will thank Messrs. Dickins and Jones to send her two more of the 'Princess' Slip Bodices. She also wishes to add her praise of the 'Specialite Corsets'; she has worn a pair a year and a half, and they are perfect and uninjured; the long bodices keep them so beautifully clean, and their fit is perfection."

The "PRINCESS" SLIP BODICE

(REGD)

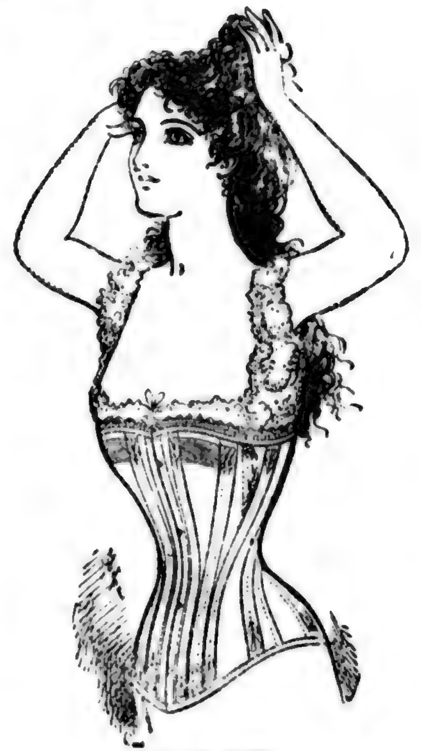
(Can only be obtained of Dickins and Jones.)



For a dress to fit perfectly, to a well-shaped Corset, what is so necessary as a good fitting Bodice? The Bodice, as illustration, meets this requirement, as being made of woven material, and therefore elastic, it fits the figure like a glove.

Prices in superior quality White Cotton material, 20in. waist, **3/-**; 22in., **3/3**; 24in., **3/6**; 26in, **3/9**; 28in., **4/-**; 30in., **4/3**. Also in fine Cashmere Wool. In cream, pink, sky, and natural wool, 20in., **5/6**; 22in., **6/3**; 24in., **7/**; 26in., **7/9**; 28in., **8/6**; 30in., [illegible]; with high necks and short sleeves; and high necks and no sleeves; can also be had with high necks and long sleeves, In Silk, Cream, Pink, Sky, and Cardinal, trimmed fine real Torchon Lace, 20in., **11/-**; 22in., **12/6**; 24in., **14/-**; 26in., **15/6**; 28in., **17/-**; 30in., **18/6**.

Sample Bodices sent on approval.



[Regd. No. 10,438.]

The "SPÉCIALITÉ Corset" (R gd)

TYPE 2.—Long Waist, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, **18/6** complete.

TYPE 3.—Medium long waist, in White Coutille, with Real Whalebone, **16/6** complete; in Black Italian Cloth and Real Whalebone, **18/6** complete.

DICKINS & JONES, 232 to 236, Regent Street, London.

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32 inches wide 1/3

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32 inches wide 1/9

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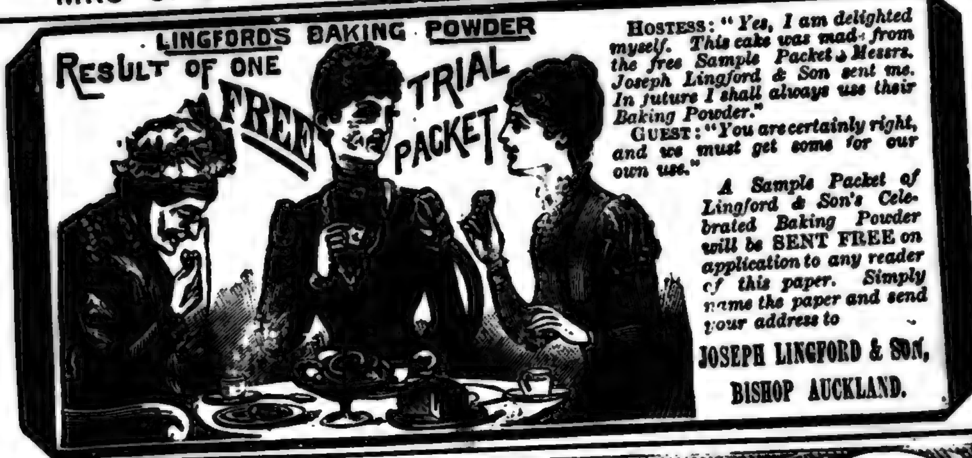
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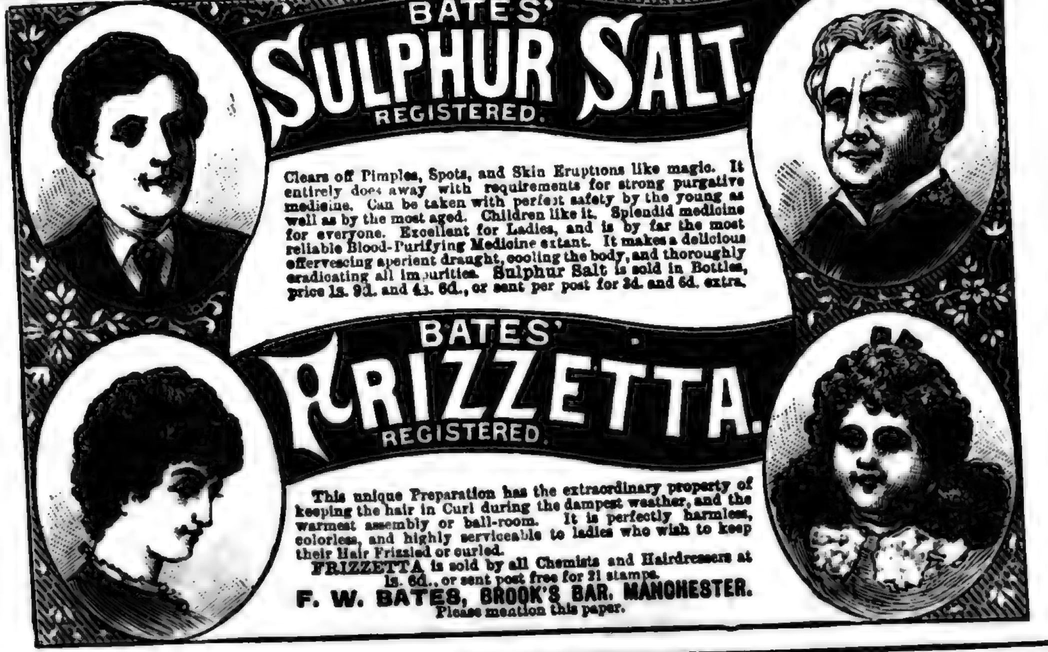

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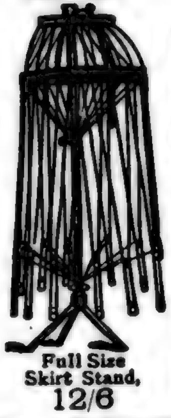

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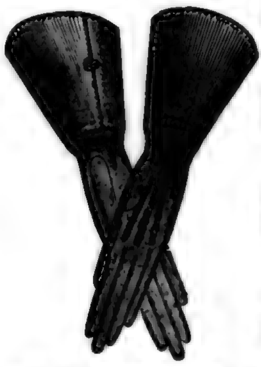

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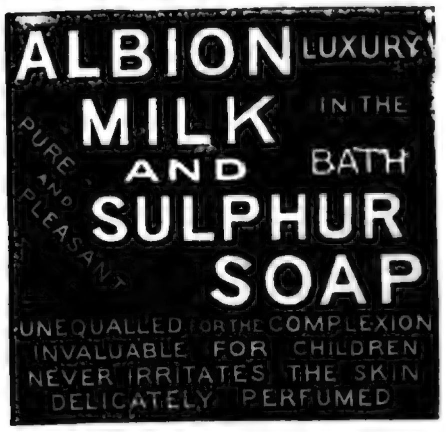

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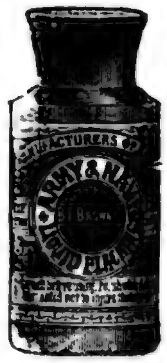

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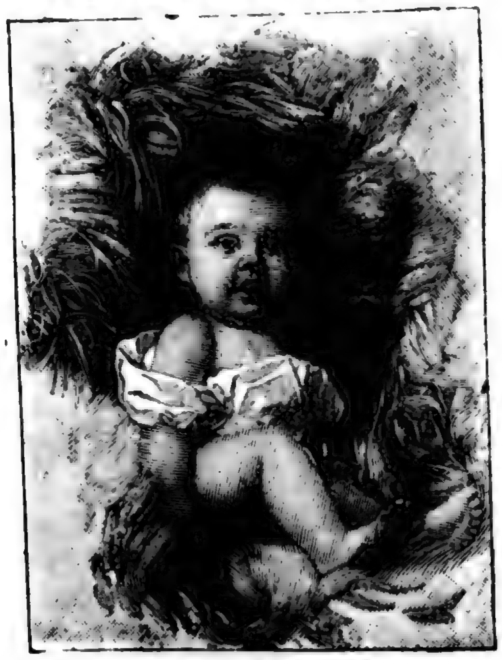
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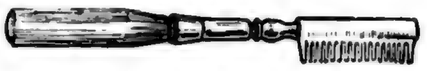
POST FREE.

"A useful and beautiful invention, which will be universally appreciated."

Like the majority of the marvellous Electrical appliances which have been invented of recent years, this latest triumph, the Electric Hair Curler, hails from America, where almost every lady of the land uses it. Unsolicited testimonials, couched in the most eulogistic terms, have been received from all parts of the world by the inventor of this ingenious, time-saving, and altogether admirable piece of mechanism.



"Since I used the Electric Hair Curler my hair has gained in strength and lustre, and crimps and curls as if by magic. I am determined that all my friends shall use it."

By its aid the hair, beard, or moustache can be curled in any style in two minutes. It produces any form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

Entirely harmless to the hair. Saves time and trouble, and never fails to curl or crimp in the most graceful, beautiful, and artistic style.

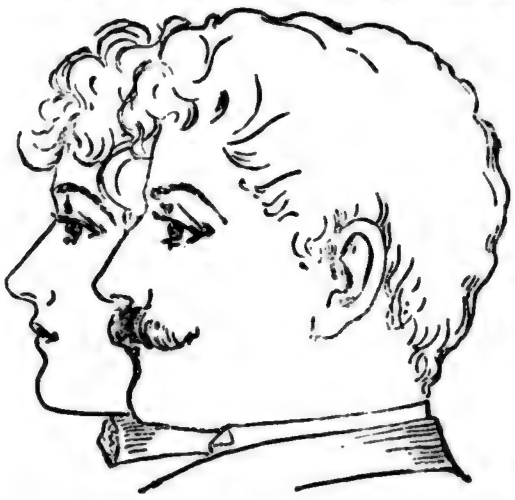
Ladies who wear crimps, or other forms of false hair, will find the Electric Curler an article of the greatest utility. It is simple in its operation, and can be used by everybody with entire success the first time.

Sent post free on receipt of **2s. 6d.** by the

ELECTRIC CURLER COMPANY (Room 16), 32, SNOW HILL,
LONDON, E.C.

Bad Complexions
Cuticura Soap.

Bad complexions, with pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands are infallibly prevented by that greatest of Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap**, when all other so-called skin and complexion soaps and remedies fail. *Why? Because it prevents clogging of the sebacious glands with sebum, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurations.* **Cuticura Soap** derives its remarkable medicinal properties from **Cuticura**, the great Skin Cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks that the result is a *medicated toilet soap* incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. In a word, it purifies, beautifies, and preserves the skin as no other soap does, and hence its sale is greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world, Price, 1s.



Mothers, *do you realise* how your little ones suffer when their tender skins are literally ON FIRE with ITCHING and BURNING ECZEMAS, and other ITCHING, SCALY, and BLOTCHY SKIN and SCALP DISEASES? To know that a single application of the **Cuticura Remedies** will, in the majority of cases, afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be almost inhuman. **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humour remedies of modern times; are absolutely pure, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with unfailing success.

Price: CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 2s. 3d.; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 1s.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, 4s. 6d.; or the set, post-paid, for 7s. 9d., of F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C., depot for POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION. "ALL ABOUT THE SKIN." 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations and 100 Testimonials, mailed free to any address. A book of priceless value, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

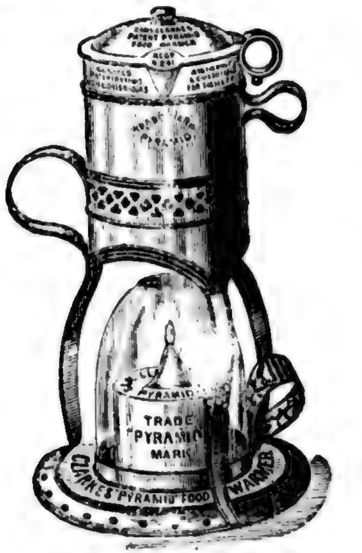
CLARKE'S

NEWLY DESIGNED

"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp

FOOD WARMER.

With New Registered Pannikin.
Including "Burglar's Horror" Lamp.
2/6, 3/6, 5/- and 6/- each.



CLARKE'S
IMPROVED PANNIKIN

(REGISTERED),
FOR USE WITH

CLARKE'S
"Pyramid" Nursery Lamp.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a Feeding Bottle so objectionable with all other Pannikins.

These Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

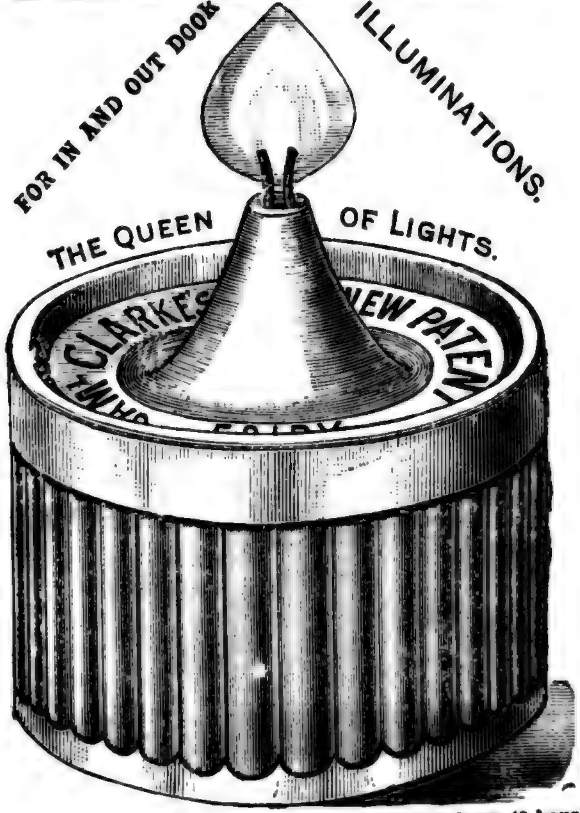
N.B.—Ask for CLARKE'S PANNIKIN, and see that his name and the registered number (Registered 91,241) is on the Pannikin, and Trade Mark, "Pyramid."

Clarke's Patent "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS are the only Lights suitable for these Lamps.

CLARKE'S PATENT LIGHTS.

Trade Mark, "FAIRY."

AS USED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.


FOR IN AND OUT DOOR ILLUMINATIONS.
THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.
CLARKE'S NEW PATENT
FAIRY

Exact size of light.

1s. per Box., containing 6 Double Wick "FAIRY" Lights, burn 10 hours each, and Glass for burning in

CLARKE'S PATENT "FAIRY" LAMPS,

For Decorative Lighting Ball and Drawing Rooms, &c. *Sold by all respectable Dealers.*

"PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LIGHT WORKS, LONDON, N.W.

Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN; & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

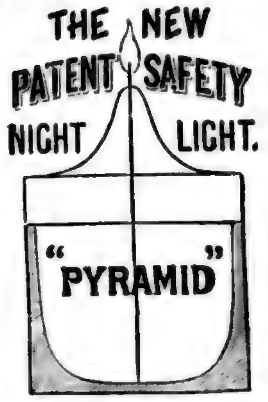
THE

BURGLAR'S HORROR.

CLARKE'S

PATENT

"PYRAMID" LIGHTS.



THE SHADED PART
REPRESENTS THE
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE

Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 8 lights, 8½d. per Box.

For burning in Clarke's Pyramid Nursery Lamp.

CAUTION.

TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.—A "Pyramid" Night Light should be Lighted in the front and back of every house as soon as it is dark. Housebreakers have the greatest dread of a light. The Police recommend a "Pyramid" Night Light as the best safeguard. Almost all the burglaries perpetrated might have been prevented, and much VALUABLE PROPERTY SAVED, if this simple and inexpensive plan had always been adopted. The "Pyramid" Night Lights are much larger and give DOUBLE THE LIGHT of the common night lights, and are, therefore, particularly adapted for this purpose. Manufactured in Patent Fire-proof Plaster Cases. No paraffin or other dangerous material used in their manufacture.

HEALTH & PERSONAL ATTENTION.

(See MYRA'S ANSWERS in "MYRA'S JOURNAL.")

EXTRACT FROM

POSTAL TOILET LIST.

PHILIP H. MASON,

Pharmaceutical Chemist, BANK PLAIN, NORWICH,

The entire list (containing some 100 Preparations) will be sent by return of post, on receipt of stamped address.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All articles in this List admit of Postal Transit, and will be delivered free per Post at the prices marked, secure from observation, and carefully packed on receipt of P.O.

AGENTS. —New Zealand: Messrs. Withers, High St., Christchurch. From these Agents any of the Toilet Preparations may be obtained.

COLD CREAM OF WOOL FAT AND CUCUMBERS (NUTHALL'S). Strongly recommended for general use, both on account of its healing qualities and of its freedom from irritating properties. Wool Fat is essentially the natural fat of the Skin, and upon its presence depends the Skin's healthy condition. When absent or deficient the skin loses its elasticity, becomes dry and apt to chap and crack. The above Cold Cream will be found to remedy and prevent all these unpleasantnesses, and its continued use will render the skin distinctly softer, more elastic, and of a healthy color. It is emollient and healing and will counteract the ill-effects of hard water and of over-exposure to cold wind, or sun. Its constant use is invaluable for preventing and removing wrinkles and crow's-feet. 3s. 6d.

EXTRACT OF SEA WRACK (FUCUS VESICULOSUS).—The new remedy for obesity. X This preparation has met with a wonderful demand. Its effects in some cases seem magical. It is perfectly safe for the most delicate constitutions. Price 3s. 3d. per case.

EXTRACT OF SEA WRACK PILLS.—Are prepared for those who prefer it in this form—each pill containing one dose of the extract at the same price. 3s. 3d. per case.

THE GARRISON HAIR DYE.—An absolutely harmless hair dye in one solution. Easy in application rapid, cleanly, and almost infallibly certain in effect. This is the Hair Dye *par excellence* for those who prefer a dye in one solution. Black or brown 3s. 6d. per case.

PETROLEUM POMADE.—The power of Petroleum, as a rapid stimulant to the X growth of the hair, has been recently discovered by accident at a British Consulate in Russia. Prepared as a Pomade, it is rendered unobjectionable for use. 1s. 6d., 3s. per jar. [Since the above was first published the most astounding results have followed the use of Mr. Mason's Pomade, and it is now the Hair Restorer *par excellence.*]

CRÊME FROIDE AUX CONCOMBRES.—Prepared from the pulp of the ripe fruit, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. For whitening and preserving the skin and for the prevention of wrinkles and crow's-feet. Its constant use will counteract the effects of exposure to sun and wind and will retain the youthfulness of the complexion for many years.

"Crême Froide aux Concombres as prepared by Mr. Mason, of Norwich is the best agent for whitening and preserving the skin I know of."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

EMULSINE OF CUCUMBERS.—Dr. Anna Kingsford's formula. Thin, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; Thick, 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. These Emulsines resemble the Crême Froide in their general properties, but are prepared for those who prefer an emulsion to the cream. The thick Emulsine is especially recommended for the prevention of wrinkles, and is also highly recommended for winter use, while the thin Emulsine is adapted for whitening the complexion and for summer use.

"Against the crow's-foot use Mason's thick Emulsine. With respect to wrinkles, I have said again and again that nothing removes them so satisfactorily as the thick Emulsine. For flushing of the face and dryness of the skin, use Mason's thin Emulsine of Cucumbers. 'Cool as a cucumber,' is as you know, a comparison that has become a proverb, and with good reason. Mr. Mason has prepared two excellent emulsions of cucumber, thick and thin which I have not seen equalled. To these he has now added a Crême Froide aux Concombres. As the responsibility for these formulas rests, in a large measure with myself, you may feel sure I should not recommend them unless I had complete confidence in their excellence." —Anna Kingsford, M.D.

JABORANDI HAIR TONIC.—Prepared from selected South American Jaborandi Leaves, containing the newly-discovered alkaloid Pilocarpine. Highly recommended by medical authority as a hitherto unapproachable stimulant to rapid growth of hair. Used not only to prevent the hair falling, but to stop advance of greyness and induce vigorous secretion of the natural coloring pigment. 3s. 5d., 10s. 6d.

"The Jaborandi Lotion prepared by Mr. Mason is probably one of the best hair restorers known. Several instances of the increased growth of hair after the use of Jaborandi have been adduced. Jaborandi is said by several medical writers to cause the hair to grow."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

BLOOM OF STEPHANOTIS.—An exquisite creamy white skin and complexion powder. It imparts a beautiful natural whiteness and useful softness and delicacy to the skin. The painful "Flushing" of the face, brownness of the neck and arms, undue redness of the face and hands are obviated by one application. For personal appearance at Court, the Ball, or Concert, it is indispensable; it represses the unpleasantness of sensible perspiration and its disagreeable accompaniments. Travellers and residents in warm climates will find it invaluable. It so entirely prevents the discoloring action of the sun on the skin that freckles are almost unknown to those who use it. In polished apple wood case, with toilet puff, 3s. 6d.

"For my own part, I am in the habit of recommending Mr. Mason's Stephanotis Face Powder, because I trust him, and know that he is moderate in his charges and honest in quality."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

HENNA HAIR DYE (IN ONE SOLUTION).—An entirely vegetable preparation, obviating the use of lead or any metallic dyes. It is guaranteed to be entirely harmless to hair or health. It is most simple in application, and in every way superior to the old-fashioned metallic dyes in two solutions. 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d.

"Of all the brown dyes I have tried, I like best Mason's Henna Dye. It is entirely vegetable and harmless." —Anna Kingsford, M.D.

COMPLEXION PILLS.—Specially adapted to produce a healthy action of the skin and a clear complexion. If used in conjunction with certain easy rules of diet, their effect is rapid and marvellous. 1s. 3d., 2s. 10d. per box.

CREAM OF STEPHANOTIS.—An exquisite creamy white Skin and Complexion Cosmetic; imparts youthful softness and delicacy, with a beautiful natural whiteness to the skin. Composed of perfectly innocent ingredients, this Cream has a most beneficial action upon the skin. It obviates in one application brownness of the neck and arms or undue redness of the face and hands. For personal appearance at Court, at balls, or other crowded assemblies, it is indispensable, especially as it represses the unpleasantness of perspiration and its accompaniments. In warm climates it will be found invaluable. Also to prevent the appearance of that unpleasant redness or flushing of the face, which is so common an annoyance. So completely does it prevent the discoloring action of the sun on the skin that freckles are rarely, if ever, known to those who use it. It subdues the redness of the features caused by exertion, cooling the skin in a most delightful manner. 3s. 6d. per case.

SULPHUR SOAP (FOR THE HAIR).—The natural color of the hair is due to an organic pigment, into the composition of which sulphur and iron largely enter. It is believed that in many cases grey hair is due solely to a deficiency in this natural secretion of sulphur. In such cases the sulphur may be applied to the hair glands by occasionally washing the hair and scalp with the above soap. It is most particularly recommended that in cases of incipient greyness this should be tried before artificial color restorers are resorted to. It is also the best soap for cleansing the hair before applying any dye or color restorer, as it greatly quickens and enhances their action. It is also of great service for washing the skin in many cases of eruption and skin diseases. 1s. 3d.

"Better try Mason's Sulphur Soap and soft water." —Anna Kingsford, M.D.

FRECKLE CURE, THE NEW.—This is a preparation of great power for the entire removal of freckles, however obstinate. It is the prescription of one of our most eminent modern dermatologists, combined with the new Skin-fat, which has recently been isolated from sheep's wool. A trial of it is urgently solicited, 4s. 6d.

WALNUT JUICE AND NUTGALLS.—Having often been required to prepare Walnut Juice for ladies, I have found that it is not perfectly successful by itself as a hair stain. After many experiments I am at last able to introduce a combination of Walnut Bark and Nutgalls, which is perfectly effective in giving to grey hair various shades of rich natural brown, very different to the dull metallic black of lead restorers. It is at the same time perfectly safe (Walnut Juice has been used for centuries as a hair dye.) Price 3s. 6d. per case, post free, with full directions.

DEPILATORY (POWDER).—Mr. Mason is continually asked by ladies for a Depilatory which will, in one application not only remove existing superfluous hair, but prevent its reappearance. He wishes clearly to state that it is impossible to do this. All that can be done is to remove the hair, after which an occasional subsequent application on the surface of the skin will prevent it from attaining a visible growth. The above preparation will do this without injury to the skin. Science cannot achieve more. With directions, 2s. per packet.

"Mr. Mason's Depilatory is at once the cheapest and best I know of."—Anna Kingsford, M.A.

EYEBROW AND EYELASH DYE.—A simple and instantaneous application, requiring renewal only at long intervals. Has been much approved, and seems to have met a pressing want. Black or brown, 2s. 6d. per case.

"Nothing will darken the eyelashes perfectly except a dye. Mr. Mason sells an eyebrow and eyelash dye at half-a-crown the case black or brown.—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

SPECIAL EYEBROW AND EYELASH TONIC.—For promoting growth an luxuriance of Brows and Lashes, and improving their appearance. Though a powerful tonic, this is absolutely harmless and safe, and so bland and emollient that it may even be used for young children, 3s. 6d.

"Brush the eyebrows daily and nightly with a soft brush moistened with Mason's Eyebrow Tonic.—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

GANTS GRAS POMADE.—A novel form of the well-known Gants Gras of the French and Italian perfumers of the last century. By its use (with soiled white kid gloves) the hands may be rendered beautifully white and soft in a few nights. 1s. 6d. per jar.

"The best cure for red arms is the use of a paste made of emollients, and worn all night. Mr. Mason has a 'Gants Gras Pomade' which will suit the purpose. Sleep in kid gloves smeared inside with Gants Gras Pomade. It is far more efficacious than cream rubbed in in the daytime." —Anna Kingsford, M.D.

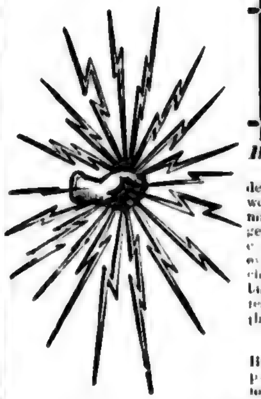
PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN OR BLEACHING FLUID.—For giving a bright golden tint to the hair. The only agent that will do this without injury to the hair, or to the skin, is Peroxide of Hydrogen, which is the base of most, if not all of the expensive golden washes which are sold under attractive and high-sounding names. Mr. Mason will forward a supply with full directions, post-free, 4s.

"Peroxide of Hydrogen is the only safe and convenient hair bleacher known."—Anna Kingsford, M.D.

FOR OTHER HAIR DYES AND COLOR RESTORERS SEE THE ENTIRE LIST.

CAUTION TO DRUG TAKERS.
Before it is too late, we would advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although possibly affording temporary relief in certain common ailments, do irreparable mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of most painful and fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing

MR. HARNESS'
ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.
THEY CURE HYSTERIA.

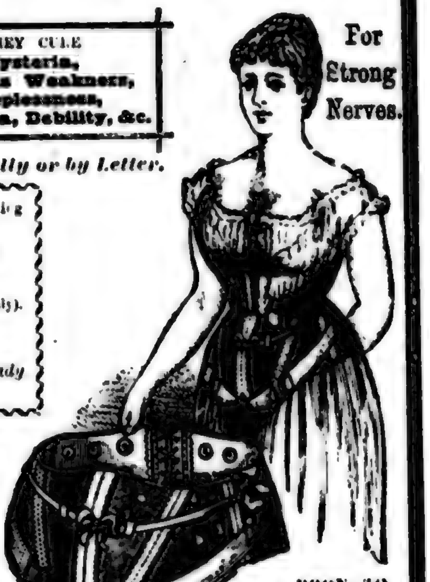


THEY CURE
Rheumatic Affections,
Internal Weakness,
Liver and Kidney
Disorders, &c.

DR. ANNA KINGSFORD writes, in an article published in the Lady's Pictorial.—"Mr. C. B. HARNESS' pamphlet is written with considerable skill and ingenuity. The disorders of women, being specially under the influence of nervous disturbance are, as a rule, particularly amenable to electrical treatment. Hysteria and melancholy depression, as well as neuralgic pain, headaches, and 'weak back' yield to such treatment when all ordinary remedies fail."

THEY CURE
Hysteria,
Nervous Weakness,
Sleeplessness,
Neuralgia, Debility, &c.

For Strong Nerves.



A BOON TO WOMEN.
THEY STOP INTERNAL PAINS.

BOOKS of TESTIMONIALS, Pamphlet, and Consultation, FREE, either Personally or by Letter.

THESE GENUINE APPLIANCES are delightfully comfortable to wear, improve the figure and give wonderful support and vitality to the internal organs. The mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, give strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectually prevent chills and rheumatic pains. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS
Have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively incurable.

The attention of Ladies is directed to the two following special departments:—1. For the removal of
SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS, WRINKLES, &c.
By Electrolysis (the only certain and painless remedy).
2. For the successful treatment of
CORPULENCE.
Full particulars on application to the Lady Superintendent.

TESTIMONIALS.—The Originals can be seen at the Company's Institute.

DEBILITY CURED
"Beaufort House, Tenby, South Wales, Feb. 24, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I want to get an Electropathic Belt for a friend. Will you please send me a consultation form for her to fill up?
"Since wearing your Belt, which I procured for myself, I feel that my nerve-power is much stronger, and I am in all ways better.—Believe me, yours truly, "(Miss) M. M. B."

LADIES' AILMENTS.
Miss M. RAMSEY, 15, Wenlock Street, Hoxton, N., writes:—"The effect was wonderful; I feel like a different person."
Mrs F. COTON, Sandford Road, Moseley, writes:—"Since wearing your Electropathic Belt I am much better. Have had more sleep and less sickness."

NEURALGIC HEADACHE
"Woodview, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Jan. 29 1890.
"Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in testifying to the great benefit I have derived from the use of an Electropathic Belt. I have suffered intensely from Neuralgic Headache; but since wearing your appliance, purchased in October, 1889, I have experienced marked relief. You are welcome to make use of this letter as a true and unexaggerated account of what your wonderful appliance has done for me." "Miss A. EVANS."

INTERNAL WEAKNESS.
ELIZABETH WINGFIELD, 22, Grantley Street, Grantham, writes:—"April 8, 1889.—I procured your Electropathic Belt on the 2nd January last, and have felt very much better in every way since. It is very comfortable and pleasant to wear."

ELECTRICITY v. MEDICINE. The following is a list of some of the ailments that have been effectively cured by simply wearing one of these genuine Electropathic Appliances: Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Melancholia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasm, Flatulence, Torpid Liver, Nervous and Bilious Headaches, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Kidney Complaints, Hysteria, Feeble Circulation, Heartburn, &c. This is not a rash statement, but an actual fact, which can be easily verified by referring to the book of testimonials published at

52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. (Corner of Rathbone Place.)

By the Proprietors, the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Ltd. A copy will be sent Free by Post, with descriptive pamphlet, to all those who are unable to call at the Company's Establishment, which, by the way, is the Largest Medico-Electric Institute in the world, and is known as the ELECTROPATHIC AND ZANDER INSTITUTE.

CHAPMAN & Co.
PATTERNS NOW READY.
The most charming collection of Spring Dress Fabrics ever submitted for approval.

KNICKER CHECKS,
The Latest Novelty, 1/3½, Double Width.

HANDSOME SPOT STRIPES,
1/11½, Double Width

SEE THE CASHMERE BURMAH,
To be largely worn, 2/2 per yard.

DANISH ALPACA, 3/6,
As worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

SEASIDE SERGES,
1/11½ to 3/6 per yard.

SEND FOR PATTERNS.

WE ARE NOTED FOR OUR SILKS ALL OVER THE WORLD.
SEE PATTERNS.

BEAUTIFUL PONGEE SILKS,
From 10½d. per yard.

BLACK SILK DRESS
For 16/9.
Cheapest ever sold.

FLORAL PONGEE SILKS.
1/6¾ per yard. Lovely.

PONGORE SILKS,
1/1¾ per yard.
THIS FOR WEAR.

BENGALINE SILKS,
From 1/11½ to 3/6.

POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

A GRAND ASSORTMENT OF WASHING MATERIALS, ALL WARRANTED FAST.

FLORAL CAMBRIC, 5¾d. & 6¾d.

NOVELTY ZEPHYRS, 4¾d. & 5¾d.

BROCHE SILK SPOT ZEPHYRS, 1/4¾.

FRENCH FLORAL SATEENS, 1/0¾.

FANCY STRIPES FLANNELETTES,
For Blouses and Children's Wear, 6¾d.

CRETONNES, REVERSIBLE.
Special Designs, Fast Colors, 4¾d. per yard.

ART MUSLINS.
ASTONISHING VALUE, 3¾d. per yard.

NOVELTIES
SEASON 1891.

PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS.
Illustrations, Estimates and Forms for Self-measurement free.

5, NOTTING HILL GATE,
LONDON, W.

Myra's Prize Competition.

The following are the details of our March Prize Competitions:—

(1.) Three prizes will be given for the best specimens of the embroidered designs for a Footstool, the full-sized design for working which is given with this number.

Competitors are at liberty to select any material and colors they like, and to vary stitches; but the design must be faithfully copied.

FIRST PRIZE—Silver Medal or Thirty Shillings.

SECOND PRIZE—Fifteen Shillings.

THIRD PRIZE—Bronze Medal or Ten Shillings.

No subject sent for Competition can be returned unless accompanied by a directed and sufficiently stamped envelope or label.

To protect Competitors and to ensure that Subscribers only shall take part in the Prize Competitions, we append a Coupon.

MYRA'S JOURNAL.
March, 1891.

which must be sent with every subject fo Competition.

No subjects for Competition will be allowed unless accompanied by a Coupon.

All subjects for the Needlework Competition must be sent in by May 1st, 1891; and the result and names of the successful competitors will be announced in the following number.

Competition for the best specimens of Embroidered Slippers, given in Myra's Journal," December, 1890.

FIRST PRIZE—SILVER MEDAL, or Thirty Shillings.	SECOND PRIZE—15 Shillings.	THIRD PRIZE-BRONZE MEDAL, or Ten Shillings.
Mrs. RUST, St. Magnus, Kew Gardens, Surrey.	Miss ATTENBROW, 3, High Street, Margate.	Miss SANDBROOK, 280, Harrow Road, N.

Benger's Food

For Infants, Children & Invalids.

"If every mother knew of its value no other would be used."—*Extract from Private Letter.*

Retail in Tins, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- and 10/-, of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

EASIEST, QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, and BEST

BLACKLEAD in the WORLD.

"It *really* is the *best I ever have used.* It leaves *no dust*, and does not need *any rubbing hardly*, as the *least rub* of the brush makes it *shine very brightly.*"—Mrs McLEAN, 12, Beaumont Place, Edinburgh.

"My customers will *use no other.* They say it makes their grates *look like new.*"—E. A. BAILEY, Grocer, Hailsham.

NOTE.—You can produce **MORE POLISH** with **TWO Penny Packets of the RISING SUN** than with **HALF-DOZEN Penny Packets of ordinary Blacklead.** Ask your Grocer or Oilman for it, and insist on having it or Send TWO Stamps (to cover postage) for Sample, naming this Paper.

C. CHANCELLOR & CO., LONDON.

LUXURIANT HAIR.

Long flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are QUICKLY PRODUCED by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE; it is invaluable for the production of Whiskers, Beard, and Moustachios; it causes the Hair to grow on Bald Places and Scanty Partings like magic. To be had of most Chemists, 1s., or a box of it sent (with directions for use) free from observation, post free, for 15 stamps.

Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.

Mrs. JAMES'S DEPILATORY instantly and permanently REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the Skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, 1s., or a box of it sent (with directions for use) free from observation, post free, for 15 stamps.

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KEATINGS

BEST COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in Tins, 1/1½ each.

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KEATINGS

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Sold everywhere in Tins, 1/1½ each.

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OLD BLEACH LINEN
OLD BLEACH WORKS
RANDALSTOWN Co. ANTRIM

HUCKABACK DIAPER & DAMASK TOWELS, FRINGED AND HEMSTITCHED TOWELS, HUCKABACK AND FANCY TOWELLINGS, BIRDS-EYE AND NURSERY DIAPER, GLASS AND TEA CLOTHS, EMBROIDERY LINENS, AND ART LINENS.

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The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are an exclusive manufacture, and stand alone—the whole process of production, weaving and bleaching, being carried on at the "OLD BLEACH" WORKS, situated near the village of Randalstown, in the North of Ireland, and on the banks of the River Main, the the softness, purity and abundance of whose waters are of much value in the attainment of that sound and lustrous bleach which distinguished them.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

These famous Pills **PURIFY the BLOOD**, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the **LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS**, giving **TONE, ENERGY**, and **VIGOR** to the whole system. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to **FEMALES**, Young or Old, and as a general **FAMILY MEDICINE**, for the cure of most complaints they are unequalled.

FACT

ROGERS' "NURSERY" HAIR LOTION

Destroys all NITS and PARASITES in Children's Heads, and immediately allays the Irritation. Perfectly Harmless.

Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles, 7d. and 1/- Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Special Bottles free from observation, post free, 15 stamps.

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Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of Testimonials. In bottles, 2/9 and 11/- each, of all Chemists. Sent for 33 or 132 stamps by Proprietors,

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☞ THE PROPRIETOR, who was for several years at the HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, has never known these Pills to fail in removing the most obstinate cases of IRREGULARITIES AND OBSTRUCTIONS.

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He has seen them administered to thousands of MARRIED and SINGLE WOMEN with *Marvellous Results.*

THOUSANDS of Testimonials from PATIENTS and NURSES.

In Boxes, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, & 11/ each. Order of Chemists, or POST FREE, *under cover, from*

JEFFERSON DODD, 70, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely **Reduce Weight** and **Cure Corpulency permanently** by taking **TRILENE TABLETS** (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*

Send **2/6** to **THE TRILENE Co.**, Sole Proprietors.
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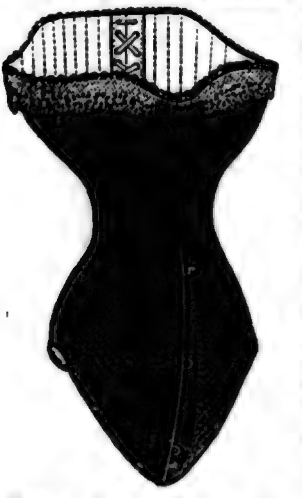
THE "DUCHESS" CORSET

(THOMAS'S PATENT.)



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress, the shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the busk, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

The Corsets are made in Black, White, Cardinal and Grey.

Prices, 10s. 6d. and 14s. 6d Satin, 15s. 6d. and 21s.

The **Celebrated Taper Busk** used in these Corsets is the **most supple and comfortable of all Busks and absolutely unbreakable.**

On purchasing, it is necessary to see that the name **"W. THOMAS"** is stamped on the Corset.

Young, Carter & Overall, 117 & 118, Wood Street,

Sole Proprietors and Successors to W. THOMAS.
Wholesale only.

May be purchased of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

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SORE THROATS CURED WITH ONE DOSE.
FENNINGS' FEVER CURER,
Bowel Complaints cured with One Dose.
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EASY TEETHING.

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!
Fennings' Children's Powders Prevent Convulsions,
Are Cooling and Soothing.
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FOR CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH.
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Cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2/9, 4/6, or 11/-, to
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MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

A Marvellous and Unique Preparation for Softening, Toning, and Beautifying the Skin.
Invaluable for Removing Spots, Sunburns, Blotches and all Imperfections.
Imparts a Velvety Softness and Bloom.
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Can be Used with the most perfect Safety to any Child.
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And of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores throughout the world.
ESTABLISHED 1836.

WANTED! Every Lady to send for the wonderful Parcel containing **One beautiful Lace Apron** (special value) **One Lace Handkerchief, 6 yds. Nottingham Lace** and **12 Engravings,** Carriage Paid for **1/6.** **A Packet of Beads** presented with every Parcel.
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WEEK DAY CROSS, NOTTINGHAM.
Manufacturer of Lace, Lace Curtains, Dress Caps, Mob Caps
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THE COURT HAIR DESTROYER.
This newly-discovered and only effectual remedy completely removes superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms, etc., without the least pain, injury or inconvenience to the skin. It is both certain and harmless, entirely dissimilar from deceptive and commonplace imitations, and unlike all other known remedies, leaves no cause for further trouble or anxiety. Price 3s. 6d., post free, privately packed, 46 stamps of the Inventor, **JOHN LEON,**
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CURED INSTANTLY BY
BUNTER'S NERVINE
Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented.
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A PURE AND PERFECT ARTICLE FOR
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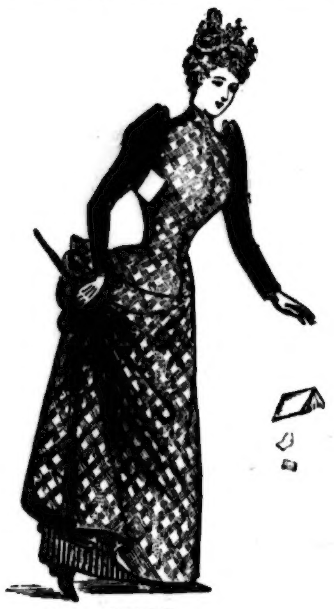

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THE "CHIC" DRESS SUSPENDER
(The Invention by Mrs. Annie Lange.)
PATRONIZED BY MADAME ADELINA PATTI.
Can be raised or lowered with ONE hand in a MOMENT while walking along the street. Nothing can be seen of the Suspender from the outside, nor does it interfere with the BODICE or the PLAQUET, and is therefore suitable for PRINCESS ROBES; for WALKING DRESSES quite as much as for semi-trains.
Entirely and easily worked from the outside. GIVES GREATEST SATISFACTION WHEN FIXED ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS GIVEN WITH EVERY SUSPENDER.
SINGLE SET, 1/-
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Ask for Divided Steel if Foundation Plaquet is at the back.
TO BE HAD OF ALL THE BEST DRAPERS, or send P.O., with 2d. for Postage, to the Patentees.
The Wholesale and Export supplied by
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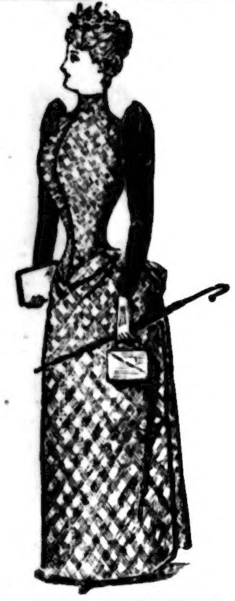

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TO STOUT PEOPLE.
OBESITY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable treatise showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued." *N. Y. Med. Review.*
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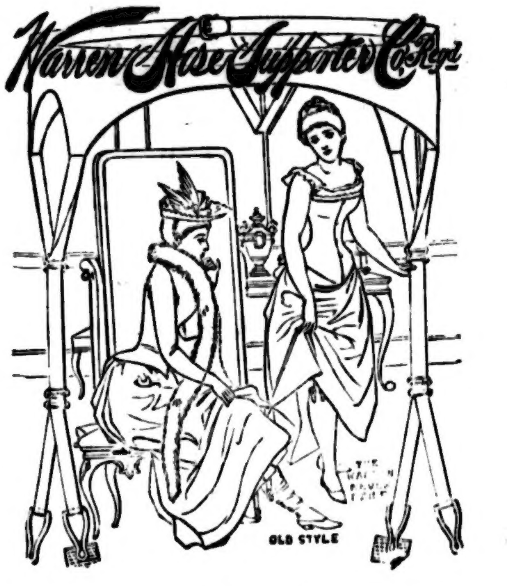
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All Ladies and Children should wear this
New & Perfect "WARREN" HOSE SUPPORTER.
PRICES—Children's, from 6d.; Ladies', from 9d.
Ladies', with band, from 1s. Sample Pair, post free.
Can be procured Retail from any Establishment in the Kingdom.
Wholesale of the following London Houses:—
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CUCOLIA
PREPARED FROM CUCUMBERS
Heals Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Wounds; takes out Bruises; prevents Chaps and Roughness of the Skin. A comfort after Shaving. Quite Harmless.
NO NURSERY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.
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HENRY DAVIS *Chemist* NEWBURY, BERKS

WONDERFUL BARGAINS.
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In White and Elegant Colors. They make most Choice and Useful Presents. Suitable for Lady or Gentleman.
Send 1/- Postal Order and Stamp for one; 2/9 for three; 5/- for six; or 9/- for twelve.
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Is the HARDEST, TOUGHEST, and most Enduring CEMENT ever discovered
It securely and neatly mends China, Glass, Fancy Articles, Papier Maché, Toys, Fossils, Shell, Bone, Broken Pipes, Vases, Jugs, Veneer, &c., Cigar Holders, Picture Frames, &c.; and for Fastening Tips on Billiard Cues is unrivalled.
DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT, price 1s., of all Chemists.
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BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street.

THE GENUINE
EAU DE BOTOT
is the Only Dentifrice *approved* by the ACADEMY of MEDECINE of PARIS
May be obtained in Powder & Paste containing all the beautifying and preservative qualities of the liquid preparation
N.B. See each article has the Signature
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EAU de BOTOT 1/9, 2/6, 5/, 15/, 30/-
PASTE 1/6, 2/6. POWDER 1/6, 2/6
FROM ALL PERFUMERS & CHEMISTS

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AND
Cut to Measure Patterns.
The difficulty of using Stock-size Patterns has been so frequently complained of by our Lady Correspondents who do not happen to be blessed with "Stock-size Figures" (and we suppose there is scarcely one in a hundred whom a "Stock-size" really fits), that a special feature has been made by *MADAM MYRA* of
FLAT PATTERNS CUT TO MEASURE,
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MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.
Size of Waist; Bust under Arms; Size round Shoulders; Size across Chest; Size across Back; Length of Neck to Waist; Length under Arms; Length of Shoulder; Length of Arm (shoulder to elbow; Elbow to Wrist; Length inside Arm; Size of Neck; Size round Hips.
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EVERYTHING FOR LADIES WEAR

Fashion-Books & Patterns Free.

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Jackets.—New ideas in high-class Spring Jackets, unrivalled, cut, style, and finish, in black and all fashionable shades, from 35s. 6d. to six guineas.

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400 boxes Silk Pile Velvet, new spring shades, from 4s. per yard.

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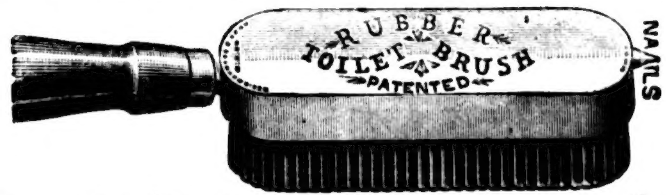
Reckitt's Blue

WARNING.
Refuse all Substitutes!

Clean Hands



For every One no matter what the occupation.

Nothing has ever been invented that will so thoroughly cleanse and whiten the hands as our **Rubber Brush.** Used with soap and water, it will remove all kinds of stains; **Ink, Tar, Iron Stains,** and **Paint** yielding easily to it, without injuring the most delicate skin, as is done by using pumice stone, bristle brushes, &c.

Price 1s. Larger Size, Price 2s.

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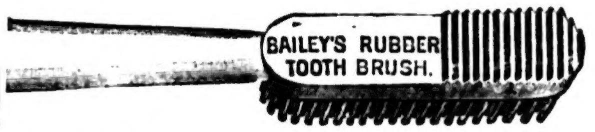

By using BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

It cleanses the Teeth perfectly, and polishes the enamel without scratching either the gums or teeth. It is always clean, and can be used in hot or cold water with any powder or liquid, without injury to the brush. If a dentifrice is used, much greater benefit will be derived from it by using it with one of our rubber tooth brushes. **For Artificial Teeth it is unequalled.**

They are made in two sizes. No. 1, Price **10d.** No. 2, Price **1s.**

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(PATENTED).

PRICE 5d.

Is perfectly tasteless, and is so constructed that the flat ended teeth serve to expand the skin of the gums, softening the latter, and thus aiding the coming tooth without irritation. It is made of pure Para Rubber, and entirely supersedes the old-fashioned and injurious articles sold for this purpose, and is highly recommended by leading Physicians and Dentists.

We are also the makers of BAILEY'S CELEBRATED **Rubber Bath and Flesh Brushes**, price **5s.** each; and **Complexion Brushes,** price **3s. 6d.** each

To be had from all Chemists and Dealers in Toilet Goods; or will be sent post free, on receipt of price, by the Manufacturers—

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A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious Attacks.

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For Indigestion in all its Forms.

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For Wind and Pains in the Stomach.

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Have saved the Lives of Thousands.

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Are the best Medicine for Female Complaints.

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Are adapted for Old and Young.

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For Dizziness and Drowsiness.

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The Best & Safest
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Worth a Guinea a Box.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Will restore the Rosebud of Health to everyone who Uses them.

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For Disturbed Sleep and Frightful Dreams.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
The first dose gives Relief in 20 minutes.

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FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

Very nourishing and palatable.
Does not curdle in the Stomach.
Invaluable also during the period of Weaning.
Sample Tin containing enough Food for a fair trial will be sent Post Free on application to H. NESTLE, 9, Snow Hill, E.C.

48 Prize Medals
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To secure this Article ask for "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

Diploma of Honor, Highest
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Contains all the essentials of a pure dictary to secure a hea'thy and natural development of bone and muscle—a vital necessity to growing infants.
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Of every description carefully cleaned, or dyed, and finished with smooth dust-resisting surface.

Chintz and Cretonne
Furniture Covers, Curtains, etc., cleaned and highly glazed or finished plain.

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In Silk, Woollen or Mixed Fabrics Dyed or Dry Cleaned whole.

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